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JAN., 1905.

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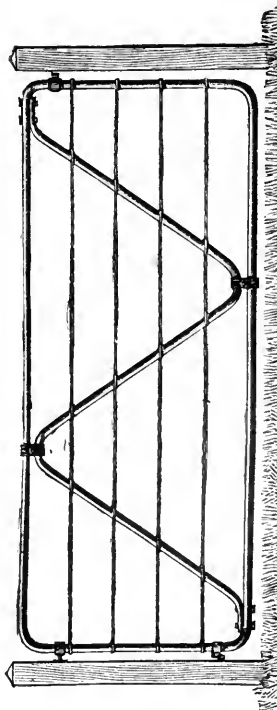
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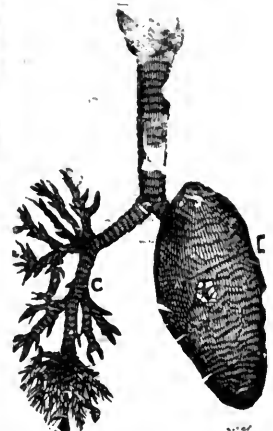
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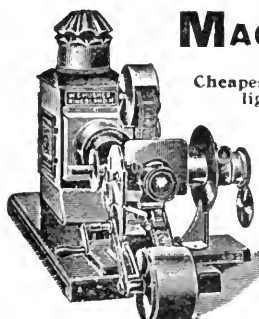
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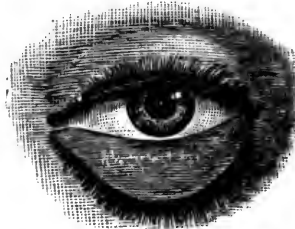
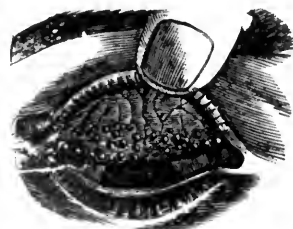
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Mr. A. G. Stephens, the well-known writer, who contributes the red page each week to the Sydney "Bulletin," is preparing for our February number a biographical sketch of "Hop," the "Bulletin's" famous Cartoonist. "Hop" is a household word in Australia, but little is known of him beyond his cartoons and signature. This article should prove of special interest to everyone who has enjoyed his clever pictorial comments upon current events week by week. The article will, of course, be profusely illustrated with photographs and caricatures.

Next month the article in the Series on Australasian Industries will deal with Sugar. It has been specially prepared for us by Major Boyd, the editor of the "Queensland Agricultural Journal," who has had practical experience of sugar growing, from the clearing of the ground to the bagging of the finished product.

Mr. Stead will continue his articles upon the Theatre in the February number.

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I saw Mr. S. Wood, of Brunswick Street, Fitzroy, and he said to me, "Come to my shop and I will give you a bottle of **VITADATIO**, and if it does not cure you, you need not pay me for it. Before I had finished the bottle I felt a great relief of the pains in my inside. I continued taking the **VITADATIO**, and after the fourth bottle I was one day taken very sick, and vomited up a black jelly substance full of Hydatids.

I am now in the best of health, and anyone who would like to see me can learn what your medicine has done for me.

I am, yours faithfully,

K. FERGUSON.

I have much pleasure in certifying to the correctness of the above testimonial. It was through my recommendation that Mr. K. Ferguson took **VITADATIO**. The result has been highly satisfactory, and he is now in the best of health.

S. WOODS, 371 Brunswick Street, Fitzroy.

WHY HALT BETWEEN TWO OPINIONS

When the danger is in delay ?

To-day is yours ; to-morrow, they say,
never comes.

Try **Vitadatio** to-day.

For Further Particulars—

S. A. PALMER,

Head Office—439 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

Correspondence Invited. Write for Testimonials.

The price of Medicine is 5/6 and 3/6 per bottle.

All Chemists and Storekeepers.



THIBETAN TO BOER: "Why didn't he think of The Hague when he was mad with us?"—*Chicago News*

The Salt that increases
Strength as well as
Seasons food is

CEREBOS SALT

From Grocers and Stores.

EVERY LADY HER OWN DRESSMAKER.

. . . The British System of . . .

Scientific DRESS-CUTTING

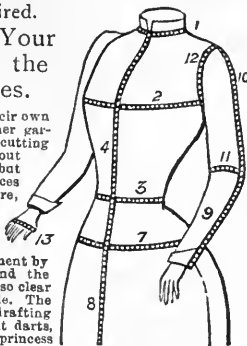
FULL EXPLANATION OF THE METHOD OF DRAFTING
EVERY STYLE OF LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S GARMENTS.

No Personal Teaching Required.
Save Half the Cost of Your
Dresses or Have Double the
Number of New Dresses.

MANY ladies would design and make their own and their children's dresses and other garments if they understood the method of cutting out the material by measurements. Cut-out paper patterns are useful as far as they go, but there are so many variations and allowances to be made that a failure is by no means rare, and the consequent dissatisfaction and loss of material are naturally annoying. By using the British System of Scientific Dress-Cutting you can, with the most perfect certainty, cut out the material for any garment by the measurements of the figure alone, and the directions for taking the measurements are so clear and explicit that a mistake seems impossible. The system includes special instructions for drafting different kinds of bodices, with and without darts, with one or more side pieces, &c., also for princess robes, tea gowns with vests and with Gabrielle fronts, walking skirts, train skirts, children's clothing, various styles of coats, &c. There is also included in the set of thick cardboard charts a very useful square straight-edge measure, 12 inches on one side and 21 inches on the other, accurately divided into eighths. The printed directions for using the charts are very full and complete, embracing practically every point upon which information is necessary, and there are some valuable hints upon tacking and making-up that will save you from spoiling a dress by misfitting and banish all wrinkles and puckers. By acquiring this excellent system you can save more than half the cost of your dresses, besides having them better fitting and more to your own taste; of the very latest fashion, but adapted to suit your particular style. You can reproduce anything you admire, and you avoid the risk of seeing some one else wearing a costume exactly like your own.

Price of the Complete System, 6/6, carriage paid.

The Union Manufacturing & Agency Co.,
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Complete only 6/6

CARRIAGE PAID.

DRUNKENNESS

Easily, Quickly, Safely and Absolutely
CURED AT HOME.

DR. LANGSTON'S Vegetable Cure cannot fail.

MAY BE GIVEN SECRETLY.

A few doses produce a wonderful change. The craving for all intoxicants will be destroyed, the nerves become steady, the appetite for food will return, refreshing sleep ensues. My cure will surprise and delight you. Write to-day for treatise, posted two stamps.

Address:

WM. LANGSTON, M.R.C.S., ENG.,
129A COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.

A Marvellous Investment!

FOR EIGHTEEN PENCE you can secure
SIX BEAUTIFUL COLOURED PICTURES

... AND ...

STEAD'S ANNUAL for 1905.

Being an ENTHRALLING STORY by W. T. Stead, entitled

"HERE AM I; SEND ME!"

THE 1905 ANNUAL of the *Review of Reviews* is of an entirely novel character. For the first time it is issued in the form of Christmas Numbers of the *Graphic* and *Illustrated London News*, and it contains a new topical story by W. T. Stead, entitled "Here am I; send Me!"

In this work Mr. Stead appeals directly to the religious public, and in the form of a Christmas story, the scene of which is laid in London, he seeks to suggest to men and women of all creeds, and of none, the need for personal service—promptly rendered and intelligently directed—to those in the midst of whom they are living. Chapter after chapter of this romantic tale abounds in practical suggestions of helpful service in the family, in the municipality, in the Church, and in the State. It is full of ideas.

SIX CHARMING COLOURED PICTURES

Are given away with each copy of the Annual. They are mounted on art paper mounts, 16in. x 12in., and are well worth framing. They can easily be detached from the book for this purpose.

The Pictures are:—

1. PURITY. (A Girl's Head.)
2. *THE FORTUNE TELLER. (Group.)
3. *PREPARING THE FETE. (Single Figure.)
4. *ON A VENETIAN CANAL.
5. *THE WEDDING PARTY.
6. YOUTH. (A Girl's Head.)

The Pictures look like Oil Paintings so well executed is the reproduction.

*Other Pictures sometimes substituted.

The Editor of the *Book and News Trade Gazette* published an interview with Mr. Stead on the subject of this story, in which he said, "It is not merely a novel, or even an enthralling tale with a moral. It is rather the culminating effort of a noble life's work, the enthusiastic call to all people interested in social problems to make a worthy effort for the uplifting of the million."

"This," said Mr. Stead placing his hand upon his "Annual" "is my legacy to the rising generation. All the useful experience I have ever gained is embodied in this story. All the knowledge I have of men and things has been utilised here. So far as I know, I have not withheld anything which might be of service in throwing light upon subjects with which I am acquainted; and in this work I have given, not only my best, but my all."

PRICE: ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE NET,

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MESSRS. R. A. THOMPSON, Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, Brisbane and Launceston.



THE ADMIRAL: "But I'm not to blame, your honors, he hit me first!"
—Washington Post

SYMINGTON'S EDINBURGH COFFEE.

Any quantity of Coffee made
in a moment.

"Coffee that maketh the politician wise,
And see-through all things with his half-
closed eyes."



Absolutely Cure

BILIOUSNESS.
SICK HEADACHE.
TORPID LIVER.
INDIGESTION.
CONSTIPATION.
FURRED TONGUE.
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There's SECURITY in CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

They TOUCH the LIVER
Be Sure they are

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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The Contents of the Books can give but a slight idea of their charm.

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VOL. VI.—The Story of the Robins and The Story of a Donkey.

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VOL. VIII.—Gulliver's Travels.
1. Among the Little People of Liliput.
2. Among the Giants.

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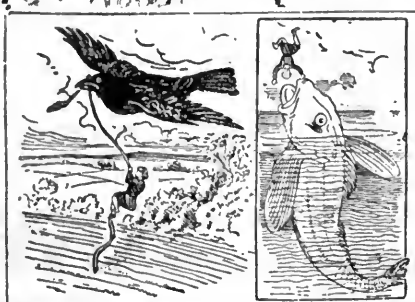
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Each Book contains 112 pages, and each page is a picture. Every one is delighted with the books, and speaks well of them. We have received numberless letters from the little ones themselves, which is the very best guarantee of the pleasure the books give.

The pleasure that they give to the bairns more than repays the cost of the books, and it would be hard to find a better present than this box of well-bound books, forming a veritable children's library of the best Nursery Rhymes, Fairy Tales, Fables, Stories of Travel, &c.

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Reduced Facsimiles showing style of illustrations.



RUSSIA: "Sure! I'll make this all right with you as soon as I can fix the responsibility."—*St. Paul Pioneer Press*

PEEK FREAN & CO'S

REGAL MIXED

BISCUITS.

High-class Rich Almond Biscuits specially suitable for At Homes, Receptions, Afternoon Teas, &c.

BENGER'S

FOOD

is best for Babies, Invalids, and the Aged.

BENGER'S FOOD is quite distinct from any other. It possesses the remarkable property of rendering milk with which it is mixed when used, quite easy of digestion by Infants and Invalids.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS, &c.

Y & N

**Exquisite Models.
Perfect Fit
Guaranteed Wear.
Sold Everywhere**

DIAGONAL SEAM CORSETS
Will not split nor tear.
Made in White, Black, Fawn, Silver Grey &c., at most moderate prices.
3 Gold Medals.
Write for Price List to
Y & N Corset Factory, BRISTOL, Eng.

NO

FAILURES

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INSTRUCTION FREE!!
You can become a Hypnotist in a few hours time without leaving your home. You can sway the minds of others, control friendship and affection, cure disease and bad habits, gratify your ambitions and produce amusement by the hour. My inammoth Illustrated Lesson or Key to Hypnotism which I send free of charge and postage paid, will tell you all about this marvelous science. It contains beautiful and artistic engravings, and shows you just what Hypnotism is and what it will accomplish. Send for it and learn to Hypnotize. Remember, this wonderful book costs you nothing. If you mention this paper, I will also include a large package of other valuable, interesting, and profusely illustrated literature, without charge. A chance of a lifetime. Write to-day. Address—
Prof. R. H. BARRADEN, 89 Pitt St., Sydney.



EVERY HOUSEHOLD AND TRAVELLING TRUNK OUGHT TO CONTAIN A BOTTLE OF
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A SIMPLE REMEDY FOR PREVENTING AND CURING
 BY NATURAL MEANS

All Functional Derangements of the Liver, Temporary Congestion arising from Alcoholic Beverages, Errors in Diet, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Vomiting, Heartburn, Sourness of the Stomach, Constipation, Thirst, Skin Eruptions, Boils, Feverish Cold with High Temperature and Quick Pulse, Influenza, Throat Affections and Fevers of all kinds.

INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, SICKNESS, &c.—“I have often thought of writing to tell you what ‘FRUIT SALT’ has done for me. I used to be a perfect martyr to Indigestion and Biliousness. About six or seven years back my husband suggested I should try ‘FRUIT SALT.’ I did so, and the result has been marvellous. I never have the terrible pains and sickness I used to have; I can eat almost anything now. I always keep it in the house and recommend it to my friends, as it is such an invaluable pick-me-up if you have a headache, or don’t feel just right.

Yours truly — (August 8, 1900)”

The effect of ENO'S ‘FRUIT SALT’ on a Disordered Sleepless and Feverish Condition is simply marvellous. It is in fact, Nature's Own Remedy, and an Un-rivalled One.

CAUTION.—See Capsule marked **Eno's ‘Fruit Salt.’** Without it you have a WORTHLESS IMITATION. Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., at the ‘FRUIT SALT’ WORKS, LONDON, by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

“SEMPER EADEM,”
 WHICH, LITERALLY TRANSLATED, MEANS “ALL THE SAME.”
THIS IS WHY THE LION BRAND

THE LION BRAND

I defy all
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 it.

JAMES STEDMAN

OFFICES CLARENCE ST
 & WORKS KENT ST
 SYDNEY.

MANUFACTURING CONFECTIONER.

CONFECTIONERY IS SO POPULAR.

Only the Finest Ingredients used.
 They are the Greatest Favourites with the Children.

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JAMES STEDMAN, 451 Clarence Street, SYDNEY.



New Zealand Graphic.]

THE MODERN MALVOLIO—OR "TWELFTH NIGHT" UP TO DATE.

MALVOLIO: Rt Hon Richard Seddon, P.C.

OLIVIA: Britannia.

MALVOLIO: "Some are born great" OLIVIA: "Ha!" MALVOLIO:
 "Some achieve greatness" OLIVIA: "What sayest thou?" MALVOLIO:
 "And some have greatness thrust upon them"

GOOD HAIR FOR ALL.

BEFORE USE.



AFTER USE.

HOLLAND'S
MARVELLOUS HAIR RESTORER

Has gained a world-wide reputation for arresting the premature decay, promoting the growth, and giving lustre to the hair. If your hair is falling off, try it. If it is thin, try it.

Price 3s., 4s., 5s. Postage 9d. extra.

HOLLAND'S PARASENE,

For Eczema, Ringworm, and all Parasitical Diseases of the Head, and for making Hair grow on Bald Patches.

Price 5s Postage 9d. extra.

HOLLAND'S NATURALINE, for restoring Grey Hair to its original colour.

Acts quickly, naturally, and effectively. Price 5/6.
 Postage 9d. extra.

Consult E. HOLLAND for all Diseases of the Hair.

Sold by all Chemists and by Washington Soul & Co., Pitt-st.,
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"A PERFECT Food for Infants."

MRS. ADA S. BALLIN,
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Over 70 Years' Established Reputation.

NEAVE'S
Food

For INFANTS and INVALIDS.

"Very carefully prepared and highly nutritious."
 LANCET.

"Admirably adapted to the wants of infants and young persons."
 —SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.
 Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.

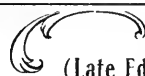
USED IN THE
 RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY.

GOLD MEDAL

Women's International Exhibition,
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Manufacturers: JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO.,
 Fordingbridge, England.

THWAITES & RADCLIFFE,



(Late Edison Phonograph Coy.)

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The Oldest Established Phonograph
 Business in Australia.

We are constantly having Shipments of
 Genuine Edison Goods arriving. Edison
 Records made by English Artistes are the
 latest thing in the Talking Machine Business.
 We have them.

NOTE THE ADDRESS.
 SEND FOR CATALOGUES.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

THE FAMOUS REMEDY FOR

Has the Largest Sale of any Chest Medicine in Australia.

COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA AND CONSUMPTION.

Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its wonderful influence. Sufferers from any form of Bronchitis, Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest, experience delightful and immediate relief; and to those who are subject to Colds on the Chest it is invaluable, as it effects a Complete Cure. It is most comforting in allaying irritation in the throat and giving strength to the voice, and it neither allows a Cough or Asthma to become Chronic, nor Consumption to develop. Consumption has never been known to exist where "Coughs" have been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose is generally sufficient, and a Complete Cure is certain.

BEWARE OF COUGHS!

Remember that every disease has its commencement, and Consumption is no exception to this rule.

CONSUMPTION.
TOO ILL TO LEAVE HIS BED.
A COMPLETE CURE.

"Mr. W. G. Hearne—Dear Sir,—I am writing to tell you about the wonderful cure your medicine has effected in my case. About three years ago I began to cough. At first the cough was not severe, but it gradually got worse, and I became very weak and troubled with night sweats, pain in my chest, and great quantities of phlegm. On several occasions there was blood in the expectorated matter. I had been treated by a doctor, who pronounced my case to be Consumption, and various other treatments had been tried, but without benefit. It was at this stage that I heard of your Bronchitis Cure, and sent to you for a course of the medicine. When it arrived I was too ill to leave my bed, but I commenced taking it at once, and gradually improved. I am glad to say that the two lots of medicine you sent have effected a complete cure, for which accept my very best thanks—Yours gratefully,
"J. BLAIR.
"Westminster Bridge road, S.E., London."

AGONISING COUGH—NINE MONTHS' TORTURE.
RELIEVED BY ONE DOSE OF HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS
CURE. CURED BY TWO BOTTLES.

"Dergholm, Victoria.
"Dear Sir, I wish to add my testimony to the wonderful effect of your Bronchitis Cure. I suffered for nine months, and the cough was so distressingly bad at nights I was obliged to get up and sit by the fire. I had medical advice, and tried other remedies, without avail. I tried yours and never had a fit of coughing after taking the first dose, and though I have had but two bottles I feel I am a different man, and the cough has vanished. You may depend on my making known the efficacy of your wonderful remedy to anyone I see afflicted.
"Yours faithfully, JAMES ASTBURY."

GRATITUDE AND APPRECIATION.
HUNDREDS CURED IN THEIR OWN CIRCLE.

"The Scientific Australian Office, 160 Queen-st., Melbourne.
"Dear Mr. Hearne,—The silent workers are frequently the most effective, and if there is anybody in Victoria who during the last few years has been repeatedly working for and singing the praises of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, it is our Mr. Phillips. This gentleman, some three years ago, was recommended to try your Bronchitis Cure by Mr. Barham, accountant, Collins street, and the effect that it had was so marked that he has ever since been continually recommending it to others. We are glad to add this testimony to the value of Hearne's most valuable Bronchitis Cure, which has eased the sufferings of hundreds and hundreds of people even in our own circle of acquaintance. Believe us always to be yours most faithfully.
"PHILLIPS, ORMONDE & CO."

QUEENSLAND TESTIMONY.
FROM BRISBANE WHOLESALE CHEMISTS.

"60 Queen-st., Brisbane, Queensland.
"Mr. W. G. Hearne—Dear Sir,—Please send us 30 dozen Bronchitis Cure by first boat. We enclose our cheque to cover amount of order. We often hear your Bronchitis Cure spoken well of. A gentleman told us to day that he had given it to a child of his with most remarkable result, the child being quite cured by three doses.
"We are, faithfully yours,
"THOMASON, CHATER & CO., Wholesale Chemists"

We, the undersigned, have had occasion to obtain Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, and we certify that it was perfectly and rapidly successful under circumstances which undoubtedly prove its distinct healing power. Signed by the Rev. JOHN SINCLAIR, Myers-street, Geelong, and fifty-nine other leading residents.

Prepared only, and sold wholesale and retail, by the Proprietor, W. G. HEARNE, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria.

Small size, 2s. 6d.; large, 4s. 6d. Sold by Chemists and Medicine Vendors. Forwarded by post to any address when not obtainable locally.

For mutual advantage, when you write to an advertiser, please mention the Review of Reviews.

ASTHMA.

PREVIOUS TREATMENT FAILED. A SEVENTEEN YEARS' CASE CURED BY THREE BOTTLES.

Mr. Alex J. Anderson, of Oak Park, Charlesville, Queensland, writes:—"After suffering from Asthma for seventeen years, and having been under a great many different treatments without benefit, I was induced to try Hearne's medicine for Asthma. After taking three bottles of this medicine I quite got rid of the Asthma, and since then, which was in the beginning of 1883 (15 years ago), I have not had the slightest return of it. The medicine quite cured me, and I have much pleasure in recommending it."

Writing again on the 4th April 1899, he states:—"I am keeping very well now. Never have the slightest return of the Asthma."

A FEW EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

"I used your Bronchitis Cure for three of my family, and it cured each of them in from one to three doses.—P. F. MULLINS, Oowie's Creek, Victoria."

"Your Bronchitis Cure relieved my son wonderfully quick. I only gave him four doses, and have some of the medicine yet; but I am sending for another bottle in case I should want it.—D. McDONALD, Trilby via Quirindi, N.S.W."

"My wife is 82 years old, and I am 70, and I am glad to inform you that your Bronchitis Cure has done us both a wonderful deal of good, it having quickly cured us both.—R. BASSLET, Strath Creek, via Broadford, Victoria."

"I have used one bottle of your Bronchitis Cure with great benefit to myself, as the smothering has completely left me.—(Mrs.) JOHN RAHILLY, Glenmagee, Victoria."

"I have finished the Bronchitis Cure you sent, and am amazed at what it has done in the time. The difficulty of breathing has all gone.—J. HARRINGTON, Bingegong, Morundah, N.S.W."

"I lately administered some of your Bronchitis Cure to a son of mine with splendid effect. The cure was absolutely miraculous.—D. A. PACKER, Quiera Neutral Bay, Sydney, N.S.W."

"Your Bronchitis Cure, as usual, acted splendidly.—O. H. RADFORD, Casterton, Victoria."

"Kindly forward another bottle of your famous Bronchitis Cure without delay, as I find it to be a most valuable medicine.—(Mrs.) J. SLATER, Warragul, Victoria"

"I am very pleased with your Bronchitis Cure. The result was marvellous. It eased me right off at once.—G. SEYTER, Bourke, N.S.W."

"Your medicine for Asthma is worth £1 a bottle.—W. LETTS, Heywood, Victoria."

"I have tried lots of medicine, but yours is the best I ever had. I am recommending it to everybody.—S. STEELE, Yauko Siding, N.S.W."

"I suffered from Chronic Asthma and Bronchitis, for which I obtained no relief until I tried your medicine, but I can truly say that I am astonished at my present freedom, as a direct result of my brief trial.—JOHN C. TRELLAWNEY, Seven River, via Inverell, N.S.W."

"Last year I suffered severely from Bronchitis, and the doctor, to whom I paid seven guineas, did not do me any good; but I heard of your Bronchitis Cure, and two bottles of it made me quite well.—H. HOOD, Brooklands, Avoca-street, South Yarra, Melbourne."

"Please send me half a dozen of your Bronchitis Cure. This medicine cured me in the winter, and has now cured a friend of mine of a very bad Bronchitis.—A. ALLEN, Ozmo House, Lorne, Victoria."

"Your Bronchitis Cure has done me much good. This is a new experience for all the medicine I previously took made me much worse. I am satisfied that the two bottles of Bronchitis Cure I got from you have pulled me through a long and dangerous illness.—HENRY WURLD, Alma, near Maryborough, Victoria"

"The bottle of Bronchitis Cure I got from you was magical in its effects.—CHAS. WHYBROW, Enoch's Point, via Darlingford, Victoria."

"Upon looking through our books we are struck with the steady and rapid increase in the sales of your Bronchitis Cure.—ELLIOTT BROS. Ltd., Wholesale Druggists, Sydney, N.S.W."

What are the 12 BEST ADVERTISEMENTS

IN THIS ISSUE OF

The "REVIEW OF REVIEWS" ?

£34 5s. in Prizes

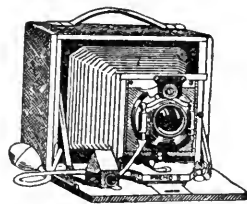
in Advertising
Competition.

The Advertising Manager of the "Review of Reviews for Australasia" offers Prizes amounting to **£34 5s.** in the following Competition:—

FIRST PRIZE.—£15 Cash.

SECOND PRIZE.—A High-grade 4-drawer Drop-head **WERTHEIM SEWING MACHINE**, valued at **£13**. It is a handsome piece of furniture, made of choice walnut, with polished surface of exquisite beauty. When the machine is not in use, the head descends out of sight, and the top closes over. A specimen may be seen at any of the firm's branches.

THIRD PRIZE.—A **£6 5s.** "**PREMO B**" **CAMERA**, as supplied by Messrs. Baker & Rouse; size 5 by 4, draw 9½ inches, solid mahogany box, covered with the best seal grain leather, with handle; metal equipment, bellows of red Russian leather, and fitted with the latest mechanical devices for speedy and efficient work. A specimen may be seen at any of Messrs. Baker & Rouse's branches.



STUDY OUR ADVERTISEMENTS.

To compose advertisements successfully is the ambition of every pushing business man. We invite our readers to examine our advertisements, and to state what they consider to be the best twelve advertisements in each issue of the "Review of Reviews for Australasia" for twelve months, from the March issue. By the best advertisements, we mean the advertisements which are most likely to sell the goods advertised. They may not be the most beautiful advertisements; they may not be a design, may not be illustrated, may be letter press simply; but they may create in the reader's mind a desire to try the articles spoken of. On the other hand, they may be designs pure and simple, or partly illustrated, and as such may be just the ideas that will sell the goods. In glancing through advertisements, one often says, "That's a splendid advertisement." Now, apply your taste and judgment to good purpose. A design may be chaste and beautiful, but it may not be a good advertisement for the thing advertised. A different kind of advertisement is required to sell machinery to what is required to sell tea or novelties, or a patent medicine. In one case a very few words may be all that is required. In another case, the articles advertised may demand much description. The best test of an advertisement is, "Will it sell the goods it advertises?" We will get an expert in these matters to judge each month's advertising in the "Review of Reviews," and to the competitor who gains most points for the twelve months of the competition we will give a **FIRST Prize of £15 cash**; also a **SECOND Prize of a £13 WERTHEIM SEWING MACHINE**, and a **THIRD Prize of a £6 5s. "PREMO B" CAMERA**, from the stock of Messrs. Baker & Rouse.

In the case of a tie or ties, the prize will be awarded to the list first opened. The decision of the judge will be final. The competition commenced in March, 1904, and in that and succeeding issues will be found a form to be filled up. Keep the forms till the end of the competition, signing the name to each, and then pin them together, and forward them to The Advertising Manager, "Review of Reviews for Australasia," Equitable Building, Melbourne, marking on the front of the envelope "Advertising Competition."

Anyone can join in the Competition, but the printed form on page xx. must be used.

For mutual advantage, when you write to an advertiser, please mention the Review of Reviews.

The Review of Reviews for Australasia

is far and away the best Monthly Paper published in Australasia. It is not only the busy man's and woman's paper, but the best paper that the man or woman of leisure can buy. As no other paper does, it gives, month by month, a resume of the world's doings, and the best thoughts of its best writers.

To the Manager,
The Review of Reviews for Australasia,
Equitable Building, Melbourne.

Please send me the Review of Reviews for Australasia for twelve months,
beginning for which I enclose eight shillings and sixpence.

Name { Mr. }
 { Mrs. }
 { Miss }

Address

Date

Form for Advertising Competition.

SEE PAGE XVII.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS FOR AUSTRALASIA.

I arrange the BEST TWELVE ADVERTISEMENTS in the January Issue of The Review of Reviews for Australasia in the following order:—

- | | |
|---------|----------|
| 1 | 7 |
| 2 | 8 |
| 3 | 9 |
| 4 | 10 |
| 5 | 11 |
| 6 | 12 |

NAME { Mr. }
 { Mrs. }
 { Miss }

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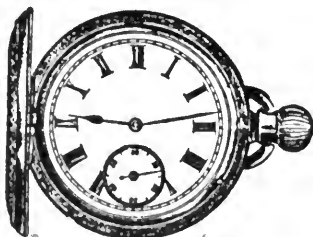
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THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS FOR AUSTRALASIA.

(ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, 8/6.)

EDITED BY HENRY STEAD.

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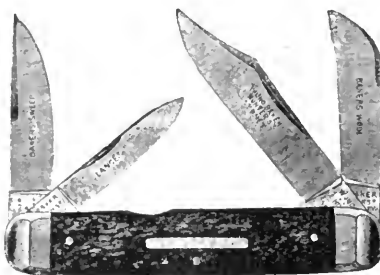
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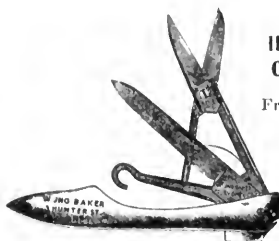
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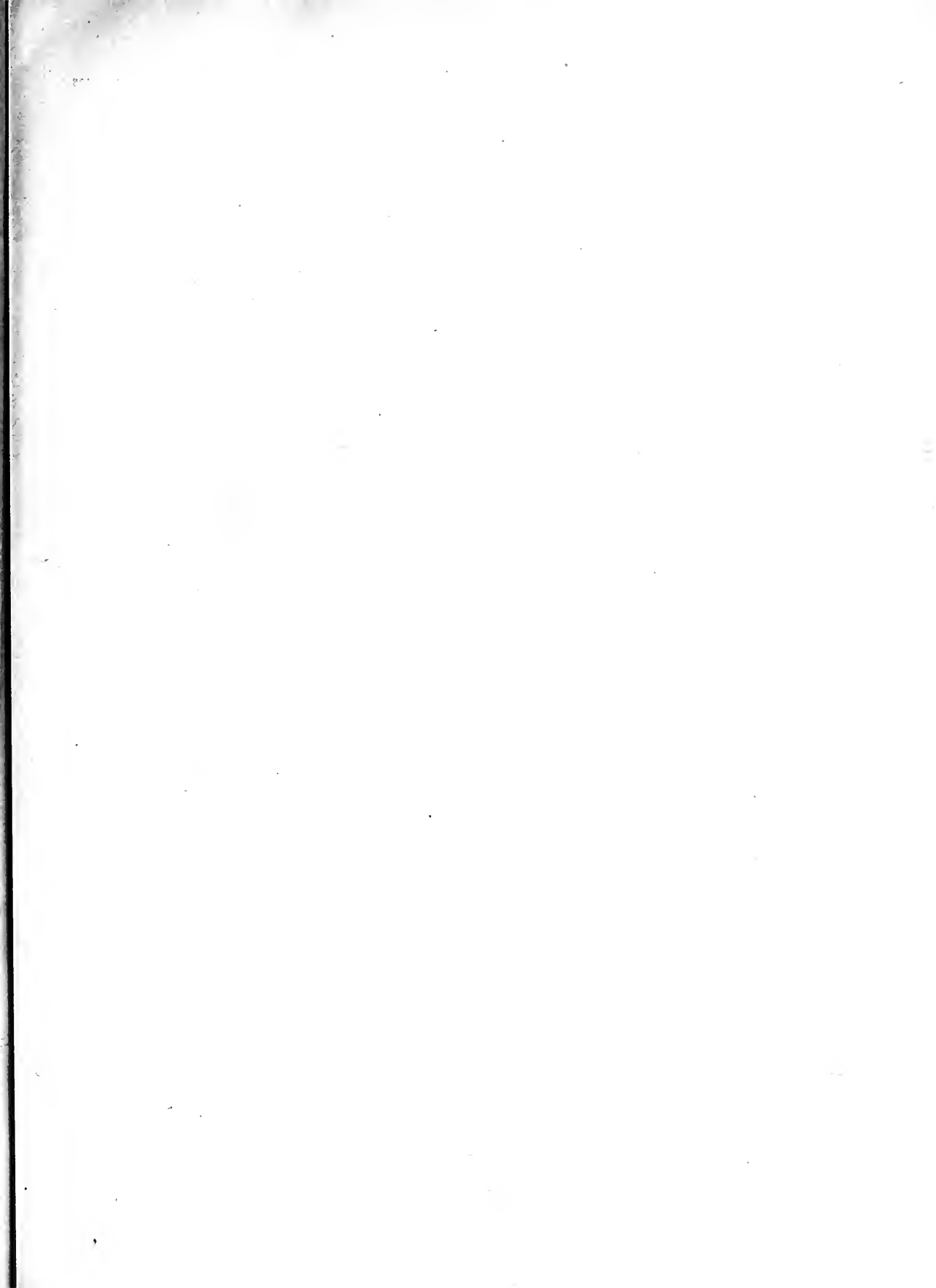
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Sinking an Artesian Bore in Central Queensland.

(See page 33.)

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

FOR AUSTRALASIA.

EQUITABLE BUILDING, MELBOURNE.

THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

MELBOURNE, January 12, 1905.

The Devastating Fires.

To very many, unfortunately, the first days of 1905 will bring a recollection of devastation and ruin. The fires, almost unparalleled in the history of Australia, and never equalled in that of New South Wales, have swept over hundreds of miles of country, blotting out homestead after homestead, consuming thousands of animals, and, unfortunately, causing some considerable loss of human life. What a visitation a grass fire is none can conceive but those who have known it. In Victoria the loss was heavy, but New South Wales has been smitten most sorely. In many cases holdings have been swept bare of home, grass, fencing, and animals—everything gone. But the ready sympathy which is always manifest amongst us is again to the fore, and the public is dipping into its pocket to relieve, as it did in the drought, to try to make up to some extent the terrible loss or disappointment that the sufferers have had to face. The calamity is doubly heavy, following close upon the heels of the 1903-4 drought. One feels that he must stand bare-headed in the presence of the unconquerable pluck which will not acknowledge defeat in the presence of utter ruin, and which manfully and sternly sets itself to rear anew a home in the midst of the cinders of former success. Truly the heart of the Australian pioneer, man or woman, is a big one.

Preventive Measures.

But the truly awful havoc raises a question of stupendous proportions which the States must grapple seriously with. With present laxity these domestic horrors will recur with relentless re-

gularity. Australia is a land of extremes, droughts, and heat waves of the intensity of the one responsible for the fires, when the thermometer boldly climbed up the scale till it reached 122deg. in the shade, alternating with seasons so charming and abundant that fear of future terror is driven from the heart of the settler. During the last year we have persistently urged the necessity of a grand scheme for irrigation as one of the most urgent and crying necessities in such a droughty land. The experience of the last week or two emphasises it. It is criminal to neglect it. Repetitions of this disaster are preventible. Two things are necessary: first a compulsory system of fire breaks carried out on an organised plan, so as to prevent a fire having an unfettered course over half a State; and irrigation, to prevent the country being scorched till it is like matchwood, and ready to blaze ruin and death. Drought and fire are in Australia national foes, and yet, although during the visitation of each, the country is roused to the need of work on great comprehensive lines, the lessons are forgotten when the showers come, and the country hides the signs of disaster under a garment of green. In spite of the terrible drought of a few months ago, Mr. Swinburne, Victorian Minister for Water Supply, has been blocked in his progressive irrigation scheme, while impending disaster hangs over settlers' heads like the sword of Damocles.

The Indirect Benefit.

But apart from the averting of disaster or death, what a mine of wealth would be opened up with the development of the country under irrigation, and the conserving of wealth from the ravages of fires. Here—as we have shown be-



[Sydney Bulletin.

THE AUSTRALIAN CAPITAL.

AUSTRALIA (to occupant of cave): "Well, how do you want to fix this Federal Capital business?"

CAVE DWELLER: "Well, it's like this. If you don't let me supply the land for the Australian Capital, it's a Victorian conspiracy, and if I supply the land, it's a robbery of New South Wales. And I must decide where the Australian Capital is to be, and how large it's to be, and I must be the sole authority about the meaning of the Federal Capital clauses in the Constitution. And if you delay over the Capital, it's a low down scheme to keep the Parliament in Melbourne, and if you're in a hurry it arises out of your indecent haste to rob me of the Federal territory. And if you stay there a minute longer I'll throw a flint at you."

fore, and certainly it is the most pressing national question to urge this month—lies the open way to national development and wealth. Passing strange it is that the Governments refuse to walk in it. At present except on a fringe of the continent, we can never produce and also conserve, unless irrigation is brought about, and grass fires of any magnitude made impossible, and yet each result can be attained with so little trouble. The former would be a reproductive work almost from the start. The latter could be done even in dry seasons with a little compulsory work, as part of a general scheme, on the part of each settler. The production and the saving of wealth resulting would be enormous, while the beneficial results would flow on to enrich and bless future generations.

New South Wales Waking Up.

In furtherance of his promise to comprehensively consider the question of irrigation, Mr. Carruthers is making a small start with an area of 125,000 acres in the Narrandera district. This is, at any rate, a beginning. It will form one of the subjects for discussion at the conference on irrigation in Sydney this month, but this must only be the preliminary to a vast scheme, which will serve the huge area which is subject to droughts and fires. This determination on the part of the Government is one of the most hopeful signs of needed reform New South Wales has seen for a long time.

The Conference at Hobart.

During February there is to be a conference between Mr. Reid and the State Premiers. The Prime Minister wishes it to be quite informal—just a quiet talking over of things in general. Such a conference should be productive of much good. Will it be the means of smoothing away difficulties between the States and Commonwealth, or will it end merely in talk? It depends largely upon the questions which are discussed, and upon the spirit in which the Premiers approach the conference. Mr. Reid has urged that each and all of them arrive in Hobart with "open minds." It seems probable, however, that the State Premiers will have a small conference of their own before meeting the representatives of the Commonwealth Government, and will arrive at a common understanding upon most of the points likely to be raised. They will act on the principle that union is strength, and if Mr. Reid cannot see his way to meet their views, little is likely to result from the deliberations. The topics which are announced for discussion are very numerous, so that the time at the Premiers' disposal will be quite inadequate to deal thoroughly with them.

The Question of State Governors

There will probably be some decision arrived at with regard to the appointment of a High Commissioner. To appoint one, and not at the same time to consolidate the whole of the present State Agencies under one roof in London would be folly. With a High Commissioner, Agents-General would be superfluous, and their places could be taken by competent representatives from each State working under the general direction of the Commissioner. At present nothing exasperates the average Briton more than to have to run all round London from one Agency to another whenever he desires any particular information about Australia as a whole. The general experience is that it is exceedingly difficult to extract reliable information out of the Agencies. The particulars are no doubt there, but there seems much difficulty in producing

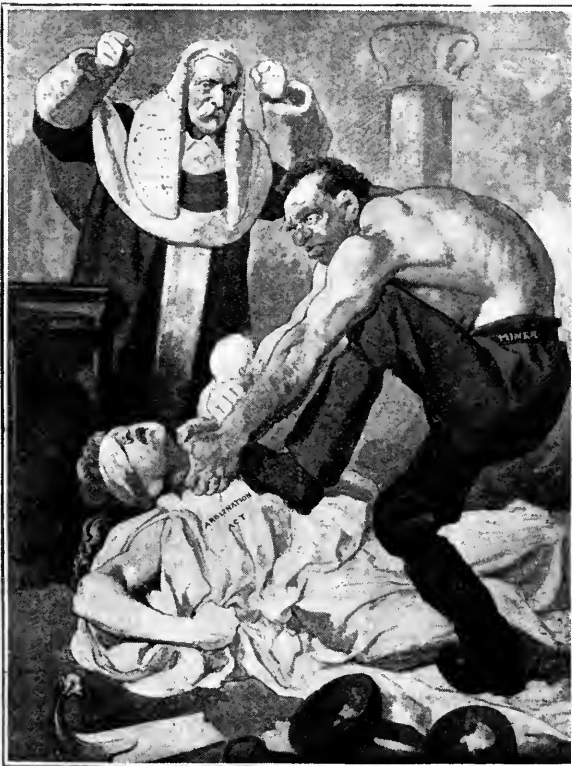
them. There is one question which will probably not be discussed at this conference, although it is bound to come up at some future one, for, ere long, Australia will feel the need of following the lead of Canada in another direction. Now that there is a Governor-General, the appointment of several Governors from home for each State seems unnecessary. The Dominion of Canada consists of several States or Provinces, and has a Governor-General appointed by the King. Each Province, however, is satisfied with a Lieutenant-Governor, also appointed by the Crown, but the office is always filled by one of its own citizens. There is already a tendency to abolish the position of Governor as it at present exists in Australian States. This finds expression in the reduction of the gubernatorial salaries which are contemplated, or even already made. Queensland has reduced the salary of its Governor from £5000 to £3000. The Proposing Government in Tasmania also cut down the salary of the Governor, but when the Opposition came into power the old figure was reverted to. These straws show how the wind is blowing.

The Newcastle Coal Strike.

We have grown so accustomed to the sound of the terms of "arbitration" and "conciliation" that it comes as a shock that the early days of the New Year saw the precipitation of a strike. It was known trouble was ahead, but this particular phase was hardly anticipated. It will be remembered that last year the Newcastle colliery employers were prevented by the Court from reducing the hewing rate without due notice. That notice was therefore legally given, and the reduction took effect as from the beginning of the year. The employés applied to the Court to restrain the employers from taking this action, but, as it had been legally done, the Court necessarily refused the application. The reduction therefore took effect; but a deadlock has come about through the wheelers, who share in the reduction, refusing to work. Now the wheelers have no union as such, and very few of them belong to the miners' unions, so that there is no corporate body that can be touched. The miners refuse to do the wheeling, so that practically the men are out on strike, the effect of the wheelers' action being that some 6000 men are out of work. There is nothing to prove that the action of the wheelers, who mostly are lads, has been taken at the instigation of the men. It is easy to understand the unwillingness of the men to take the wheeling into their own hands when the wheelers are their own relatives, as they mostly are.

The Enforcing of the Principle.

The employers have applied to the Court for a constitutional way out of the difficulty by asking the Court to order the wheelers to work, or failing this, the miners to do their own wheeling—which has been done—and indeed it is difficult to imagine any other course being taken. The law must be upheld, otherwise arbitration becomes a screaming farce; but the national benefits resulting from a peaceful method of settling industrial disputes are so wide-reaching and important that such a contingency must be avoided at any risk. There is no doubt that the New South Wales law gives power to deal with a crisis of this kind. It is important enough to warrant the extremest measures, for the matter becomes of national importance, not simply because other States' or foreign interests are bound up with the supply of New South Wales coal, and because general trade is dislocated, but also because the principle of arbitration must be upheld, and the decisions of the Court regarded as much binding on the part of unions and corporations as the decisions of common law are upon the individual. Having put our hand to the plough in this humanitarian respect, it is too late to look back.



Punch. **THE COAL STRIKE.** *[Melbourne.]*
 JUDGE COHEN: "But you refuse obedience to this thing which is of your own making!"
 LABOUR: "I meant it to be my slave—it seeks to be my boss. I have created—I can destroy!"

**The Shipping
Combine and
Surplus Tonnage**

The news of the combine in Australian shipping, among inter-State owners, has startled all ranks in shipping circles, and, indeed, created no small concern outside them. At first sight, it appeared like a gigantic combination to exploit trade, but it is explained that it is simply an attempt to get rid of surplus non-paying tonnage. So many large, commodious steamers have been added to the coastal fleets, that the smaller steamers are unable to get sufficient passengers or cargo to make them pay. They are accordingly to be laid up or sold, a concerted time-table will be arranged among the companies, fewer steamers will run, and the shipping business generally will, as far as possible, be conducted as though it were one great company. The result will be a huge saving in expense, but it will mean at the outset a very considerable addition to the unemployed ranks, for there will be a heavy cashiering of hands, from captains to cabin boys. Anything in the nature of a combine to secure a monopoly is to be deprecated in the general public interest. It is possibly just as well that the Navigation Bill was postponed, for the Royal Commission in its enquiry will probably keep this aspect of the combination in view. Of course, the very best means of preventing any possible monopoly in inter-State trade is the keeping open of its ways to competition, an end which the Federal Parliament should stubbornly and persistently keep in view.

**New South Wales
Western Lands
Policy.**

New South Wales is to be congratulated upon her bold policy with regard to the lands in the Western Division. A huge area in

the Western part of the State, comprising 80,000,000 acres, has been so heavily handicapped with the ravages of the rabbit pest or continuous years of drought, that the holders have had the greatest difficulty in holding on, to say nothing of making it pay, even at the low rental of one penny per acre. Unless this vast area was to be left to the rabbits, some very substantial help was needed, for the lands would not stand even this charge, which to an unenlightened outsider seems ridiculously low. A commission appointed in 1901 has recommended, and Parliament has adopted the recommendation, that the rent in future shall be at a much lower rate, the minimum being 2s. 6d. per square mile. This will help to tide over the difficulty. The revenue derived from the lands will fall from £102,000 to about £50,000, but it is hoped that the indirect revenue that will accrue from the improved condition of the Division will make up for this. Under the new arrangement the Government will have power to deal stringently with the rabbit

pest, so that, as far as administration can help it, the future of this part of New South Wales is brighter than it has been for a long time, and hope will be put into the holders, who have so pluckily stuck to their posts in face of heart-breaking difficulties.

**Heroic Measures
for the
Rabbit Pest.**

The drought is responsible for most of the distress and loss in Australia, but there are many other causes which contribute, notably the rabbit pest. So far, it must be admitted, this has been very unsuccessfully grappled with. Thousands upon thousands of miles of wire netting, tons of poison, thousands upon thousands of pounds sterling, and acres upon acres of useless or deserted lands are among the monuments that attest "Bunny's" fertility in reproduction and his adaptation to Australian conditions. They form a debit, too, in our national finance which not even his little body, frozen and sent to hungry mouths at the other side of the world, can balance. New South Wales has suffered greatly in the past. The new policy with regard to the lands of the Western Division makes it imperative that treatment on a heroic scale shall be adopted. Mr. Carruthers is inclined to the propagation of a disease among the rabbits, as being likely to be most effective, while it would spare the birds, which are killed in thousands when poison is used. May he be successful.

**The
Mail Contract.**

One very noticeable feature of the present Federal Government is its strange secretiveness. Mr. McCay steadfastly and consistently refuses

to divulge even the broad outlines of his defence scheme, and Mr. Sidney Smith preserves the same reticence about the arrangements that are to be made for the carriage of mails at the expiry of the present contract. Possibly it is because he has nothing to say, in which case he is probably wise to look knowing and say nothing. In the meantime business people, whose interests represent a vast amount of money, and whose distance from Britain is great enough without its being lengthened by foolish policies and departmental slowness, are getting anxious, so much depends on the quickness and regularity of the mails. It is vigorously contended by the Post Office authorities that the white labour point of the question has vanished, but the wish is probably father to the thought. The Orient Company also brings the average business man up aghast by announcing changes in the time-table, and giving out that South Australia, Marseilles and Naples will probably be cut out of the route. And the Department, sphinx-like, "is making inquiries elsewhere." Where, nobody knows. Now

Australia cannot afford to have the regular mail service disorganised, even at the cost of a heavy subsidy, and there is no doubt that the business man wishes the Government would pay the subsidy and be done with it, and economise in other very easy ways. And it is quite possible that the Orient Company, which, being in the way of business, may be able to judge of the average Australian's needs better than Federal politicians do, is playing a quiet but very deep game. If it be so, it is playing it skilfully. That a compromise will be arrived at there is no reasonable doubt. Indeed, it is to be hoped so, not only for business reasons, but also to "save our faces," for if the poundage system be resorted to, we shall be sending our precious mails in ships that employ hands that are not white, and shall be surreptitiously subscribing to principles which Australians, or rather the Federal Government—a notable distinction, by the way—hold up their hands in holy horror against. As late as the 12th inst., Mr. Anderson, of the Orient Company, and Mr. Smith were in private conclave, but Mr. Smith still gives the impression that the Department is unyielding on the question of terms. Time and circumstances may tell a different tale.

An All British Route.

In the meantime, some Sydney business men, more alive to the seriousness of the situation than the Government, have set their brains to work, and devised another scheme which holds in its bosom some excellent possibilities. They have found that by making quick connections—and the whole thing has been worked out to time-table and is practicable—it is possible to send mails from Australia via Canada, and land them in England in 32 days. Indeed, with a faster train service through Canada and improved speeds on sea, that could soon be shortened. Taking everything into account, this is an excellent alternative. The strong points about the proposal are these—that New Zealand would probably join heartily in the scheme, the steamship companies would strain a good many points to secure substantial help, a good advertisement and a diversion of trade, and, last, but not by any means least, the mails would not pass through or near foreign territory. The route would practically be a British one all the way through. International complications would not affect it. The only nation whose borders the route would pass near—the American—is the one with whom war with



MR. A. G. GARDINER
(Daily News).



MR. ERNEST PARKE
(Star and Morning Leader).



MR. ROBERT DONALD
(Daily Chronicle).

EDITORS OF LONDON DAILIES.

(Photographed for the Review of Reviews by E. H. Mills.)

ourselves is an unthinkable thing. The proposal may not in the immediate future affect any mail arrangements the Government may make, but it has emerged into being much too promising and vigorous a proposition to die, and more will be heard of it in the near future.

Inter-State Exhibitions.

No better proposal for the encouragement of inter-State trade, and, indeed, of advertising Australian goods in the world's markets, has been advanced for a long time than that made by the Victorian Agricultural Society. It suggests that inter-State exhibitions be held, and that, in order to facilitate the movement, the State Governments should guarantee free transit for exhibits. The States have up to the present time been so conservative in their isolation that they have been almost as unknown to one another as if they were different nations. Federation has largely broken this down, but there is yet a very great deal to be done in the way of making Australia one great field for common enterprise, and inter-State exhibitions would clear the way as nothing else has done. Indeed, the educational effect alone would be very great. Australia is so much a country of immense distances, and its industries are necessarily so varied, that Victorians are to a great extent ignorant of the resources of Queensland and the West, and *vice-versa*, and exhibitions such as these would be as valuable as business trips for information and trade. If the first exhibition were held in Victoria next year, the Victorian Society would give £600 in prize money. It would pay the different States to annually subsidise the exhibitions. The matter is to be discussed at the Premiers' Conference, with a view of securing combined assistance.

White Hands for Beetle Collecting.

If a Queensland sugar planter employs black boys to collect and destroy beetle pests on otherwise "white" plantations, will he be able to claim the bonus on white-grown sugar? The Comptroller of Customs says he will not, that this action practically makes the sugar black-grown, although no labour but white is used in the cultivation of the cane, and that if insect pests can be kept down by black labour, there is nothing to prevent the same labour being used to eradicate vegetable pests. The reasoning seems logical, but the application savours somewhat of the ridiculous. But the planter must either collect his beetles through the medium of white-skinned hands or go without his bonus.

Queensland's Special Session.

On the 4th inst. the Queensland Parliament, without any of the display of officialdom usually associated with the function, assembled for a special session. The departure from the usual ceremonialism was rather refreshing. The session is to be a short one, and is being held for the purpose of passing the Franchise Bill and the machinery bill necessary to give effect to it. The Council last session rejected the former because the latter was not attached, so it is to be presumed that it will agree to the measure now. The bill will not come into force till the next general election, but it is worth even a special session to pass such a necessary and progressive piece of legislation. The Franchise Bill provides for adult suffrage. Queensland thus forms another of the States which has stepped into line over the question of woman suffrage. Victoria strangely lags behind in this respect. Queensland has very sensibly—and the labour party is in agreement with this, as indeed it is with the whole bill—refused to enfranchise the inmates of the benevolent asylum on Stradbroke Island. Their number is so great that they could swamp the voting in the division. In any case, Queensland will be saved the humiliating spectacle of infirm and often incapable people being canvassed for votes, as was the case at the Federal elections in some of the States.

Barriers to Women.

Progressive although the Australian democracy is in some respects, it is strangely conservative in others. An instance of the unreasoning opposition to simple justice and sex equality has just occurred in the point-blank refusal of the directors of the Sydney Hospital to accept the application of a woman doctor, Miss O'Reilly, for an appointment on the resident medical staff of the institution. As to her qualifications there was no possible doubt. The plaintive plea that there was no suitable accommodation for a lady doctor was manifestly weak, as that disability could very easily be removed; and, probably recognising the thinness of the excuse, the directors affirmed their unwillingness to accept a woman physician on any terms. It is strange that women should be trusted with what is probably the most important part of the cure of disease—viz., the nursing—but debarred from saying what course of treatment it is best to adopt. If the directors are right, then the Universities do wrong to train women medical students. But the old conservatism cannot stand much longer, in face of woman's fitness to combat sickness. In the case of female patients, what is more fitting than that a woman should minister to their necessities. May the old order soon pass away, and woman take her rightful position in the healing art!

Federal Statistician.

Universal pleasure will be expressed at Mr. Coghlan's appointment as Federal Statistician. The office is a necessary one, and Mr. Coghlan is the one man to fill it. The New South Wales Government generously waived its claims upon him, but they desired his help on two important points before giving him up. One is that the State Government wish him to be chairman of the board appointed to define the local government areas, and the other is the re-organising of the Agent-General's Office in London. When these matters are com-

pleted, Mr. Coghlan will take up his new duties under the Federal Government. tances of over 200 miles without a hitch. The Pacific Islands Phosphate Co., which operates extensively in the South Sea, is anticipating establishing similar communication between their stations, none of which are 200 miles distant from others. But an even greater project is ambitiously discussed—viz., the bringing of the company's stations into communication with Fiji, thus touching the cable. This would mean the installation of a powerful plant, as over one thousand miles would have to be covered. In the meantime Australia drags wearily behind the rest of the world regarding this great and necessary convenience.



MR. S. J. PRYOR
(*St. James' Gazette*).



MR. J. NICOL DUNN
(*Morning Post*).



SIR DOUGLAS STRAIGHT
(*Pall Mall Gazette*).

EDITORS OF LONDON DAILY PAPERS.

(Photographed by E. H. Mills.)

pleted, Mr. Coghlan will take up his new duties under the Federal Government.

Wireless Telegraphy.

While the Federal Government is strangely apathetic regarding the establishment of wireless telegraphy, our neighbours are more keenly alive to their opportunities. It is believed that Mr. Marconi will shortly pay a visit to progressive New Zealand, which may be depended upon to keep well in the forefront of any modern advancement. A plant in thorough working order established at Hawaii transmits messages for dis-

Mining Scandals and Promised Reforms.

Some recent mining scandals in Australia have had the effect of inducing some of the principal of Westralian companies to determine to issue weekly returns concurrently in Australia and England, so that no undue advantage may be gained by investors in either place. It is also determined to tell the actual facts about production of ore and metal, and to stop the practice of storing payable stuff when extra heavy yields are obtained in order to doctor less payable earth. This is very good news to investors, and will go far towards giving them immunity from the depre-

dations of dealers in scrip who operate on foreknowledge or rig the market. Insufficient information to the investor of returns, and judicious evenning of yields open avenues that have led to great corruption, and have caused thousands of people who would gladly invest money in mining to fight as shy of the industry as they would of the plague. But mining is such a valuable asset to Australia that every step like this to ensure honesty of dealing will have widespread effects for good.

**Yellow & Black
v.
White.**

The "White Australia" policy is such a highly-complicated one that it will be surprising if developments more or less serious or amusing do not occur with the lapse of time. The former will happen soon enough as the East develops, the amusing is already here. It would be highly disconcerting for anyone with a white skin to be shut out of a land of dark men, but the legend "No Australians needed" is already in effect written over one people's doors. True, it is only a question of expediency, but it may be prophetic. If it be, we shall probably, with considerable emphasis, ask the reason why. So one-sided may a nation's policy become! The interesting fact to which we refer is to be found in a letter sent by the Colonial Secretary of the Straits Settlement to the Victorian Minister of Labour, and is as follows:—

Colonial Secretary's Department, Singapore, 6th December, 1904. Sir,—In view of the large and increasing number of men arriving in this colony from Australia in search of work, it is feared that the conditions of labour prevailing in the Straits Settlement are not fully understood in a place where white labour is generally available, and I am directed by his Excellency the Governor of the Straits Settlement to inquire whether your Government would be so good as to publish, for general information, a notice explaining that this colony is not a suitable place in which to seek employment, the work for clerks, artisans and other labourers being monopolised by Eurasians and Asiatics, except in the case of men who have been brought out from England on special arrangements.

**The Tongan
Trouble.**

The future of the Pacific Islands is daily looming larger in the eyes of the old world. As we said in the early months of last year, the Pacific is the arena where the game of nations is to be played in the immediate future. Since then the war in the East has broken out, while infinitesimally small by comparison, and yet potent in possibilities, there have been indications of friction in the New Hebrides and the Solomon Islands. Profoundly it is to be hoped that a little diplomacy may remove all the causes of trouble and ensure harmony. During the last few weeks the late Tongan Government has suffered eclipse. From ac-

counts to hand, the treasury there contained very much less money than it should have done, and the British Government, which holds a Protectorate over the group, decided to transport the native Premier and Treasurer to Fiji and appoint other officials. The outcome of the trouble will probably be the annexation of the Islands by Great Britain and the direct administration of government.

**The
Marshall Islands
Difficulty.**

The ingenious suggestion made by the German Press that the Marshall Islands difficulty should be terminated by Messrs. Burns, Philp and Co. confining their operations to the Gilbert Island, and the Jalint Company to the Marshall Islands, does not solve the problem. The harassing of Australian trade is very clearly a violation of a treaty obligation, and as such can hardly be regarded as "petty," as it has been described in the German Press. It is not at all likely either that a trade monopoly would be granted to any firm by either the Imperial or the Australian authorities, while a third reason against it lies in the fact that already British trade predominates in the Gilbert Islands. The only satisfactory ending of the trouble will be the granting of the same freedom of trade to British as is given to German ships, as was guaranteed by the Anglo-German treaty, signed in 1866, and confirmed in 1899.

**The Fall of
Port Arthur.**

On Monday, the 2nd of January, Port Arthur formally capitulated to the Japanese. The fall of the great fortress has created a sensation throughout the world. Its results will be far-reaching. First and foremost, it is a great advertisement to the Asiatic peoples that the white races are not invincible, but can be overthrown by one of themselves. It is bound to entail a loss of prestige to all the European nations who have been dividing China up regardless of the yellow millions who dwell therein. It brings the yellow peril, so dreaded by European statesmen, appreciably nearer. Australia, the white man's country, is too close to Eastern Asia to regard this Asiatic success without great anxiety. The second result of the surrender will be the recall of the Baltic fleet. For it to proceed to the Far East would be madness now. The ships would be "fighting in the air," without any possible haven of refuge. The Japanese have to preserve their fleet intact, as they have no reserves to fall back upon, otherwise the temptation to make a dash for the Baltic fleet might prove irresistible. As it is, the Russian ships will doubtless return home unmolested. The third outcome of the capture of Port Arthur will be the release of General Nogi's army. The fortress was defended so long and so stubbornly, chiefly to relieve the



MR. HAMILTON FYFE.
(*Daily Mirror*.)



MR. F. W. PETHICK LAWRENCE.
(*Echo*.)



MR. C. H. JACKSON.
(*Sun*.)

SOME EDITORS OF LONDON DAILIES.

(*Photographed by E. H. Mills.*)

pressure upon General Kuropatkin, by keeping a large army engaged before it, and thus preventing it from joining his assailants. The Russian commander has now received considerable reinforcements, and the need of keeping Nogi's men engaged is no longer so important. If the Liau-ho had not been frozen up, the Japanese might have attempted to ascend the river, and cut the Russian communications north and west of Mukden. As it is, the 70,000 veterans of the siege will simply reinforce Marshal Oyama on the Sha-ho, with the probable result that an attack will be made upon the Russian positions.

The Cause of the Surrender.

As mentioned in our notes last month, the capture of the Erlungshan fort meant the capitulation of the town. That fort could not have been captured had it not been that the effectives of the defence were so reduced as to be unable to man all the forts, let alone deliver any counter attacks. Food does not appear to have been scarce, but ammunition was running short, and doubtless the big guns were very much worn. At any rate, the Russians were unable to reply

effectively to the Japanese ordnance planted on 203 Metre Hill. Had their big guns been in working order, that position would have been untenable. The warships were apparently not blown up by the Russians, as at first stated, nor had they been sunk by the Japanese fire. As General Stoessel originally reported, they had been submerged, in order to preserve them from damage by the guns of the besiegers. The Japanese will, therefore, before long, have some notable additions to their navy. General Nogi reports that there were 48,000 persons in all in the town when it surrendered. Of these 25,000 were sick and wounded. The surrender was unconditional, save that the officers were allowed to retain their swords and personal property, and to return to Russia on parole. The soldiers and sailors, however, will be retained as prisoners in Japan. The loss of life during the siege has been enormous, especially amongst the attacking hosts. What it actually was will probably never be known. The lesson of Port Arthur would seem to be that weapons and methods of attack have more than kept pace with those of defence, and will ultimately be successful, providing always that they are handled by an army prepared to suffer awful slaughter during the attack.

The Underground City of Mars.

How few of us have even attempted to realise the extraordinary spectacle which is now to be witnessed in Manchuria! On the banks of the Shaho River, what is to all intents and purposes an immense city has been dug into the ground, in which day by day and night by night there live and sleep and eat and drink at least half-a-million of our fellow-creatures—one half of them are Russian and white-skinned, the other are Japanese of a yellower tint—but all have mouths that must be filled at least twice a day, bodies that must be warmed, and exuviae which must be cleared away. Imagine this vast host of men, brought together solely for purposes of mutual destruction, living week after week within gunshot of each other, constantly on the *qui vive*, with their guns and powder and shot always ready for action. It is an underground city, for men have become troglodytes from their hatred of each other and their dread of the cold. They have hewn out for them-

selves caves in the earth, where they wait and watch, ready for the summons to battle. Over all the vast stretch of country covered by the opposing fronts of this dual city there grows no living thing. Nor is there a running spring or flowing river. Under the intense cold all water has been congealed, and before horse or man can drink, ice has to be quarried from the river and thawed by fire, for which there is but scant fuel. Imagine the toil, the strain, the forethought, the energy employed merely in feeding this city of half-a-million able-bodied men; a womanless, childless city, which produces nothing, and consumes every day a thousand tons of food. Imagine also the dull, sodden misery of it all. And the stench! for in an underground city there can be no drains. Disease is rife, and the hospitals are full. There is nothing in all the savage horrors of the battlefield which so impresses the imagination with a sense of the malignant intolerable curse which war inflicts upon the peoples as the spectacle of this underground City of Hell in which half-a-million wretched men are spending weeks in torment in readiness for a day of carnage.



Punch.]

[London.

AVE, CÆSAR!

Dedicated to the Gallant Defender of Port Arthur.

(By Permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Co. Ltd.)

Why Should Neutrals Prolong the War?

There is a good deal of talk about possible mediation. But it is not likely to come to anything. The war will go on until it is stopped by economic exhaustion of the combatants—one or both. But if the neutral Powers really want to stop the war, why do they feed it? Both Russia and Japan are carrying on this war now with money supplied them by neutrals. Is it not absurd to make such a fuss about contraband of war, when gold, the most effective and indispensable of all things—gold, the very sinews of war—is supplied to any amount by the capitalists of the neutral States? If President Roosevelt ever gets his Hague Conference into being, the most practical thing that it could do would be to declare that it should be regarded as a breach of neutrality on the part of any Power that allowed any war loan for either belligerent to be raised in its territory or quoted on its Bourse. The present system is inconsistent and ridiculous. Food destined for the army or navy of the belligerents becomes contraband. But the money that has to pay the soldiers, to buy their cartridges, and keep them in fighting trim—that can be supplied openly, in the full light of day, and no one can complain of that as any breach of neutrality. Yet nothing is more certain that the prolongation of the war is only possible because the sinews of war are supplied by the so-called neutrals who raise the loans by which the inevitable end is indefinitely postponed.

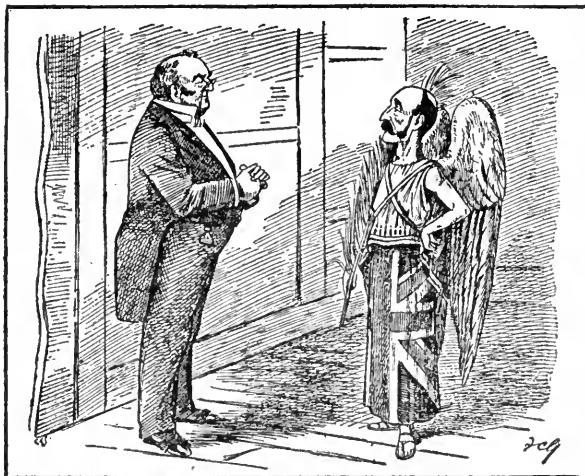
LONDON, Dec. 1st, 1904.

The End of the Regrettable Incident.

The regrettable incident on the Dogger Bank, due to the fact that the officers on four Russian battle-ships shared the mistake of the Hull fishermen who mistook their mission-ship for a torpedo-boat, is now at an end. The Russians, having themselves succeeded in obtaining a turbine torpedo-boat from Messrs. Yarrow, naturally enough suspected that the Japanese might have been equally skilful in furnishing themselves with similar vessels by a similar ruse. The question whether, under those circumstances, the Baltic Fleet was justified in firing at a suspicious craft has now been relegated to a Commission of Admirals—all of whom know only too well how difficult, not to say impossible, it is to distinguish between trawlers and torpedo-boats on a misty midnight. That in itself is a great gain. Hitherto the question has been debated by landlubbers more familiar with ink and paste than with the murky mystery of the midnight sea. Of one thing we may be quite certain. The British Admiral will take good care not to press for any decision which will limit what the British Navy regards as the necessary and legitimate exercise of the right of self-preservation in firing upon suspicious craft who approach warships at night time. Non-naval Powers may seek to limit the freedom of marine belligerents; but Britannia has never smiled upon those who seek to hamper the free use of her trident by stringent provisions for the protection of neutrals.

Lord Lansdowne.

But the crisis has done one good thing. If it displayed the violence and the intemperate ignorance of the London press, it revealed Lord Lansdowne. Not until this year has the Foreign Secretary had an opportunity of displaying his capacity as steersman of the Ship of State through the rocks and shoals of foreign politics. His attitude in relation to the Russian Government from first to last was admirable. He realised that a blunder—as he said himself, what he believed to be a culpable blunder—had been committed by somebody, and he neither blustered nor bullied, but simply asserted that there must be an examination, compensation, and punishment of the guilty parties. Neither in his negotiations with Count Benckendorf nor in the admirable speech which he delivered at the Guildhall, did he betray any of the fidgety fussiness, the painful desire to assert himself, and to pose before the gallery, which is so often conspicuous in Ministers in times of stress and strain. Lord Lansdowne simply acted with common sense and good feeling when these good qualities had been



[Westminster Gazette.]

LORD LANSDOWNE AT GUILDHALL.

MR. BULL: "Capital, Sir! a most becoming costume. I wish you had taken the leading part at Southampton."

thrown overboard by the majority of his countrymen, and he deserves great credit for the peaceful solution of a crisis the danger of which was almost entirely due to the inflammatory fustian which disgraced our Press.

At the Guildhall.

The City revellers are always disposed to cheer the spread-eagling sentiment of the militant patriot; but the fever fit had passed, the solid men of the City had realised to some extent what an immeasurable disaster a war would be, and hence Lord Lansdowne could speak freely and from his heart in denunciation of war as "the most futile and ferocious of human follies," and in praise of peace and arbitration. He was not so enthusiastically cheered as he and his speech deserved to be. But City men—even when they indulge in the complacent delusion fostered by Shakespearian quotation as to the ability of our people, who are not an armed nation, to defy the four corners of the world in arms—are nevertheless intensely grateful for the assurance of peace contained in the Foreign Secretary's speech. And in nothing was it more welcome than for the announcement which it contained as to the prospect that an Anglo-American arbitration treaty would be signed shortly. Mr. Choate says that Lord Lansdowne replied to the question whether England would sign such a treaty: "Why that goes without saying." That remark is true and just. The difficulty has never been on our side, nor on the side of the American Government. It lies with the American Senate and the influence of the American-Irish upon the Senators.

**The
Anglo-American
Arbitration
Treaty.**

Now that it is agreed there must be an Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty, we join with Mr. Bryce in hoping that it may be a substantial affair, and not a mere agreement to refer inconsiderable trifles to arbitration. Even if the clause excluding matters affecting honour and vital interests from the Arbitration Tribunal appears in the Anglo-American Treaty, it is earnestly to be hoped that the experience gained last month will lead to the elimination of that clause from the article providing for the appointment of International Commissions of Investigation. As I repeatedly pointed out at the Hague, and afterwards, the International Commission of Investigation may be raised to the dignity of a Court of Arbitration, differing from the permanent Court of Arbitration only in the all-essential fact that the acceptance of its Report will not be as obligatory as an arbitration award. If, therefore, the new treaties which Lord Lansdowne is negotiating are to be as useful as they ought to be, they must provide not only for the reference of non-vital questions to arbitration, but also for the reference of all disputes of all kinds to an International Commission before the sword is drawn. And it would be well also if the Holls clause, providing for special mediation, and a pause of thirty days after direct negotiations have broken down,

could also be incorporated in all the new arbitration treaties now being negotiated—especially in that with the United States.

**The Hague
Tribunal.**

The conclusion of these supplementary treaties—and there ought to be at least a score such concluded next year by as many Powers—making some 400 supplementary treaties next twelve months, compels us to ask what provision has been made at the Hague for the dispatch of the business certain to arise under these treaties. The answer is not very favourable. The first public proposal that Mr. Carnegie should provide for the building of a great International Court at the Hague, was made in these columns when Mr. Martens suggested that one of the best uses that Mr. Carnegie could make of his bounty would be to defray the cost of providing adequately for the accommodation of the International High Court at the Hague. This was in the year 1900. In the year 1902 Mr. Carnegie announced his intention of providing a library annexe to the Court of Arbitration, but in 1903 he acted on Mr. Martens' suggestion, and placed £250,000 in the hands of the Dutch Government for the purpose of building a Temple of Peace at the Hague. From that day to this not one stone of this Temple has been laid. A site which, in the opinion of many, is most inconveniently distant from the centre of the city, has at last been adopted, but it is not known whether it will be approved by the Powers. As a result there is no accommodation for more than one arbitration at a time in the temporary premises now occupied by the Court. It is not surprising under the circumstances that the Dogger Bank Commission will sit, not at the Hague, but at Paris. Unless more expedition is shown in Holland, more than one of the Powers may be disposed to suggest a transfer of the seat of the Tribunal from the Hague to Brussels or to Paris.



HIS MAJESTY THE KING,
In the uniform of a Colonel in the Tsar's Imperial Guards.

**Home Politics
in
November.**

Mr. Chamberlain was in Italy last month. Mr. Balfour was still on his back owing to an attack of phlebitis. Mr. Bryce and Mr. Morley were in America. The reaction after the sudden spasm of the Russian crisis has taken the life out of home politics. There have been speeches delivered every other day by somebody or other, but they have not been much listened to. The Liberals are pledging themselves more and more definitely to drastic retrenchment in the expenditure on armaments—and that is all to the good. The Unionists are being committed more and more deeply to the policy of impolicy of Protection. The talk in poli-

tical circles during last month has touched now and then upon the possibility that Mr. Balfour may secure the consent of Mr. Chamberlain to a still further postponement of the inevitable dissolution, by introducing a Bill for the Redistribution of Seats. Drowning men will snatch at a straw, but it is difficult to believe that Ministerialists seriously think that such a device will avert their doom. Of course, if Mr. Balfour would dish the Whigs by bringing in a Bill establishing universal suffrage for both men and women, and providing for the periodical redistribution of seats after each census, there might be sufficient flavour in that red herring to throw parties off their present scent. But a mere tinkering Bill, which would provoke a great storm in Ireland and a fierce fight in the House, merely in order to transfer a score of seats from Irish Nationalists and Orangemen to English Liberals, would simply irritate everybody, and do nobody any good—least of all the Unionist Party. For, if the smaller constituencies are to be disfranchised to the cry of "one vote one value," it is the Unionists who will suffer most. Of the twenty-seven constituencies which have fewer than 25,000 inhabitants, seventeen return Unionists and only ten Home Rulers and Liberals. The postponement of the decision of the fiscal issue for another two years would suit Mr. Balfour, but it would be equivalent to the definitive abandonment by Mr. Chamberlain of his plea of urgency for his scheme for saving our perishing industries. Despite all prophecies to the contrary I incline to think that Mr. Chamberlain's date will be adhered to, and that Parliament will be dissolved on next St. Patrick's Day.

The Citizenship of Women.

Very gratifying reports were received at the Woman's Suffrage Annual Convention, held in London on November 25th, as to the growth of public interest in this question. All sections of reformers appear to have agreed to support Mr. Crooks' Bill, restoring the old constitutional principle—so rudely violated by judges—that the word man shall, unless express provision be made to the contrary, always be interpreted not as the male, but as the human being regardless of sex. At present a man is also a woman in law when it is a case of punishment or obligation, but he is a male when the law confers rights and privileges. It is to be hoped that the leaders of the Opposition are beginning to open their eyes to the fact that they are lagging far behind their followers on this question. The Liberal rank and file are avowedly in favour of woman's suffrage; the Liberal Front Bench is either hostile or apathetic. The Minis-



Photo. by]

MR. J. A. SPENDER,

[E. H. Mills.

Editor of the *Westminster Gazette*.

terialist Front Bench is much more in sympathy with the Liberal rank and file on this question than are the Opposition Front Bench. If a place for Mr. Crooks' Bill is diligently balloted for by every member pledged to the citizenship of women, we ought to have a full dress debate early in the Session, which may restore Great Britain to her rightful position in the van of the woman's movement. At present the colonies have outstripped the mother country, and even in Germany opinion on this subject is advancing so rapidly that it is high time for John Bull to wake up here as well as elsewhere, if he is not to be badly left behind in the march of progress.

The Suffrage and a Living Wage.

A very significant step has been taken by the Women's Trades Unions of Manchester and Salford. They have formally seceded from the Women's Trade Union Council because that body refused to support the demand for the suffrage. The Council is not a representative body. It has now been deserted by the Trade Union officials, and the Manchester and Salford women have formed a Trades and Labour Council of their own on strictly representative lines, with the suffrage as the chief plank in their programme. In a circular appealing for £500 they say:—

The poverty and starvation prevalent among women, they think, is in a large measure due to the fact that their want of political status makes it impossible for their Unions to obtain for them a living rate of wages.



[Photo. West.

SIR ALFRED HARMSWORTH, BART.

**The Sale of
the
"Standard."**

The chief political sensation of the month has been the sale of the *Standard*, which Mr. Pearson bought at a price variously stated at anything between £300,000 and £700,000. Mr. Pearson, although champion hustler for Mr. Chamberlain's Tariff Reform League, is a man of thirty-eight who does not profess to have acquired, even at that mature age, any definite political convictions. He used to boast when he started the *Express* that he knew nothing about politics, and, unlike most boasts, the accuracy of this particular vaunt has been proved up to the hilt. It would be hard to say whether Mr. Pearson or Sir Alfred Harmsworth deserves the leather medal as a politician, for although Sir Alfred seems to be the more ridiculous, that is probably due to the fact not that he is a less sage politician than Mr. Pearson, but only that he is more apt to plunge in opposite directions at shorter notice than the new proprietor of the *Standard*. These two men, than whom it would be impossible to find two smarter makers and sellers of newspapers, or two more pitiful babes in the political wood, have been for some time past acquiring

one after another of those properties which are facetiously entitled organs of public opinion. They may have been rightly so designated once. They are now mere gramophones—grinding out Pearson's prattle or Harmsworth's nonsense from the same sets of cylinders all over the country.

The Journalistic Gramophones. Sir Alfred Harmsworth's gramophones are labelled as follows:—

<i>Daily Mail</i> , London.	<i>Leeds Mercury</i> .
<i>Evening News</i> , London.	<i>Glasgow Record</i> .
<i>Daily Mirror</i> , London.	<i>Manchester Courier</i> .

Mr. Pearson's gramophones bear the following titles:—

<i>Standard</i> , London.	<i>Birmingham Evening Dis-</i>
<i>Evening Standard</i> , London.	<i>patch</i> .
<i>St. James' Gazette</i> , London.	<i>Leicester Evening News</i> .
<i>Daily Express</i> , London.	<i>North Mail</i> .
<i>Birmingham Daily Gazette</i> .	<i>Evening Mail</i> .

In my early days on the *Pall Mall Gazette* the careful collection and condensation of the editorials of



[Photo. Mills.

MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON.

the London and provincial papers was one of the first duties with which I was entrusted. In those days the journalistic gramophone had not been invented. Nowadays if it were thought necessary to reprint newspaper "opinion," the task of the sub-editor would be much simplified. *Gramophone Harmsworth* would cover half-a-dozen papers. *Gramophone Pearson* an even greater number. The gramophonisation of journalism has not yet reached its limit. Sir Alfred Harmsworth, who has in vain endeavoured to buy the *Times* and the *Spectator*, may succeed with the *Morning Post* where Mr. Pearson failed—the price being too stiff. When half the daily newspapers in the country belong to Pearson and the other half to Harmsworth, an amalgamation of the rival gramophones will secure for the United Kingdom a unanimous Press, which will speak through its myriad-mouthed gramophone the wit, the wisdom and the judgment of the Pearson-Harmsworth oracle.

The Election of President Roosevelt.

Theodore Roosevelt was elected President of the United States by the mass vote of November 9th with a larger majority than anyone ventured to anticipate. Mr. Parker was beaten flat, and with him disappears the last attempt to rally the Democracy round a man trusted by Wall Street. Whether four years hence W. J. Bryan is chosen for a third time to bear the banner of Democracy, or whether it will be some other than he, it is safe to conclude that the next Democratic Presidential candidate will stand on a platform on which Mr. Bryan will feel much more at home than Mr. Parker. Mr. Hearst will probably feel that his chances in 1908 have been materially improved by Mr. Parker's crushing defeat. Mr. Roosevelt has taken the first opportunity, after his election, of declaring that under no circumstances will he allow his name to be submitted as a candidate for a third term of office. It is a praiseworthy self-denying ordinance which, at present, is honestly intended to be kept. But should party or national exigencies demand it, party managers will find little difficulty in proving that circumstances alter cases, and that, for the general good, Mr. Roosevelt must forget a vow which no one asked him to make, and which it is entirely within his own competence to annul. When anyone says "Never!" in politics, the shade of the Admiral in "H.M.S. Pinafore" should be invoked. "What, never?" "Well, hardly ever."



SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

The Triumph of Sir W. Laurier.

The Canadian General Election has resulted in an overwhelming victory for Sir Wilfrid Laurier. That greatest of all our Colonial statesmen has for the first time been returned by a majority of the British provinces. Quebec remains as faithful as heretofore to her brilliant son, but if all the votes of the members from the province of Quebec were left uncounted, Sir Wilfrid Laurier would still be Prime Minister for Canada. This is very satisfactory. For Sir Wilfrid Laurier stands for peace and anti-Jingoism; he stands for the French Canadian under the British flag, for immigration and surpluses. He is a prosperity Premier. Lord Grey, who has left this month for Canada, is fortunate indeed in having so experienced and successful a statesman in charge of the political fortunes of the Dominion, instead of an untried tyro like Mr. Borden. Lord Minto, his predecessor, has won the esteem of everybody in Canada, which is well, for the capacity and character of the Empire are judged in the Republic more by the Governor-Generals of the Dominion than by any other person save only the Sovereign and his Prime Minister.

The French War Minister.

It is worthy of note by those who have clamoured for the appointment of a soldier to be Minister for War that the French have just replaced their military Minister of War, General André, by M. Bertaux, with whose appointment everybody seems well content. The fall of General

André was due to the discovery that he had set on foot an extensive system of espionage, for the purpose of ascertaining the clerical sympathies of the officers of the Army. These spies noted and reported upon the officers from the points of view of a free-thinking Titus Oates. This captain went to church. This colonel's wife was a devotee. Another's daughter was sent to school in a nunnery. Each of these names was entered in the black-book. The disclosure of this system of religious, or rather irreligious, proscription created such a storm in the Chamber that Ministers would probably have been beaten but for the violence of a Nationalist Deputy who personally assaulted the Minister of War on the floor of the House. The indignation excited by this outrage saved the Government, but it was not sufficient to save the Minister. He resigned a few days later, and his successor was the civilian M. Berteaux. M. Combes declares that all officials are to be subjected to the same scrutiny as the Army officers. Seeing that "War against the Church" is openly proclaimed as the programme of the Go-

vernment, Ministers probably argue that it logically follows that they must "smell out" malignants from the ranks of the Administration—as witches are smelt out from an African village by the witch doctors.

The King of Portugal's Visit.

The visit of the King and Queen of Portugal is an event of social rather than of political importance. The King is a good shot, his wife is a very pretty woman. And we are very glad to see them in our midst. But Marquis de Sevelal, the Portuguese Ambassador, is the real representative of Portugal to us. He has a social position superior to that of most of the ambassadors of the Great Powers. He is liked by everybody, and, what is more, he is trusted as few foreigners ever are. We are glad to welcome the King and Queen for his sake, and we are glad to believe that they deserve so good a Minister. That Portugal has signed an arbitration treaty with us is good news, although hardly of thrilling interest. Portugal got Delagoa Bay by arbitration. If there were any chance that she would consent to let its ownership go by arbitration again, the signature of the treaty would be more important.

Lord Curzon and Afghanistan.

Lord Kitchener has remodelled the Indian Army. It is no longer to be regarded as a garrison on guard against another mutiny, but rather as the army of defence against a possible Russian attack. The danger of such an attack depends upon the febrile nervousness of Anglo-Indians, which is always prompting them to rush into Afghanistan whenever the shadow of a Cossack is seen in the neighbourhood of Herat. Rumour reports that Lord Kitchener expects war in spring. To expect war is to prepare for it, and to prepare for it is often to provoke it. The British mission left at the end of November for Cabul. God grant that it may return safely without bringing about another Afghan war! Lady Curzon is sufficiently recovered for Lord Curzon to return to India. It is to be hoped that he will not signalise his arrival by any more expeditions beyond the frontier.

The Yellow Man in the Black Man's Country.

Mr. Lyttelton says that South Africa is not a white man's country. The process of converting it into a yellow man's country is being steadily pushed forward under considerable difficulties. On November 26th there were 17,078 coolies in the Rand, and 6133 were on their way from China. The yellow men do not seem to relish the regulations of



Punch.]

CARLOS HIS FRIEND.

[London.

The King of Portugal enjoys the reputation of having achieved great success some years ago as an amateur Toreador.

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their adopted country, and the newspapers from week to week teem with reports of riots, refusal to work, and murders. The Chinese have been ridden down on one occasion by the South African Constabulary, for the crowd was too formidable to be dispersed except by a charge of mounted men. Several Chinese overseers have been killed. Several Chinamen have been sentenced to be flogged, and many others have gone to gaol for refusing to work. The British employes are finding it necessary to carry revolvers. On November 24th the fight between the Kaffirs and the coolies at the New Kleinfontein mine was so violent the police had to charge with fixed bayonets. Notwithstanding all this, the magnates profess themselves satisfied with the result of their importation, and Lord Milner makes no sign.

The Tsar's Opportunity.

The Tsar, who has displayed both courage and resolution in appointing a reforming Liberal Minister as the successor of the murdered Plehve, has now the second great chance of his reign. His first was nobly seized, and the Hague Conference was the result. What now offers is a chance of bringing the autocracy into living and helpful contact with the popular forces of the Russian Empire. The conference of 104 representatives from the thirty-four zemstvoes—county councils, to give them the name of their nearest English equivalent—which met last month in St. Petersburg, would seem to indicate a determination on the part of Nicholas II. to play as illustrious a part in domestic affairs as he did at the Hague in the Parliament of Peace. The representatives of the zemstvoes have decided to recommend with practical unanimity the adoption of some form of representative institutions, coupled with a free press, religious liberty, free speech, free local institutions and universal popular education. This, in the opinion of the old school, would be equivalent to a revolution. But the Tsar probably remembers the admirable definition of the difference between Reform and Revolution. A Reform is a change made peacefully from above. A Revolution is a change made violently from below. Prince Krapotkin, than whom no Russian is less disposed to hope that any good thing can come out of the autocratic Nazareth, admits in the *Speaker* that the new Minister of the Interior took office with the stipulation that he would "inaugurate a new era, leading Russia toward political freedom." The danger, no doubt, is that the zemstvoes may be disposed to go too fast and too far. But there are too many brakes in the bureaucracy and among the Grand Dukes for there to be much danger on that score.

Hope for Finland at Last.

In keeping with the good news concerning the Conference of the zemstvoes comes the welcome announcement that an influential committee has been appointed at St. Petersburg to examine into and report upon the present position of the Finnish question. This Committee, which is composed of Russian and Finnish officials, is appointed in order to bring peace to Finland. Its chief duty will be decently to inter the Bobrikoff *régime* and undo the fatal consequences of that disastrous departure from the traditional policy of Russia in Finland. That, of course, is not officially proclaimed. It is ostensibly appointed in order to decide what questions are to be left to the sole control of the Parliament at Helsingfors, and what ought to be reserved for the Council of the Russian Empire. In other words, the Committee is charged to discover and delimit the frontiers of Finnish Home Rule. There is many a slip 'twixt cup and lip, but it does really seem as if we might fairly congratulate both the Tsar and Finland on the prospect of the speedy and final disappearance of the Bobrikoffism which has of late so unhappily divided them.

The Rhodesians at Oxford.

The Rhodesian scholars won eight out of the ten competitions open to the Freshers, which is good for a start. Cambridge undergrads maintain, however, that the records prove the Rhodesians would not have been equally triumphant at Cambridge. Mr. Parkin gave a highly satisfactory account, in his lecture before the Royal Colonial Institute, of the way in which the Rhodes Trustees had carried out the spirit of their Founder's intentions, and of the genuine interest which the scholarships had aroused throughout the whole English-speaking world. Lord Rosebery, who went down to Oxford to pronounce a eulogium upon Lord Salisbury, announced at dinner in the evening that the Rhodes Trustees had decided to contribute £200 a year to a Chair of Pathology in connection with the University. Mr. Alfred Beit, upon whom more than any other of the trustees the mantle of Mr. Rhodes seems to have fallen, has endowed a Chair of British Colonial History at Oxford for seven years, to the tune of £1310 per annum. If the University should decide that the Chair justifies its existence, it is Mr. Beit's intention to make it permanent. It is a little humiliating to think that we had to wait for the generous initiative of one who, although a naturalised Briton, was born a German and a Jew, before our ancient University recognised the existence of the Colonies.

GENERAL NOGI, THE CONQUEROR OF PORT ARTHUR.

By SHIBA SHIRO.

On that same day that General Nogi was appointed commander of the forces besieging Port Arthur, came the news of the battle of Nanshan, telling of the sad and savage things that had come to pass at the neck of the Liao-Tung Peninsula. To General Nogi came the report that his eldest son, Lieut. Nogi Shoten, had fulfilled the high ambitions of the soldier of Nippon in dying and leaving his heroic memory engraved on the slope of Nanshan Hill. The general received the message, and said, simply: "I am glad he died so splendidly. It was the greatest honour he could have. As for the funeral rites over his memory, they might as well be postponed for a while. A little later on, they may be performed in conjunction with those to the memory of my second son, Hoten, and of myself."

To be the commander of Nippon's forces at Port Arthur was the greatest honour to which the dreams of a soldier of the Emperor could aspire. The fortress is full of sentimental interest to all the Nippon race.

Port Arthur stands at the extremity of the Liao-Tung Peninsula; like the point of a dagger, it thrusts itself out to sea and divides the Yellow Sea from the Gulf of Pe-chi-li. Across the mouth of this gulf to the south and facing it is the harbour of Wei-Hai-Wei. Not so rugged as Gibraltar, to which it has been likened over and over again, the hills which hem in the harbour of Port Arthur are quite as commanding as the fortress on the Mediterranean. The

strategic possibilities of Port Arthur are quite enough to make a military tactician dream like a poet; long ago, even the Chinese saw it, and, with the assistance of German military engineers, they fortified the place heavily. The fortress commands the waterway to Tientsin, Taku, and, naturally, to Peking. The master of Port Arthur, provided always his strength be equal to his geographical opportunities, can

throttle the neck, so to speak, of which Peking is the head and brain.

Of all the fighting men of Nippon, General Nogi, who carried the standard of Nippon against Port Arthur, enjoys the reputation of being a model soldier according to the most rigorous and ancient standard. He is brave. He is sometimes savage when occasion demands. Above all, he is simple to the point of ruggedness, and loyal and almost heartless in matters of discipline. Once upon a time, he said:—

A soldier is a soldier, after all, and after a man becomes a soldier he must be perfectly willing to lead a life that is somewhat different from the life of an ordinary man in society. It is impossible

for him to enjoy liberty and wealth such as so many of his fellow-men seem to enjoy. The soldier must understand this from the start. If only the soldier were to take to heart with sufficient seriousness the imperial proclamation issued on the 10th of Meiji and act it out in his daily life, there would be no trouble in making a good fighter. To him who does not forget the august sentiment of the imperial dictum, the performance of a soldier's duties



is not difficult. Nowadays, the Nippon soldier, so far as I can see, seems to observe with commendable seriousness and promptitude the duties that are expected to be performed on the part of the subject toward the sovereign master; but I am not quite so sure that the soldier of modern times puts sufficient emphasis on his family duties and rectitude in his dealings with his fellow-men. I refer to this point more especially because of the very simple fact—namely, that the soldier who would perform his duties with credit on a battlefield must, of necessity, have trained himself to perform all that is expected of him in the days of peace. There ought not to be any neglect or any defects in his daily life. The conqueror of himself in the time of peace must be a man if he would aspire to the honour, with any right, of being a fighting man under the Sun-flag. The brilliant and faithful performances of a soldier on the battlefield are nothing but the flowerings and fruition of the work and training of his daily life in the time of peace. A man whose life is in disorder in the time of peace would have a rather difficult task if he ventured to perform with correctness and with success the duties of a true soldier on the battlefield.

I have quoted this saying of General Nogi at length because I wish you to see that the Nippon soldier of to-day is built on these lines. The work that he is doing in the Manchurian campaign, after all, then, is not a thing of surprise.

If a man's face is more or less an open book in which his friends and foes alike read the secret of his character, no volume is quite so full of significance as the features of General Nogi. Rather slender, he is very dark of complexion, with whiskers that seem to be utterly innocent of the arts of the barber or of the gracious office of the comb. The rugged strength and simplicity which are the striking qualities of the general's character throw about him a calm dignity.

Of the many services that General Nogi has rendered to his country, his work as Governor-General of Formosa is most significant. The mountain tribes in Formosa had never been tamed by the Chinese. In the earlier years of Meiji, we had a difficulty with the natives of the island. They are fierce, and they are perfectly innocent of the principles of modern society. The position of a Governor-General, therefore, after the occupation of the island by Nippon, taxed not only the fighting quality of a general—he had to face, every hour of the day and night, the irregular and annoying savage tribes who carry on a perpetual guerilla warfare. On the 6th of June, 1904, on the same day on which Togo, Nishi, Yamamoto, and others were promoted to high commands, Nogi was given the full rank of general.

The wife of General Nogi is the daughter of a Kagoshima Samurai, Yuji Sadamoto, a member of

the House of Peers. So genial is her attitude, so thoroughly kindly her heart, that her friends have said of her that whenever you are in her company you dream of being upon the springtime seas. Withal, there is the dignity of the older-day type about her person that impresses you at once, and makes you think of the loftiness of an autumn peak. At the beginning of the war, General Nogi had two sons, the elder Shoten and the younger Hoten. Shoten, the elder, was twenty-six years of age at the beginning of this year. He finished his course at the Military Academy in December of 1902. In June of last year he joined the first division, with the rank of second lieutenant. It was on a certain day in March, 1904. General Nogi was in his study, when his elder son presented himself and said: "I have the honour, father, to bid you good-bye. I am about to leave the city for Manchuria. Now that I am starting out on this expedition, I have not the slightest idea of coming back to you alive. I shall always pray for the health of our august mother. If I lose my life on the battlefield, I beg you, august father, to honour me with a word or two of commendation. Of course, you must also be on your way to the battlefield. Would you permit me to suggest that, although our battlefields may be far distant and different, we two should run a race for the distinction of arms in the cause of our country?" The son smiled; so did the father. Just at that point the younger son, Hoten, entered the room, and he heard the last suggestion of his elder brother to his father. Bowing before them, Hoten said: "Brother, would you not allow me also to enter upon the race that you have just proposed? We shall see who will distinguish himself first, at any rate." General Nogi laughed outright, and said: "All right, boys; this race between the three is certainly interesting."

It has been said that General Nogi is a peculiar man. This is not meant for a compliment to him. On the contrary, it is meant to express the general opinion that General Nogi is void of the usual attainments and accomplishments of polite society of to-day. No compliment, however, could be more eloquent than this. As a product of the latter end of the nineteenth century, he is surprisingly devoid of the clever accomplishments of these overeducated days of ours. The simplicity of his character impresses one as if he had never known anything but the art of war. He does not seem to have, in the slightest degree, the cleverness of the modern man, who utilises every turn of events for his own selfish interest. He always emphasises the importance of simplicity—the importance of abiding with the simple principle of ethics.

GENERAL KUROPATKIN, THE RUSSIAN COMMANDER - IN - CHIEF.

By CHARLES JOHNSTON.

The events around Liao-Yang have at last shown General Kuropatkin and the Russian army under his command in a truer light, making clear, at the same time, the immense difficulties Kuropatkin has had to face and the splendid efforts he has made to overcome them. It is by no means easy for the general reader to gain an intelligent understanding of complicated strategical movements from the fragmentary telegrams and imperfect maps within his reach; but there has been something so dramatic and so titanically simple in the great Liao-Yang battle that even the most careless reader has begun to understand what has actually taken place, and the magnitude and significance of the problems involved. Even the man in the street now sees how wonderful was General Kuropatkin's achievement, though he was technically vanquished in the great fight. The tremendous forces of intellect and will which he brought to bear are fully realised, and we are all better able to take the measure of the man.

Yet this great achievement is only the logical outcome of the man's whole career; at every point he has shown the same qualities of insight and determination, the same high personal cour-

age. No officer living has more hard-earned distinctions for valour. Few officers have an equally high record for military science and erudition.

KUROPATKIN BORN A SOLDIER.

General Kuropatkin is a born soldier. His father was an officer, who retired from active service when Kuropatkin was of school age, and settled down on his landed estate at Pskov, near St. Petersburg. Kuropatkin went to the military school of the cadet corps, and then to the Pavlovskoe military college, graduating and gaining his commission as sub-lieutenant when he was eighteen. At this time, one great chapter of Asian history had just been closed, and another had been opened. Count Muravieff had added to the Russian Empire the immense territory along the Amur of which Vladivostock is the capital, and General Chernaieff had completed the first two years of the Turkestan war. Thus, Kuropatkin grew up in an atmosphere of Russian expansion in the East, and as

soon as he had his commission, hastened to the scene of conflict in Central Asia. He reached the front in 1866, being then eighteen years old, and for two years took part in the most severe fighting against the warlike descendants of Tamerlane's hordes, in battles in which the Russians were for



the most part outnumbered ten to one. In 1868, the conquest of Bokhara was complete, and Kuropatkin returned to St. Petersburg, with the rank of lieutenant, several wounds, and two decorations "for distinguished valour." The campaign had added the cities and territories of Chemkent, Tashkent, Khodjent, and Samarkand to the Russian Empire, with the status of semi-independent protected states.

Kuropatkin spent the six years from 1868 to 1874 in hard study at the Academy of the General Staff, at St. Petersburg. This period included the Prussian advance on Strasburg and Metz, the disaster of Sedan, and the siege of Paris; in a word, the revelation of Von Moltke's military genius, and painfully elaborated preparations, all of which Kuropatkin followed with the most minute attention. At the end of his six years' studies, he distinguished himself remarkably in the examination hall, coming out at the head of his class, with unusually high marks all around. It is customary to give a special reward to the best student in each year. In the case of Kuropatkin, it took the form of a special travelling grant, to enable him to continue his military studies abroad.

HIS SYMPATHIES WITH FRANCE.

The sympathies which afterwards ripened into the Franco-Russian alliance were doubtless already at work, for Kuropatkin, instead of going to victorious Berlin to study Von Moltke's theories and methods at the fountain-head, stayed only a short time at the Prussian capital, and then went on to France. Here he came into close relations with two very remarkable men—Marshal MacMahon, then President of the French Republic, and the Marquis de Galliffet, who only three years ago resigned from Waldeck-Rousseau's "Ministry of all the Talents," to give place to General André. The marquis, though born to royalist traditions, had warmly espoused the cause of the republic; he had fought valiantly against the Prussians, and had gained lasting fame by his vigorous military measures against the Commune, which saved France from anarchy. Kuropatkin was associated with him first in drawing up plans for a reconstruction of the French cavalry arm from the *débris* of the Franco-Prussian War, and, secondly, in planning a part of the great manœuvres held in the neighbourhood of Metz. Though he was only twenty-six at this time, Kuropatkin's assistance was deemed so efficient that the French Government rewarded him with the cross of the Legion of Honour.

France was then consolidating her power in Algeria, where problems had to be faced very like those which Russia was then facing in Turkestan.

Kuropatkin obtained permission to join General Laverdeau's expedition, and spent about a year going through the length and breadth of France's chief African colony. He wrote a book on Algeria, in French, and later in Russian, which gained him a second degree of the Legion of Honour and the gold medal of the Imperial Geographical Society of St. Petersburg.

HIS APPRENTICESHIP WITH SKOBELEFF.

Returning to Russia, Kuropatkin was once more sent to Central Asia, where he joined the staff of the immortal Skobelev, with whom he fought two famous campaigns in later years. While Kuropatkin was studying at St. Petersburg and travelling in France, another of the Central Asian khanates had been conquered—Khiva had gone the way of Bokhara, and a territory as large as Spain, made up from the two khanates, was gradually becoming Russianised under General Kauffmann. A third khanate remained, that of Khokand, stretching to the north of the Pamir plateau, and touching the Chinese empire on the east, at Jungaria. Kuropatkin was joined with Skobelev in the conquest of this khanate, and then went on a special mission, occupying a year, into the wilds of Tartary and western China, the regions from which had emerged Genghis Khan, and his two grandsons, Kublai and Batu Khan, one of whom conquered China, while the other invaded and subdued Russia. In this wild and desolate region Kuropatkin did some fighting—being once more wounded—and more exploring, the result of which, in another book, entitled "Kashgaria," won him another gold medal from the Imperial Geographical Society on the bank of the Neva River. Kuropatkin had now reached his twenty-ninth year, and had three years of fighting, two years of exploration in Eastern Asia and Africa, and six years of study to his credit. He had written two books, won a number of Russian decorations "for valour," as well as two degrees of the Legion of Honour, and had received many wounds, from sword and bullet alike.

THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR OF 1877-78.

If we imagine the Armenian massacres and the recent Macedonian atrocities multiplied ten-fold, we have the conditions in the Balkans which led Russia to declare war against Turkey in April, 1877. The armies of the Czar, having no fleet to guard transports which might take them to the Sultan's door, were forced to go thither on foot, passing through the dominions of the Prince of Roumania, who had signed an alliance with Russia. It took the Russian forces nearly two months of hard marching to reach the Danube, where the war practically began.

They had three obstacles before them on their march to Constantinople—first, the wide and deep Danube; second, the plain of Servia, with its Turkish garrisons; third, the snowy ridges of the Balkans. Skobelev set the example of reckless daring by riding on his white horse into the Danube and swimming across. But the entire Russian army could hardly follow suit. The Danube was patrolled by Turkish gunboats, ironclads, and monitors, commanded by a renegade Englishman, Hobart Pasha, who had many English and American officers in his fleet. Two men gained lasting renown by their torpedo attacks on the Turkish ironclads—Skrydloff and Makaroff—both of whom have since sent their names ringing round the world.

The next difficulty was the Servian plain. Osman Pasha had seized a naturally strong position at Plevna, with sixty thousand veteran troops, armed with American Peabody-Martini rifles, and well supplied with ammunition. He threatened the Russian line of communications, and it was impossible to go on until Osman was put out of the way. This is the situation which gave rise to the three assaults on Plevna, of which General Kuropatkin has written admirably, though very technically, in his book on Skobelev's Division. Kuropatkin was then chief of staff to Skobelev, and he took part in one remarkable exploit which does not receive justice in his own book. It was during the third assault on Plevna, when Skobelev was attacking a group of redoubts on the extreme right of the Turkish position, along the famous line of the Green Hills. Gen. Francis Vinton Greene, who was present at the battle, thus records the part played by Kuropatkin in one striking episode:—

The Russians had lost three thousand men in the assault, which lasted little less than an hour. But the fight did not in the least abate. The middle redoubt, which the Russians had taken, as well as the eastern one, which was still in the hands of the Turks, were, properly speaking, not redoubts at all, since they were only built up on three sides; the front side of each was simply an increased height to the strong line of trench connecting the two and extending to the west (left) of the middle one; the other two sides were properly mere traverses to this line; and the fourth side, the rear, was wholly open and exposed to the fire from the trench of the camp only six hundred yards off. The ground was hard and rocky, and there were no spades at hand for digging. While the Turks, therefore, kept up an incessant fire from this camp, and from the eastern redoubt, which was still in their possession, a force of one or two battalions sortied from the redoubt on the left of the Russians and advanced to the attack of the left flank. Seeing this, Colonel Kuropatkin, chief of staff to Skobelev, and the only one of his staff not killed or wounded, took about three hundred men and went forward to meet these Turks in the open. A

desperate fight at short range took place, in which the Russians lost the greater part of this little force, but drove the Turks back to their redoubt.

Kuropatkin spent the next month in hospital at Bucharest, but he was back with Skobelev again at the fierce fight of Sheinovo, which General Greene well calls "one of the most splendid assaults ever made." Kuropatkin was again wounded, and emerged from the campaign with three more decorations "for valour," and with two more volumes to his credit.

FROM GENERAL STAFF TO WAR MINISTRY.

With one interval, Kuropatkin spent the next twelve years at St. Petersburg, as professor of military statistics at the Academy of the General Staff. It was, perhaps, at this time that he drew up a plan for an invasion of India, an academic exercise; but the truth seems to be that Kuropatkin was profoundly convinced that a successful invasion of India by Russia under existing conditions was quite impossible.

He was presently to see some hard fighting not far from the frontier of India, however. The Turcomans, inhabiting a tract as large as the Austrian Empire, beyond the Caspian Sea, had been guilty of endless acts of brigandage and pillage, and a series of abortive Russian campaigns had brought the whole region into a condition of anarchy. To Skobelev and Kuropatkin the task of restoring order was intrusted, and they did their work drastically and well. Kuropatkin once more distinguished himself by blowing up the gate of the chief Turcoman fortress, while under heavy fire, and emerged from the campaign with the rank of Major-General and the Cross of St. George, for valour. An admirable account of this Turcoman campaign has been written by the brother of the late Vassili Verestchagin, the painter, who went down with Makaroff in the *Petropavlovsk*. This younger Verestchagin was also on Skobelev's staff at Plevna, and he tells, with feeling, how Skobelev laughed at him because he "squealed" when he was wounded.

In 1890, Kuropatkin, who had gone back to his professorship of military statistics, was appointed governor of the great Trans-Caspian region, some two hundred thousand miles in extent, and was also promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General. In Trans-Caspia, General Kuropatkin pursued the policy which has brought fame to Lord Cromer, in an area just double that of Trans-Caspia, in Egypt. Both seized the idea that a main duty of the Government is to husband and increase the material resources of the country governed, developing it as a wise business man develops a productive enterprise, and looking for results of the same kind. Lord

Cromer is seven years older than Kuropatkin, and began his work seven years earlier; the territory he administered was about twice as large, but otherwise there is a close parallelism between the methods of the two men and the results they attained. From Trans-Caspia, General Kuropatkin went to the War Office at St. Petersburg, first as acting, then as actual, Minister of War, and this post he held until his departure for the far East, last spring.

IN JAPAN AND MANCHURIA.

While Minister of War, General Kuropatkin made a prolonged visit to the far East, going first to Japan and afterward to Port Arthur and Manchuria. He was preceded by Minister de Witte, who has written at length and admirably of Manchuria, but it is not certain that the memoirs of Kuropatkin have seen the light. He was in Japan in the spring of 1903, and was *fêted* and dined by the court, the Ministers, and the Generals. He visited the Japanese garrisons, saw the recruits at drill, and, we may well believe, gained some insight into the methods and efficiency of the Tokio general staff.

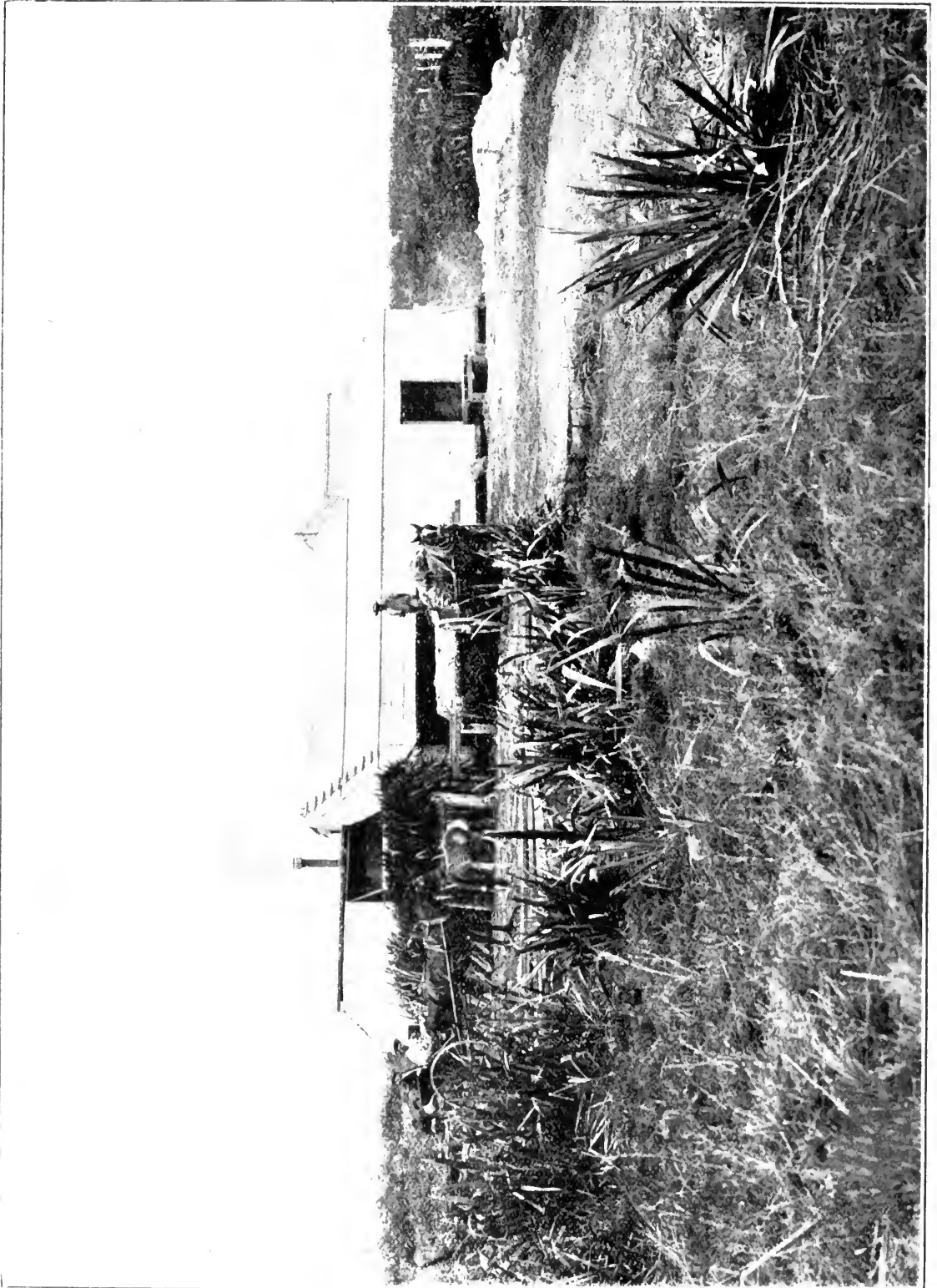
It is difficult to speak with certainty on a subject about which General Kuropatkin was naturally very reticent; but many indications point to the fact that he was from the outset strongly against the present war. He was at no time on cordial terms with Admiral Alexieff, and when Kuropatkin visited Port Arthur the relations between him and the Viceroy were strained and formal. Alexieff held the extreme naval view that the Korean Peninsula, as it cut the Russian Siberian fleet in two, must inevitably become Russian territory, in order to give the Russian fleet a free passage through the Korean Strait. Alexieff made no secret of his views and we cannot doubt that this extreme naval ambition aroused the antagonism of Japan. The Japanese had, however, decided that war with Russia must come, as early as 1896, when Russia forced them out of Manchuria; and as early as the spring of 1900, Japanese statesmen had made quite specific prophecies as to

the conduct of the war, which have since been remarkably verified. It was, from the first, a question of incompatible ambitions, only to be decided by armed force.

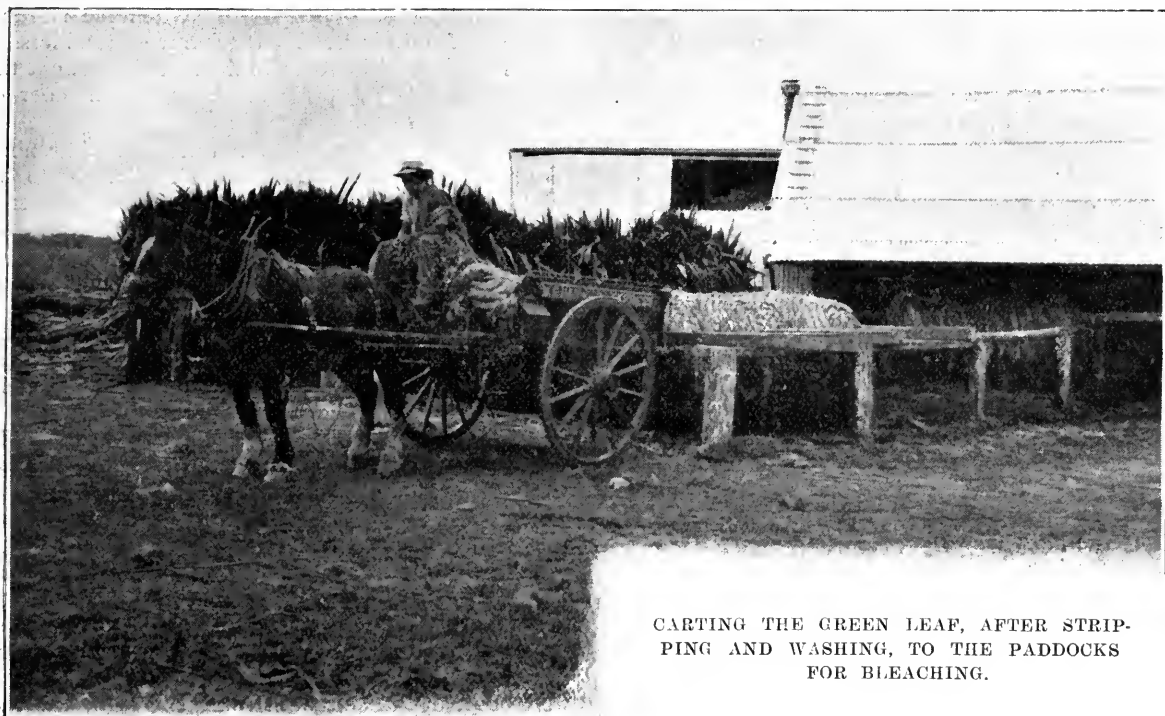
General Kuropatkin's task has been immensely more difficult than his critics at first understood. The troops in the field were largely Siberian regiments, containing many Asiatics, and more invalids, who were victims of various Asian maladies. The first reinforcements were green troops, who, like General Orloff's division at Yentai, could not be trusted to stand fire. From these yielding materials, and with a very inferior commissariat, Kuropatkin had to form an army to meet Japan's war veterans, splendidly led, and with better rifles and greatly superior artillery. Kuropatkin's task was to hold them back indefinitely until he could get his army hammered into shape, adding such reinforcements as could gradually be brought in from Russia over the thousands of miles of the Siberian railroad. But we may gain some idea of his achievement at Laio-Yang if we remember that in one hour, during the assault at Plevna, already described, the Russians lost three thousand men, the greater part of whom were killed outright. At Plevna, the Turks had sixty thousand men. At Laio-Yang, the Japanese had probably three times as many, and the fighting was distributed over an immensely longer front. That Kuropatkin's losses should have been so slight is in itself the best praise that this great general could receive. Seven days' hard fighting advanced the Japanese army only some twenty miles on their road to Harbin, though they excelled the Russians in numbers, equipment, rifles, and artillery. The same Fabian policy is likely to be continued.

It is assumed that the Japanese will soon go into winter quarters and postpone further fighting until spring, but it must be remembered that they fought all through the winter of 1894-95 in their campaign against the Chinese. It is far more likely that they will push the campaign as vigorously through the winter as they did in spring and summer.





A TYPICAL FLAX MILL.



CARTING THE GREEN LEAF, AFTER STRIPPING AND WASHING, TO THE PADDOCKS FOR BLEACHING.

AUSTRALASIAN INDUSTRIES.

III.—FLAX-MILLING IN NEW ZEALAND.

BY EVELYN ISITT.

The beginning of the story of the New Zealand hemp industry lies away back in forgotten years, how far back may be guessed from the facts that when the first white traders came to the colony they found the Maoris expert in the arts of preparing and weaving the fibre of the hemp, which they put to every imaginable use, while such a wealth of superstition surrounded the weaving, and such discrimination was shown in the selection of different varieties of hemp for different work, as spoke of centuries of experience.

Thus Mr. Tregear, in his new and fascinating book, "The Maori Race," tells us that an elaborate ceremonial attended the initiation of a Maori maid into the art of weaving; she was sacred while she took her first lesson from the only person who might teach her, the tohunga or priest, and during the progress of that lesson she might neither touch food, nor ho'd communication with her fellows. If the lesson were not finished on the first day, she spent the night in solitude, ready to resume her task on the following day, and although she was, after that, relieved from the burden of her sacred-

ness, she had still to learn and observe many a law with regard to her future work.

When it was possible, special varieties of hemp were used for special work; one kind would be used for the centre of a mat, another for the fringe, and the finest of all, as well as the finest work, was used for the baskets in which new-born babies should be laid.

So expert did the Maoris become, and such good results did they produce from the rough appliances at their command, that even to-day the fibre turned out by machinery is little, if any, better than the fibre the traders admired ninety years ago.

As far back as 1813 the idea of doing a regular trade in hemp had entered the minds of more than one Australian and in that year the Perseverance was employed by several Sydney residents to take twenty-three men down to South New Zealand, to examine the hemp there. It was this expedition that discovered the Bluff Harbour. There and at Stewart Island they found tolerable quantities of flax, but, after investigation, the leaders of the party came to the conclusion that "to render the manu-

facture of flax at New Zealand profitable would require an extensive capital." A ropemaker from Castlereagh-street, Sydney, who had accompanied the expedition as expert, assured a reporter on his return that, with a machine of his own construction, it would have been possible to make a success of the business, but apparently he did not make the machine.

In later years the Maoris did a big trade with Sydney, where the hemp was used, as now, for ropemaking, and gradually, as the colony developed, Europeans established hemp mills all over the country.

In all parts of the colony, from the North Cape to Stewart Island, the plant commonly known as flax is to be found. There are scattered clumps on the mountain tops, long lines of it along the river banks, and wide stretches of it on the plains and marshlands. For this reason, because it grows so easily and in otherwise waste lands, it should be one of the most valuable productions of the colony, but so far it has not been so, and those interested in the question believe that the day of the hemp industry has yet to come—that it is coming.

During the last thirty years there have been continual variations both in the quantity of hemp exported and in the price it has fetched. This has been a matter of great concern to those engaged in the trade, and it is on record that large fortunes have been lost in days gone by, by those who have embarked their capital in the enterprise. The variations and the improvement in the prospects of hemp growers may be judged from the following figures:—

In 1853 46 tons were exported, valued at £1046.

In 1863 13 tons were exported, valued at £251.

In 1873 6454 tons were exported, valued at £143,799.

In 1883 2013 tons were exported, valued at £36,761.

In 1893 12,587 tons were exported, valued at £219,375.

In 1903 22,653 tons were exported, valued at £595,684.

In 1890 the output represented 21,158 tons, valued at £381,789, but this, unfortunately, continued to fall from year to year, until the amount exported in 1895 represented only 1806 tons, valued at £21,040.

Not only had the quantity decreased by this time, but the value of the fibre had greatly diminished, resulting in serious loss and disappointment to the few who still continued to stand by the industry. Contrary to all axioms of commercial trading, the greater the supply of hemp, the higher is the price, and the reason for this is that very little is grown as the result of cultivation, but where there are flax lands, the crop is there all the time,

ready to be used or let alone. When the markets begin to improve, it is an incentive to millers to begin again, and increase in number throughout the colony, and as the price increases, the number of millers increase too.

As a result of the depression in the middle nineties, the hemp millers petitioned Parliament to investigate the causes that led to these constant fluctuations in the value of, and the demand for, their fibre. This request was opposed by the Department of Agriculture, under whose guidance the hemp industry was controlled, and, after repeated applications, the secretary of the Department, who took a very pessimistic view of the matter, at last wrote to the hemp millers, saying that, as there were at that time 100,000 bales of unsold Sisal Hemp in America, he could not see that any good could come of the investigation, or the attempt to push the sale of New Zealand hemp.

This answer had the effect of bringing the hemp millers in a body to Wellington, and at their request Mr. John Holmes, a Wellington merchant, whose firm had dealt largely in hemp, and who had a wide knowledge of the commercial aspect of the question, spoke first at Foxton, the centre of the industry, where he had a crowded audience, and then went through the colony urging the demands of the hemp millers before numerous public meetings. At last the Government yielded to pressure, and consented to consider the proposals, on the condition that the various commercial associations throughout the colony should express their opinion. The unanimous verdict of these associations was that effect should be given to the wishes of the hemp millers, and that it would be wise to have the investigation conducted by Mr. Holmes, who was then commissioned by the Government to inquire into the fibre trade throughout the world. In 1897 he therefore left for Great Britain, via Australia and South Africa, returning via the United States and British Columbia.

On his return he presented a report to Parliament, showing how the market for New Zealand hemp might be opened up, and emphasising what he had repeatedly said before, that there must be a system for compulsory grading of the hemp.

Such a system would give protection to the honest and industrious millers, correct the incompetency of the careless producer, and secure the confidence of buyers beyond the sea, a consideration of the greatest importance to any country anxious to build up an export trade. If this were not done, he said, the possibility of so developing the trade would be ruined by the careless and dishonest exporters. Mr. Holmes' statements were fully confirmed by those merchants in America and elsewhere who had been disappointed in the hemp imported by them, and who complained of the uncertainty of the quality.

His suggestions have since been carried out, and there is now a system of compulsory grading, every bale of hemp exported being marked by the Government grader as "Common," "Fair," "Good Fair," "Fine," and "Superior," according to its quality. Very largely, as a result of this system, the trade has continued to improve, as will be seen by the figures above quoted.

Large quantities of hemp are sent to America, Canada and Australia, where it is used for rope-making, for cordage, but chiefly for the manufacture of binder twine, and now fresh outlets are being found in markets hitherto unknown to the colony, such, for instance, as Germany, France and Japan.

Experiments have been made to test the value

It is said that in America the tow that is scutched off the fibre in the final stage of the dressing has been used chopped up small, to mix with plaster instead of hair, for building purposes, and that it answered admirably; also that it has been used in the manufacture of brown paper,

Whether that be so or not, the value of the hemp is undoubted; and the trade is now so permanently fixed that hemp millers can make contracts, three, six, nine, or even twelve months ahead for every ton they can produce, at a substantial and profitable price, thereby eliminating the risks which attended the export of the fibre in the old days of sailing ships, when large shipments were sent to the London market on sale or return, and the result



A TYPICAL SHED FOR STRIPPING, WASHING, AND SCUTCHING THE FIBRE.

of the fibre for textile purposes, but it has been found that the cost of preparing the hemp for such purposes renders its use unprofitable, and it will probably continue to be used chiefly for binder twine and rope.

For rope-making purposes it is not equal to Manila, on account of its gumminess, and the shortness of the fibre. The former disadvantage science has yet been unable to remove; the latter would be somewhat remedied if the fibre could be successfully treated without bruising. On account, however, of these disabilities, the hemp does not come up to Manila for ropes subject to very heavy strains, or exposed to the action of sea water.

of the venture would not be known until other large shipments were afloat. Now, however, the whole system is changed, and cash sales on a f.o.b. basis are effected.

II.—THE PROCESS BY WHICH THE FIBRE IS WON.

And now for the hemp itself, properly called *Phormium tenax*.

To begin with, there are over twenty varieties of it, and the happy Maori, with whom time was no object, invented, and burdened his memory with, a different name for each. The average colonist is wiser, and is content to lump them all together under the convenient, but absolutely incorrect, name



"SMOKO" TIME AT MILL DOOR. BALE OF HEMP READY FOR CARTING TO RAILWAY.

of New Zealand flax. *Phormium tenax* is not a flax. In commercial usage it is known as hemp.

The plant, unknown beyond New Zealand, grows very freely from end to end of the colony, in varying quantities, dependent upon the situation and the district. On the arid hill tops there may be three or four tons of green blade to the acre, while on the swamp lands of the Manawatu and Rangitikei districts, bordering Cook Strait, on the southern tongue of the North Island, an acre will produce as much as forty tons. The best milling is done in the North Island, for the reason that the areas where the plant grows in masses are much more extensive. It was to the Manawatu swamp lands that we went to see the whole process of cutting the hemp and preparing it for market.

There was a great wilderness out there, known as the Makerua Swamp. It covered ten thousand acres, and until two years ago was regarded as useless in its swampy condition, and as impossible of drainage, for the reason that there was no fall. Hemp grew there as thickly as the plants could pack together, but they were stunted with excess of water. One man had persisted and reiterated that the swamp could be drained, and at last a company bought the land from the Railway Com-

pany, which had held it for years, and entrusted the optimist with the task of draining it. That was two years ago. To-day there are fifty miles of drain running through that swamp, while twelve miles of wooden tramway, laid over the swamp, and raised from time to time as parts of it threaten to sink, lead to half a dozen hemp mills, and the hemp, attaining its full growth as it quickly benefits from the draining of the soil, yields on an average thirty tons of green blade to the acre. Little wonder that some people now say Makerua might just as well be a gold mine.

Out in the middle of the swamp one gets no idea of the enormous quantities of hemp growing around, for the nearer plants hide all the view. The broad, sharply pointed, sword-like blades sprout up from a common root, and bristle stiffly up into the air to their full height of ten or fourteen feet, only comparatively few of the blades on each plant curving back with their own weight. Some of the plants may be seen in the picture of the mill. The blades are of a dull green, with a grey blue light on the surface, and of very much the same colour are the cabbage trees and the toi toi grass that mingle with the hemp. In the summer time each plant of hemp sends up, high above the highest

blades, long brown stems, perfectly straight and slender, from which sprout little pliant stalks hung all along with long, slender bell-shaped crimson flowers, scentless, but "full of honey for the bees." This is the hemp's only gay season, and when autumn comes, long hard brown seed pods will take the place of the flowers, while winter will see a sad array of withered stalks and gaping pods, which have been long ago despoiled of all their crowded wealth of glossy seeds.

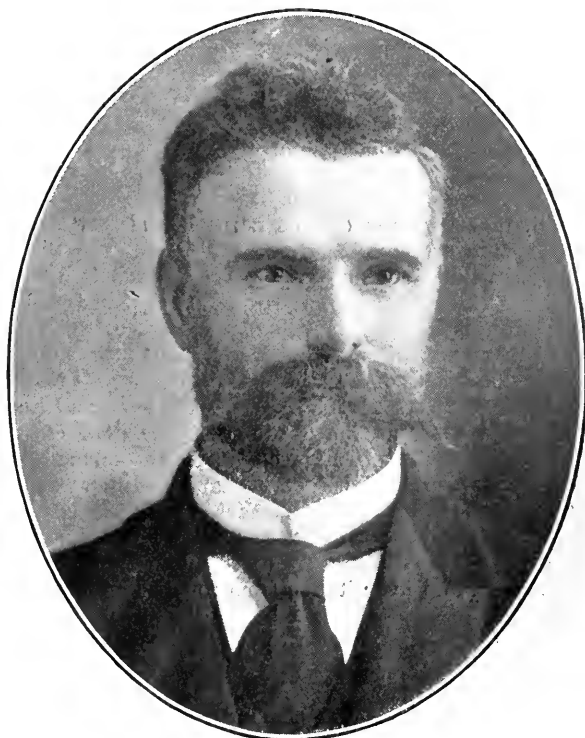
At any time in the year after the plant has attained its full growth it is ready to be cut, and all the year round the hemp cutters are busy, as, armed with their sickles, they slash away at the hemp, cutting it down fan by fan, close to the root. The blade of the plant is very tough, and has to be cut in a slanting direction. These hemp cutters are a wandering race. As their equipment is of the simplest, so are their homes. A sickle is all they need for the cutting, they live in tents, and there is no reason why they should not move on to some other district whenever they feel inclined to do so. Not the least of the advantages of the hemp industry is this, that it affords, in the mills, as well as in the fields, employment at fair wages for a great number of unskilled labourers. There is no union wage, for the reason that there is no Flax Cutters' Union, and the wages paid vary slightly in different parts of the colony, but, speaking generally, hands can make from 36s. to 60s. a week, the latter amount being possible where overtime is worked. The average rate of wages would probably work out at about 7s. a day of eight hours, to which, on the average, two hours of overtime, at 1s. an hour, would be added. Out of the wages paid, 12s. or 13s. a week is deducted for food. The stripper keeper, one of the most important members of the staff, whose duty it is to keep the machine up to the highest point of efficiency, will, if very expert, probably command a fancy wage. Unless the teeth of the stripper are kept filed, and the delicate mechanism adjusted and balanced to a nicety, work will be unsatisfactory. Efficiency in this work can only be gained by considerable experience, and a good man may earn £3, £3 10s., or £4 per week. Boy labour, of which there is little, is paid from 15s. to 20s. a week and food. On piece work, even better returns than those given above may be obtained under very favourable conditions.

When the hemp is cut it is collected in large bundles and carted to the mills, or, in this swamp, it may be floated down the drains. There need be no delay in taking it to the mills, for as soon as cut it is ready to be dressed. On an average nine and a half tons of the green blade will yield one ton of fibre, and three years after it has been cut down to the roots the plant will have grown once more to its full height, though, of course, it may be cut

before that time arrives. A hemp mill will put through 200 tons a month.

The mill building is a very primitive affair. The machinery, although high-priced, costing somewhere about £1000, is not extensive, both the stripper and scutcher being comparatively small and portable, so that the building is generally only an undersized, temporary, somewhat flimsy-looking, corrugated iron structure, sufficient to protect the machines, light in character, and easily moved if the exigencies of the case necessitate it. This will account for the somewhat shanty-like appearance of the mill building in the illustration. Of course, if it necessary, both for steaming purposes and also for washing the fibre, that the mill should be near water, but otherwise the whole apparatus is comparatively so small that position is rarely a difficulty. Convenience of position to the flax field can easily be secured under such conditions.

The machines make a most dismal noise. Far off one can hear their shrill insistent complaint, changing occasionally into a petulant grumble, then shrilling out again with a high-pitched whine. It is to be hoped that people grow so used to it as never to notice the sound, for to a stranger in the neighbourhood of a mill the noise is most exasperating. And what do you suppose it is all about? Just the greedy desire of the machine that strips



MR. JOHN HOLMES.

the flax, and that swallows blade after blade as fast as it can, but never has enough, and is never satisfied.

The stripper has a funnel-shaped mouth into which, broad end first, the hemp is fed, three or four blades at a time. The machine swallows them up, and bruises them between a steel bar and a rapidly revolving wheel, making two thousand revolutions a minute, and across which diagonal, sharp-edged grooves run zig-zag. This removes the green vegetable matter and most of the gum from the fibre, and leaves it in long separated threads. Underneath the machine we inspected, and in a general mess of what looked like wet red and green sawdust, a boy was sitting perched up on a stool, receiving the fibre as it came from the stripper. When he had collected some handfuls of this, he handed it to another boy, who thrashed it up and down to get rid of the sawdusty particles still sticking to it.

In this state the fibre looked beautiful. At the root end it was of a pinkish colour; the rest was an exquisite vivid green. This was laid in a wooden trough, doubled over a peg, and washed to get still more of the green matter and the gum out of it. For several minutes wooden scrapers passed over and over it, then it was taken out and laid on poles, from which it was presently lifted and carried out to the paddocks, where it was strewed on the grass to bleach. In good weather seven or eight days suffice to dry all the sap out and whiten the fibre, but sometimes as much as fourteen days will be required. During the drying process it is turned so as to expose both sides of the strips to the sun. Rain does not do it much harm, but one can well understand what havoc a furious gale will work among the bundles of light fibre in a bleaching field, how far they can be carried, and how hopelessly tangled up.

When the bleaching is completed, each bunch of fibre is twisted into a knot or hank, tied in bundles as large as is convenient, carried back to the mill, and there put through the last process, the scutching. This is done by a big wheel, like a mill wheel, with beater bars of wood edged with iron, and here one man has an unpleasant job. The door of the shed where the wheel is confined was opened for us to look in, and we were nearly blown away by the blast, and blinded by the clouds of dust, so that a very hasty glance was all we cared about. But it is one man's duty to stand in there beside the wheel and keep it free from tow. The men who feed the machine have a better time. They stand in a larger shed, and, so to speak, post the tangled chunks of hemp into a very wide letter-box mouth, keeping tight hold of one end of it all the time. There is a whirr-r-r and a tug as the beater bars scrape savagely at the hemp, tearing off all the rough untidiness: then it is withdrawn, and the

other, still untidy end, is posted in at the slit, and held there for half a minute before it is withdrawn, looking smooth, and kempt, and like nothing in the world so much as the tail of a well-to-do, well-groomed cream-coloured pony. It has really been subjected to a tremendous combing. It is now ready to be twisted up into a hank, and then baled all ready for market.

The millers' methods of baling the stuff for exportation are curious. Manila hemp is packed in bales weighing eight bales to the ton, and Sisal Hemp is also packed to a given weight, but no two bales of New Zealand hemp weigh the same, which is, of course, a great drawback to the industry. Perhaps in days to come the hemp millers throughout the colony will adopt a uniform weight, but at present each miller is a law to himself, and the industry seems to have been conducted in a happy-go-lucky way that must have been more entertaining to the miller than gratifying to the exporter.

Now there are two fortunes waiting for any successful inventor. First of all for the man who shall invent a machine that will remove all the green vegetable matter and the gum from the green blade of the hemp as the stripper does, without bruising the fibre, as the stripper inevitably must. It is very curious that in all the years since first white people took to hemp-milling little improvement has been made in the method of separating the fibre from the blade. There are some who hope that, instead of needing any machinery, a chemical bath may be invented which shall clean, but not rot, the fibre.

The other fortune waits for the man who can invent some way of utilising the waste product, the tow that results from the scutching of the hemp. To a certain extent use has already been found for it, but the man who can find a wider use, will make a fortune for himself or for the hemp millers.

Time was when, at Mr. Holmes' suggestion, the Government offered a bonus of £2000 for these, £1750 for an improved method of using the hemp, and £250 for a method of utilising the waste product, but that time is past, and the inventor must now find his reward for himself.

It seems a pity that the Government did not follow out another excellent suggestion made by Mr. Holmes—viz., that they should send to the St. Louis Exhibition all the machinery of a hemp mill, with the raw green blade, and invite all visiting inventors to try their hands where other men had failed. The result might have been to put thousands and thousands of pounds into the pockets of New Zealand hemp growers and millers.

As it is, however, the suggestion was not carried out, and now it is to be hoped that some Australasian genius will come to the help of the New Zealand hemp millers and thereby earn, in addition to whatever pecuniary reward he may receive, the thanks of the colony.

ARTESIAN IRRIGATION IN QUEENSLAND.

A VISIT TO THE CENTRAL DISTRICT.

There are few more interesting places to visit than Queensland. Almost every climate can be experienced, whilst the scenery differs quite as widely. In fact, it is bound to be more and more frequented by visitors from the other States, especially during the winter months.

As we had little time at our disposal, we resolved to visit the Central District, chiefly because very little appears to be known outside the State of the way in which the great boon of the artesian water is being made use of there. To reach the central area it is necessary to go through the southern sugar growing districts. We were therefore also able to visit them, and to note at first hand some of the problems which the sugar planter is confronted with.

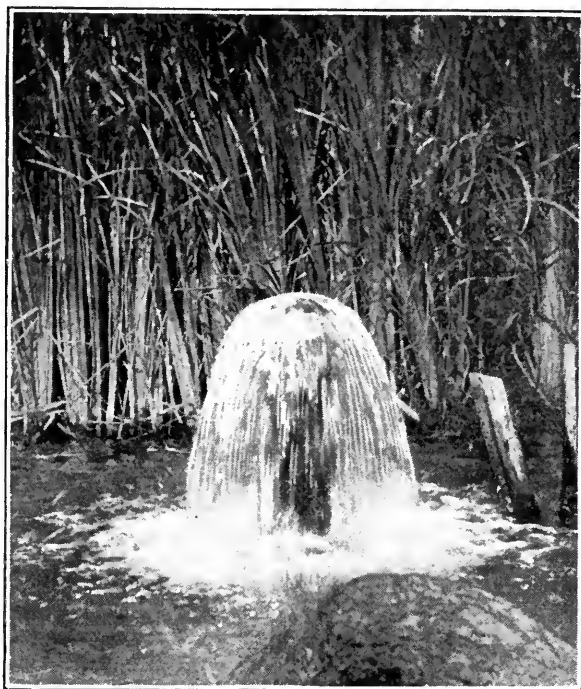
We reached Brisbane by way of Warwick and Toowoomba. The railway passes through part of the wonderfully fertile Darling Downs. There, as elsewhere in Australia, the sameness of the landscape is what chiefly impresses the casual visitor. After leaving Toowoomba, the great centre of the trade in horses, the line runs over the great dividing range. This portion of the railway is a great engineering feat, which one fully realises as the train mounts spirally higher and higher, and the views become grander and grander.

In order to reach the Central District from Brisbane, either boat or train can be taken to Rockhampton. The railway has only recently been completed between Gladstone and Rockhampton. Instead of this being the anticipated benefit to the latter place, it bids fair to become its ruin. Formerly all the produce of the huge Central District had perforce to come to Rockhampton, from which port it was shipped to Brisbane, Sydney and Mel-

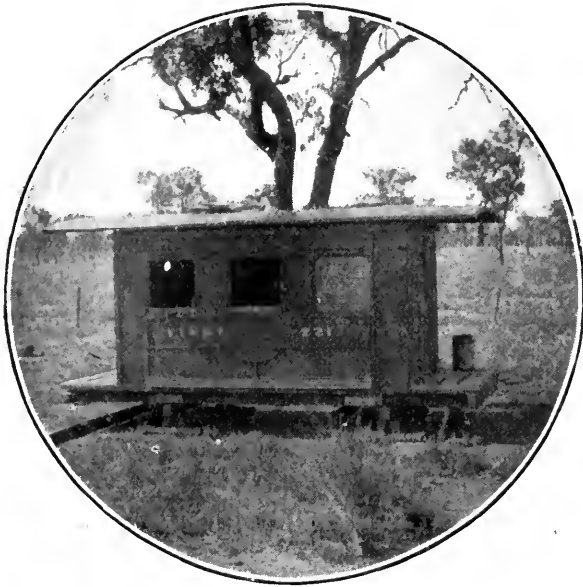
bourne. Now freights go straight through to Gladstone—a better port—or direct to Brisbane, and Rockhampton is left lamenting. The River Fitzroy, on which it stands, is shallow and difficult of navigation. It is spanned by a huge unsightly bridge, which, with a needlessly magnificent edifice where the Customs officers find their headquarters, form the most notable features of the town.

The mail train runs out to Barcaldine twice a week. It takes 16 hours to perform the journey of 400 miles, so that the rate of progress can hardly be called rapid. We returned by a goods train, which ran marvellously to schedule time, and did the journey in 26 hours. That, too, despite the fact that it needed two attempts before the locomotive could surmount the Drummond Range. The line runs due west. Whilst going through the mountains the scenery is pretty, but in the plains it is very monotonous. This is a great country for cattle, but owing to the tick, and then the drought, we hardly saw a beast the whole way. The district is not thickly timbered, and although there are many varieties of trees, they are so similar that they give little relief from the ever-present gums.

The inevitable ringed trees stand ghostlike everywhere, whilst here and there trees, generally cypress-pine, could be seen towering dead amongst their fellows. They had been killed by the awful drought. Now and again the blackened forest showed where the bush fires had been through. All this can be seen almost anywhere in Australia. The most distinctively Queensland feature, however, is the white ant hill. Everywhere, stretching away as far as the eye can reach on either side of the railway, are thousands of these heaps. From two to three feet in height, they



A BORE DISCHARGING A MILLION GALLONS DAILY.



A RELIC OF OLD DAYS.
(A First-class Carriage Used as a Hut.)

stand everywhere, like crooked fingers pointing to the sky. Their chief peculiarity is that they always lean to the west. This is said to be due to the prevalence of east winds. The white ant is omnipresent in Queensland. It causes all wooden houses to take legs unto themselves—legs with an inverted plate on the top. Telegraph posts must be of iron, or broken wires would be frequently delaying business. The fruit farmer has constantly to examine his trees to see that the insidious insects are not engaged in ringing them. Their nests are to be seen here and there high up in the trees. When a mighty wind arises, these trees, eaten hollow, fall with a crash, which is the signal for myriads of small black ants to rush to the spot to feast on their larger but weaker white sisters.

Barcaldine is well within the cretaceous area, where artesian water is found. How the water has got there is a question around which much discussion rages. The most important thing, however, is that it is there, and that for sixteen or seventeen years the bores in the neighbourhood have flowed steadily, and the water shows no signs of diminishing in volume.

Sixteen years ago the Government put down a bore in Barcaldine, then a small village, active only in the shearing season. Since then the supplies of sweet water have been tapped again and again, and the whole surrounding district is riddled with bores. The result has been to transform an arid wilderness into a highly productive country. Before the artesian water was available, the hardy man who attempted farming was entirely dependent upon the

scanty rainfall, some 30 inches a year. In a bad season there was none, and even in the best it fell at fitful intervals, without any rhyme or reason. In those days farming was largely a gamble; now it appears to be highly remunerative, despite the somewhat exorbitant railway rates still obtaining. When I was there, the farmers were grumbling because it had been raining! "Makes the wheat ripen unevenly," they explained; "we are much better without it." And what wheat they were growing, too! The yield was sometimes 40 bushels an acre.

The large squatters also have bores on their runs, but when rain fails the stock suffers, for although plenty of water is available for drinking purposes, there is not enough to irrigate the huge tracts of country over which the sheep and cattle roam. As a result, during the recent drought, the station owners suffered severely, but the smaller farmers flourished exceedingly. They not only fed their own stock, but they also turned an honest penny by assisting their big neighbours to save some of theirs. One farmer told me that he fed twenty sheep to the acre by irrigating first one paddock and then another. As one bore will irrigate some 150 to 200 acres, and the wool from each sheep averages 10s. just now, there would appear to be an easy road to fortune for the small grazing farmer in this district. I should think, however, that ten sheep to the irrigated acre would be nearer the mark. This compares pretty favourably with the one sheep to two acres of the unirrigated runs near by.

The bores average a thousand feet in depth, are four to six inches in diameter, and have a flow of from 600,000 to a million gallons every 24 hours. At one time it cost £1 a foot to sink the bore, and the borers, mostly American, made much money. Nowadays a farmer has not to contemplate an outlay of £1000 if he wants a bore—six or seven hundred will probably suffice. The bores are cased for about three-quarters of the way down. The water comes up hot, over 100 degrees. Perhaps the most convincing proof of this, to those who have not innocently put their hands into the gushing stream, to withdraw them most hurriedly, is the use the farmers make of it in hatching chickens. The incubator used is merely a large zinc-lined box, containing a smaller one in which the eggs are placed in trays. A small pipe brings the water from the bore to the outer box, which is thus always filled with water at the same temperature. The chickens hatch out very well.

The bores are allowed to flow night and day unrestrained. It has been found that any attempt to shut them down ultimately causes a reduced flow, due to the water forcing its way up behind the casing. The process of boring is deeply interesting. The number of men employed in the work is three to each shift. There are two shifts of 12 hours each. No eight hours day in this trade! The



STACKING WHEAT IN THE DOWNS COUNTRY.

work goes on night and day. On an average 50ft. is sunk per day.

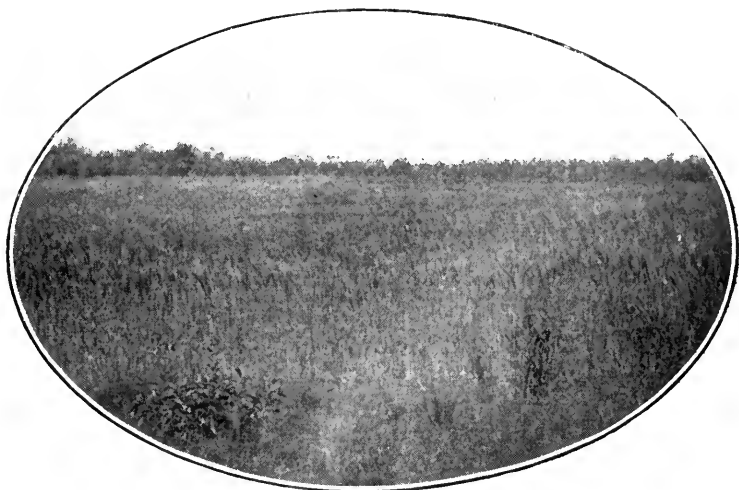
Barcaldine is on the edge of what is called the Desert country. The name is misleading, but the loose red earth certainly gives all the impression of sand. The black soil country begins immediately west of the town. There is a road called the "creek," on one side of which is the red earth of the Desert country, and on the other the black soil of the Downs country. The dividing line is very distinct.

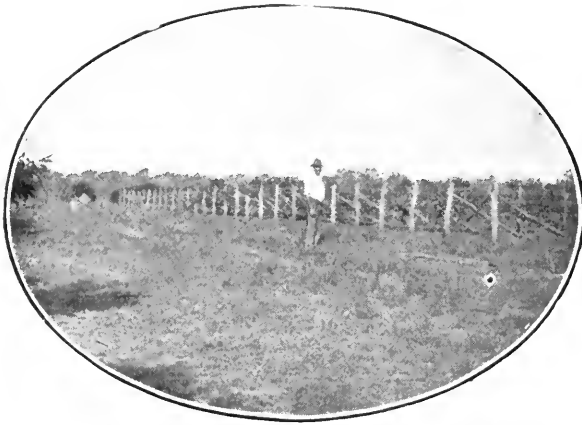
It is difficult to say which is the better land for cultivation. As is only natural, each farmer whose land lies to the west of the "creek" declares that the Downs country is far and away the best, whilst his neighbours to the east are positive in praise of the Desert lands. The black soil is perhaps richer, but the red earth is much easier to work and irrigate. The Downs are, however, quite clear of trees; the Desert requires clearing. Barcaldine is the scene of the great shearers' strike in 1891. It is still the centre from which shearers set out for the huge sheep raising country to the west. An interesting reminder of the strike is the Alice River Settlement. It is a co-operative settlement, which was founded by 72 men thrown out of work by that strike. On the Alice River, four miles from Barcaldine, it is entirely in the Desert country. The Government granted 3500 acres of land under an occupation license, and everyone round helped the settlers most liberally. The men knew little of farming, and had to buy their experience. They

early found the rainfall insufficient, and the river water quite inadequate for their needs. They sank a bore at a cost of £900, and paid for it within two years. Everything seemed to point to a successful undertaking, but the men were evidently not cut out for co-operation, and from that point of view the settlement was an utter failure. The number gradually dwindled down to the six who now remain. These have benefited by the labours of the rest, and are doing excellently well. Chiefly noticeable was the vineyard, which contains some splendid vines. The white ants had attacked them somewhat, but careful attention had overcome the pests. The peaches and other stone fruits also suffered much by the ants. The six men live *en famille*, one attending solely to the

cooking. We had afternoon tea before the huge open hearth, on which a fire crackled, cooking the evening meal in a huge gipsy cauldron. Bees were kept, but no chickens. "More trouble than they are worth," I was told. Many vegetables are grown, the colony being especially fortunate with cabbages and cauliflowers. The settlement is now a company, its full title being the Barcaldine Irrigation, Farming and Grazing Co. Ltd. Any mention of this colony would be incomplete without a reference to its famous cockatoo, which possesses a large and very lurid vocabulary.

The most interesting of all the farms we visited was that of Mr. Hannay. It is situated near Geera, twelve miles east of Barcaldine. Mr. Hannay has, however, connected himself by telephone with the

WHEAT ON MR. HANNAY'S FARM.
(Yielding 40 Bushels to the Acre.)



THE VINEYARD AT ALICE RIVER SETTLEMENT.
(One of the Remaining Settlers, Mr. Atthews, in the
Foreground.)

town and his neighbours, ingeniously using the wire fences for this purpose. The voice is transmitted with great clearness. In approaching the homestead, we skirted a large sheet of water, on the surface of which ducks and other wildfowl were disporting themselves. This was one of the fine lakes which have been formed and are kept supplied by the surplus water of the bores on the farm. The water is simply led into natural depressions, but the effect is most pleasing, and one wonders that more settlers do not make use of the surplus water in this way. Of course, its great disadvantage is that the standing water proves a happy breeding ground for mosquitoes and flies. Flies are indeed the greatest pest of the Central District. It is pathetic to see the small children with several flies attacking their eyes. The youngsters make no effort to dislodge them, and the result is that all the children appear to have weak eyes. It is difficult to keep a veil on a child, but something ought certainly to be done if the eyes of the next generation are to be saved. Mr. Hannay is a good deal of an engineer, and has turned his skill to account. He has hot and cold water from the bores laid on to the house. He made his own thrashing machine, and, in fact, everything needed on the farm. Wheat forms the principal crop, although Mr. Hannay has several acres of maize. The Manitoba wheat looked excellent. Wheat is peculiarly adapted to irrigation, as in this district it only requires water twice—once after planting the seed, and again when the ear is forming. The method of irrigation is practically the same everywhere. The water pours out of the bore and forms a pool before running away down the main channels. Minor drains are carried from these wherever the water is required. The country is most suitable for irrigating, as it is so flat. The great bane of the farmer, in uneven ground, is to prevent the water running too quickly, and therefore not soak-

ing properly. Half as many drains suffice to irrigate wheat in the Desert as in the Downs country, owing to the fact that the water soaks away much more rapidly in the latter. The slight slopes, which are inevitable even in the flattest country, call forth the farmer's ingenuity in laying the drains, and often where irrigation has not been a success, the cause may be found in lack of knowledge in arranging the drain properly.

A rank sort of rush grows round the bore, and along the main channels, but so coarse is it that even during the worst times of drought, the stock will not touch it. Queer little blind fish come up through the bores occasionally, and stones and other weird things.

The couch grass grows so rapidly on irrigated areas that after five years the wheat field is abandoned to it. The paddock is then used for sheep grazing, and another area is cleared and put under wheat elsewhere.

It is inevitable that there is waste of water in irrigating from bores. All the water which comes up must be used all the year round. The same quantity all the time. When crops require water the whole of the available supply is requisitioned, but when they do not—which is, after all, during the greater part of the year—the water is led on to grazing land, and is, to a large extent, wasted. To get crops which require water in rotation is, of course, the aim of every farmer who can command an artesian supply. Although largely in an experimental stage, wonderful progress has been made in this respect.

The radical difference between irrigating from a bore, and irrigating from a stream or by water from



A TYPICAL AUSTRALIAN.
(Mr. Hannay's Daughter at the Station.)

pumps, is that the water flows always, and some use must ever be found for it. The supply from a river can be regulated or cut off altogether, pumps can cease work when required, but the bore works night and day.

The water is led in the main channels as far as two miles from the bore, the small drains running on further. So that the effective range of a bore is a circle whose area would be about twelve square miles, but of course it could not irrigate more than a small section of this land at once. As the channels are open, great quantities of water are lost by evaporation before ever it reaches its destination. The amount, however, lost by soakage, is negligible. As a rule, in this neighbourhood, the channels do

tastes fresh and sweet. Three suffice to supply Barcaldine with all the water required for all purposes by its 2000 inhabitants. The force of water in the mains, however, is not great, and although fire cocks are plentiful all over the town, a fierce blaze could not be coped with. Many of the streets, which are wide, are lined on either side by trees, some large, others just planted, and all surrounded by wire netting to protect them from the attacks of the innumerable goats which abound everywhere.

One of our photos. shows a plant of Sisal Hemp which has grown up and flourished exceedingly in a neglected portion of Mr. Peut's back yard. To the right is Mr. Peut, the "father" of Barcaldine, whose kindness enabled us to see almost everything

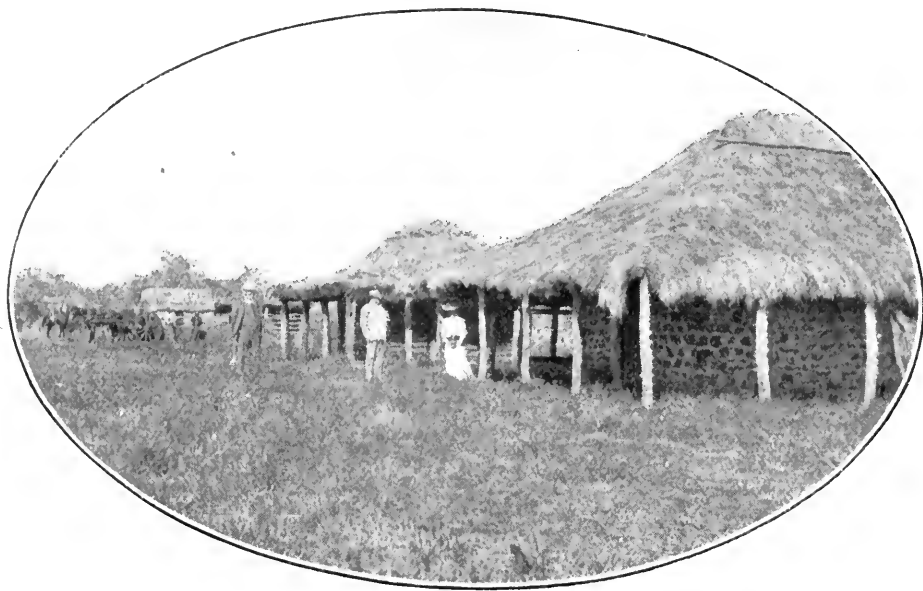


ONE OF THE BORES ON MR. HANNAY'S FARM.

not require to be raised, and are simply dug in the ground. Occasionally, however, when the configuration of a field requires it, the channels are made to run along the top of a bank of earth, one, two, or it may be three feet high. Driving about the farms we were constantly having to cross these channels, sometimes empty, sometimes abandoned altogether, and sometimes full of clear water, but numerous always. It is not surprising that buggy springs wear out rather rapidly round about Barcaldine.

Many of the smaller farmers do not have a bore themselves. They arrange with another near by, who has to supply them with all the water required for irrigation purposes. The water from the bores

in the district. Behind is Major Boyd, the editor of the *Queensland Agricultural Journal*—a walking encyclopædia of everything pertaining to the Banana State. Major Boyd is very strongly advocating the introduction of Sisal Hemp growing into Queensland. It flourishes in poor soil, requires very little rain, needs practically no attention, and the resultant hemp fibre is worth £20 an acre. At present the world's supplies are chiefly drawn from Mexico. Mr. Peut's is six feet tall, which enables one to form a good idea of the way in which this neglected plant has prospered. That Sisal Hemp does well in Queensland is not surprising, for the State is fortunate in being able to grow almost anything with a



THE OFFICES OF THE COMPANY.



THE SLEEPING QUARTERS.
AT THE ALICE RIVER SETTLEMENT.

minimum amount of labour, but this is, to a large extent, counterbalanced by the fact that hardly any plant, fruit or cereal is introduced into the country without the prompt appearance of some insect or other pest to damage it.

Drought is one of the worst evils the settler in the Northern State has to face, but it is simply marvellous to note the recovery that has been made after the last terrible visitation.

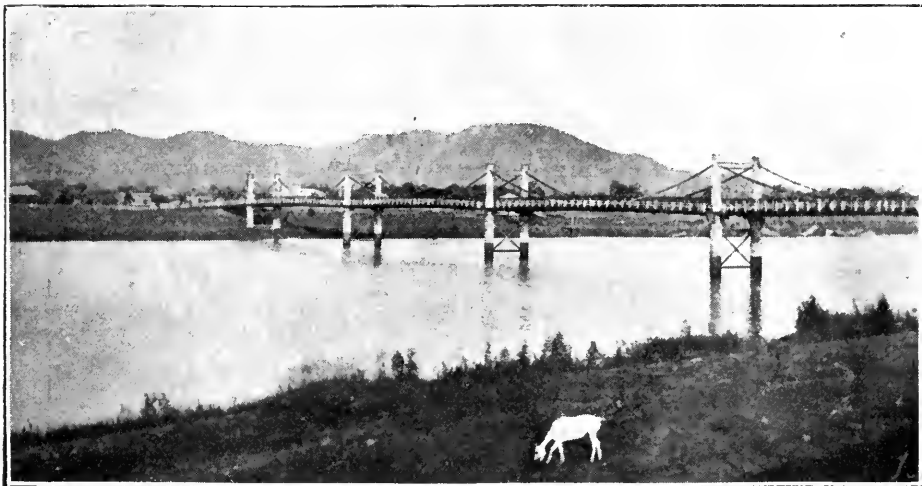
There is a large wool scour in Barcaldine which draws all the water it requires from a bore on the premises. It was in full swing during our visit. Although the drought killed more than half the flocks, two lambings in one season have helped wonderfully to restock the runs. Truly this is a marvellous country.

Queensland has undoubtedly a splendid future before it. Nature has bestowed benefits upon it with a lavish hand. Its mineral resources are unbounded. Owing to the great variation in climate, almost everything can be grown in one part or the other. For the same reason, its dairying products can be exported all the year round. It is true that just now it is going through a period of distress. Financially, it is at a very low ebb, and its sugar industry is in a state of unrest and fear, but its natural resources are bound to tell in the end. Meanwhile, Federation is made the scapegoat of all its ills, and there is no doubt that it has borne very heavily on the State, owing to the loss of revenue derived from the Customs, and to the legislation against the Kanakas, who are, after all, an infinitely more desirable element than the Chinese and Indians, who are gravitating from all over the Commonwealth to replace them.



SISAL HEMP.

Land can be obtained on very easy terms from the Government. For anyone who is prepared to work, Queensland holds out great possibilities. The intending settler should, however, have enough money, say £200, to carry him over the first year or two before his work becomes reproductive, and he must be willing to take his coat off.



THE BRIDGE AT ROCKHAMPTON.



Photographed by]

MR. ABE BAILEY.

[Lafayette.

INTERVIEWS ON TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

XX.—MR. ABE BAILEY: ON SOUTH AFRICA AND ITS PROBLEMS.

Mr. Abe Bailey, who will be landing at Cape Town when these lines meet the reader's eye, is returning to his native land to close one chapter in his political career and begin another. Mr. Abe Bailey is one of the solid men of South Africa, who, besides all his other possessions—and he is a man rich in this world's goods—possesses the greatest asset of all save one. He is still young. He is one of the few men who have become millionaires in their thirties. He is now just forty years old. Twenty years ago he left his father's home with the sum of £112 10s. in his pocket, with which to build up a fortune in the hinterland of the Cape Colony. He began by losing every penny of it. Then he started from nothing and began to make his way up. His ascent has been phenomenally rapid. He discovered no diamonds, he came upon no gold reef, but to-day he is one of the largest landowners, if not the largest, in all South Africa. He has cattle upon a thousand hills, he is a great breeder of horses, and the owner of immense flocks of sheep. He has farms in Cape Colony, landed estates in the Orange Free State and in the Transvaal, while he is one of the largest holders of the good things of Rhodesia. He is in diamonds, and in gold, and in politics up to the eyes. Nor has his career been without adventure. He arrived in Johannesburg just a week before Dr. Jameson made the Raid, and like the rest of the Reformers, he spent a considerable time in Paul Kruger's dungeons. In the war, which was the sequel of the Raid, he served for nearly two years in command of a Colonial troop. After the war was over he was elected member for Barkly West, as successor to Mr. Rhodes. He served in two Parliaments at the Cape, and he is now returning to South Africa to resign his seat in the Legislative Assembly, in order to plant himself down at Johannesburg and aid in the working of the promised representative institutions. As he was for many years a close friend of Mr. Rhodes, as he has completed and now occupies the house Mr. Rhodes was building at Muizenberg when he died, and as, like Mr. Rhodes, on all questions save that of his race he is in deep sympathy with the Dutch Afrikaners, no more need be said to show that Mr. Abe Bailey is one of the Notables of South Africa upon whose future career the great B.P. (British Public, not Baden-Powell) will do well to keep a vigilant eye.

As I had sat up to the small hours of the morning at Muizenberg in the spring time discussing the world and all that is therein with my host, I was glad to have more than one opportunity of seeing Mr. Abe Bailey during his recent visit to London.

He has gone back to South Africa with restored health and unimpaired confidence.

"I shall resign my seat in the Legislative Assembly at the Cape as soon as I arrive. Barkly West is a safe seat for the Progressives. Then I shall settle at Johannesburg and devote the next few years to seeing what I can do to promote the welfare of South Africa under the new representative institutions which are to be established in the Transvaal."

"With the Dutch or with the Magnates?"

"With neither, and with both. I am for South Africa. I was born in South Africa. My father for years sat in the Legislative Council at the Cape as a Bondsman. I like the Boers. That I understand them I will not say. No man really understands the Boers. But I am with them heart and soul in almost everything save the supremacy of my race."

"Then," I interposed, "you hold that in South Africa the Briton, *quâ* race, is always the top dog?"

"No," said Mr. Bailey, "I say nothing of the sort. I am for the white race being on top of the black. On the native question I am Boer to the backbone. But the war is still so recent, and the Boers, having the majority, might be tempted if responsible government were conceded at once, to use their voting strength in order to avenge at the polls what they have suffered during the war. And there is no doubt they did suffer—suffer terribly."

"Do you remember," I said, "when we first met, during the war, at Rhodes's table in the Burlington?"

"I do," said Mr. Bailey, "and I hold to that opinion. I am a South African, I am going out to work for the common welfare of South Africa, of all men in South Africa. And I am no more disposed than any other Afrikaner to tolerate the intermeddling in our affairs of ignorant and prejudiced people six thousand miles away."

"But I was referring rather," I remarked, "to the time when responsible government should be conceded to the new colonies. Mr. Rhodes, if you remember, said eighteen months after peace."

"I remember," said Mr. Bailey: "but eighteen months was too short a time. The memory of the smart of the war is too recent. Let us have representative government now, and after it has worked for a while then proceed to responsible government."

"But the Boers," I replied, "won't touch your sham representative government, which they regard as a mere dodge to postpone responsible government. How long do you say ought to elapse before we fulfil our promises, and give responsible government to the new Colonies? Till the British have got a majority?"

"Five years after the Peace was made," said Mr. Bailey, "that is to say, in about three years from now, I think we might safely establish responsible government in both the new Colonies. To do so earlier would be dangerous. But five years after Vereeniging, I think, it might be done safely."

"Then if you are against responsible government now, does that break you with the Boers?"

"Well, it may. But I am with them on so many other points. I entirely agree with them in believing that the land is the mainstay of the country. Not the mines. I am for protecting the interest of the agriculturist. If you don't look out we shall leave nothing in the country but a lot of heaps and holes from which the minerals have been extracted."

"Then, if that is your line, it will break you with the magnates?"

"We shall see. There is the danger, no doubt, that I may fall between two stools. But I am for South Africa, and occupy a perfectly independent position. All my solid interests are in that country. I am dead against developing Lorenzo Marques at the expense of Natal and Cape Colony, and I am not dependent upon anyone to the detriment of

Natal and South Africa. I shall have plenty of opponents on both sides. But my line is quite clear. I don't want to create a third party."

Mr. Bailey has a difficult task before him. He has great natural advantages in attempting to play at Johannesburg on a still larger scale the rôle which Mr. Rhodes, whom he regards as his great exemplar, played at the Cape. He has youth, health, wealth, ambition, and he spoke the Taal before he spoke English. His father was a Bondsman. But the supreme question is whether he can win the confidence of the Boers. If he can he will be the greatest man in South Africa before this decade is ended. But the Boer when once bit is twice shy. Mr. Rhodes had a comparatively easy task when he first struck hands with Mr. Hofmeyr. But those upon whom the Rhodesian mantle has fallen, although they may have great inspiration in his example, are terribly handicapped by what the Dutch regard as the great betrayal. That, however, is no reason why the attempt to regain their confidence should be abandoned. That is the Holy Grail of South African politics. Will Mr. Abe Bailey be the Sir Galahad of the situation? Time will show.

XXI.—MADAME NOVIKOFF: ON THE LATE ANGLO-RUSSIAN CRISIS.



MADAME NOVIKOFF.

Twenty-four years ago Mr. Froude wrote a preface to a book, entitled "Russia and England from 1876 to 1880: A Protest and an Appeal." By "O. K." "The object of the book," said Mr. Froude, "is to exhibit our own conduct during

the last few years as it appears in Russian eyes. If we disclaim the portrait, we shall still gain something by looking at it, and some few of us may be led to reflect that if Russia is mistaken in her judgment of England, we ourselves may be as much mistaken in our judgment of Russia."

"O. K." is the well-known *nom de plume* of Madame Olga Novikoff, née Kiréeff. It was natural that she should use the initial of her maiden name, for, as Mr. Froude said in the preface from which I have just quoted, "The Kiréeffs belong to the

exceptional race of mortals who form the forlorn hope of mankind, who are perhaps too quixotic, but to whom history makes amends by consecrating their memories." Thinking that it would be not less profitable to the British public to see themselves through Russian eyes to-day than it was in 1878, I requested Madame Novikoff to accord me the favour of an interview, a request to which she was graciously pleased to assent. So I made my way to 4 Brunswick Place, Regent's Park, the charming little "thimble," as Madame Novikoff describes her London residence, where she spends every winter surrounded by her pictures and her books—surely the snuggest and most comfortable "thimble" ever seen.

"Well, what do you think of us now, Madame Novikoff," I asked, "after having had the opportunity of observing our people at close quarters during one of their periodical frenzies?"

"I am a visitor," said Madame Novikoff, "enjoying the hospitality of your country, and it is not for me to express an opinion concerning the manners of my host. The English have always been very kind to me, and when you can say nothing that is very complimentary, it is as well that you should say nothing at all."

"*Nil nisi bonum* is a good maxim, but is it all 'Nil' and no 'Bonum' on this occasion?"

"Lord Lansdowne has been very good," she replied,

"and I am very glad indeed to recognise that you have at the Foreign Office a statesman who knows his own mind, and is not flurried by the worryings of your newspapers."

"Now that the incident is passed, could you give me the Russian point of view in a nutshell?"

"It is very simple," said Madame Novikoff. "The Russian point of view is, perhaps, very mistaken, inasmuch as no one is a good judge in his own case, but our standpoint is this: We do not believe that we are a nation of lunatics, nor do we think that our admirals and our naval officers are either criminals or 'mad dogs.' That being so, we have never been able to understand how it was possible for any of your people to work themselves up into such a tremendous fury for a blunder which no one regretted so much as the Russians themselves. *Humanum est errare*, and Russians are not arrogant enough to think that they are exempt from the common failing of all fallible mortals. But to assume, because our blunder, not, perhaps, unnatural under the circumstances, resulted in the unfortunate death of two fisherman and the wounding of more, you were justified in calling my people all manner of bad names—well, that does not seem, to say the least, quite consistent with the sweet reasonableness which Matthew Arnold regarded as the essence of our Christian Faith."

"Yes, but, Madame Novikoff, you forget, when British blood has flowed——"

"On the contrary," she replied, with an angelic smile, "it is precisely because we are so well able to put ourselves in your place that we sympathise with you so much. It is not so long ago in China that Russian blood flowed almost in exactly the same proportions as it did on the Dogger Bank—that is, two men were killed and several wounded by British guns due to a blunder—but we did not call it an outrage, nor did we seize the occasion to incite our people to evil feelings against the British."

"What do you mean?" I replied.

"Have you already forgotten," said Madame Novikoff, "that when a mixed Russian and English force was in the field against the Boxers a very few years ago, the British troops, when in the train, mistook their Russian comrades-in-arms for Boxers and poured a

volley into them, killing two and wounding several? Your Admiral, who was in command, apologised for the mistake, and we, of course, accepted his apology. We did not claim any compensation, or make any fuss as to the responsibility or culpability of the British blunder. I have given all the particulars in the *Westminster Gazette* of November 16th, but your Press deemed it discreet to boycott my letter. Some people, who ought to know better, say that if our Admiral had been as prompt to express his regret as your Admiral there would have been no fuss. But no man—not even as brave and distinguished an officer as Admiral Rozhdestvensky—can express his regret for a blunder before he knows that it has been committed. Your Admiral knew all about the killing of Russian sailors immediately after it happened, whereas our Admiral did not know a single British fisherman had been killed until three days later, when he arrived at Vigo, and then only through Russian and English telegrams. On November 18th one unfortunate gentleman attempted to answer my note, but his letter—I cannot call it a reply—was useful as showing how little could be said against my facts. Surely, as we bore ourselves with such composure on that occasion, it was only modesty on our part to anticipate that you would display the same composure and self-possession."

"How does modesty come in, Madame Novikoff?"

"Surely," said she, "it would be the height of presumption on our part to assume that we could display more magnanimity and charity than you would under such circumstances? But it is all over now, I hope, and we must begin again once more our effort to promote the *entente* between England and Russia which has always been the goal of our endeavours."

"It looks very much like the labour of Sisypheus."

"Never despair in a good cause," said Madame Novikoff, "and, after all, you must remember that our Emperor's initiative in calling the Hague Conference has at least provided means by which one Anglo-Russian misunderstanding is being satisfactorily cleared up. It is a hopeful augury for the future. Who knows but that some similar court or commission may lead to the dissipating of many prejudices which now afford such dangerous weapons to the enemies of peace!"

XXII.—THE REV. DR. RAINY: THE SCOTTISH CHURCH CRISIS.

It was my privilege to be one of several guests invited by Mr. J. Compton Rickett, M.P., to meet the Rev. Dr. Rainy, the Grand Old Man of the Scottish Free Church, now once more Moderator of the United Free Church. I eagerly seized the opportunity to interview the veteran leader of the cause of Spiritual Independence upon the latest phase of the Church Crisis in Scotland.

"I am hopeful," he said, "that some action will be taken by the Government to put an end to the

present intolerable condition of things in the United Free Church. What precisely those steps will be I am not at present in a position to state. But you may say with confidence that the subject is engaging the most serious attention of the Government. I am not speaking without book when I say that it is fully recognised at Downing Street that the present state of things is quite impossible. I anticipate something in the shape of a measure maintaining *pro tem.* the present *status quo*, until the Government can inform

itself accurately as to how things stand, after which we confidently anticipate that whatever legislative action may be necessary will be taken as early as possible in the coming session."

"Pending the decision of the Government, what is being done in Scotland?"

"We are allowing the legal Free Church to enter into possession of whatever churches we think it probable that an arbitrator would decide ought, in fairness, in view of the House of Lords' decision, to be made over to them. But we cannot make over to this small handful of persons now legally declared to be the legal Free Church all our churches and manse, our mission halls, and all the vast apparatus of mission buildings, schools, and colleges. We have made over to them our Assembly Hall and our church offices. But as trustees vested with the administration of church property worth several millions, we cannot hand them over to the men who, by their own admission, are quite unable to administer their trust."

"What do you estimate the comparative numerical strength of the two Churches?"

"The Legal Free Church is stronger in members than in ministers, and stronger in adherents than in members. But they are in everything a very small minority. They have about thirty ministers: we have 1,100. They have 5,000 communicants: we have 300,000. They have 25,000 or 30,000 adherents: we have 100,000. So that we have four times as many adherents, sixty times as many communicants, and nearly forty times as many ministers."

"Is there any sign that the Wees are discovering that it is impossible to take over the whole of the Church property?"

"I think it is dawning upon them. They have discovered that the Government will not entertain for a moment their favourite project of holding up the question indefinitely, so that they may take over, bit by bit, such property as they may in time to come be able to administer. They have also made another discovery, viz., that they are utterly unable to win over any of our people. Our folk have stood staunch. Ministers, missionaries, professors, students, and congregations—none have deserted their Church."

"That is splendid, indeed," I said; "but what has been the effect of your tribulation upon your Church?"

"Like many other sore afflictions it seems to be working out for the good of the Church. It has quickened spiritual life. Never have we had so many applications for membership. Never have our young people shown so keen an interest in the Church. In material things, of course, we are at a standstill. No congregation will do anything towards renovating or improving their Church when they have no security that it may not be taken away from them to-morrow."

"There is a question which is continually asked. Perhaps you will be able to give me the answer.

Why did you not seek for Parliamentary sanction for the union?"

"The answer is simple. We took counsel's opinion on the point, and we were advised that Parliament would never pass an Act before the legal rights of the dissentient minority were decided in the Law Courts. In the Colonies legislatures are more easy going, and provided that the union of two Churches is approved by an adequate majority, legislative sanction is given as a matter of course. But here it is not so. The exact legal rights of the minority would have had to be ascertained in the Courts before any parliamentary action was possible."

"Does the decision of the House of Lords in the four cases of Churches held under the Model Trust Deed govern the ownership of all the other Churches?"

"It is a moot point," said Dr. Rainy, "upon which opinions differ. If any attempt were made to dispossess trustees of the other 896 churches held under similar trust, the trustees would occupy a very strong defensive position. But we seek in all things to avoid litigation. We want the question to be settled by arbitration. We do not mind who the arbitrator is so long as he is a just man."

"Such a man, for instance, as Lord Balfour of Burleigh?" I suggested.

"Lord Balfour of Burleigh is a member of the Established Church, but we could have no objection to him on that account. We are not mixing up this question with the question of Establishment or disestablishment. If Lord Balfour were appointed arbitrator, I am quite sure he would approach it not as a State Churchman, but as a Scotchman and a Christian."

"I should like to see," I said, "the Free Church Council in every constituency in England take up this question, and wait as a deputation upon their local member. What is your notion of that?"

"We gratefully recognise the sympathy shown to us by the English Nonconformists, and we shall be delighted if they see their way to educate public opinion in England on this subject. But we are resolute not to allow this matter to be dragged into the party arena. We wish to keep it outside of politics, and quite clear of the question of disestablishment. As I said at the first, we are anxiously expectant of action by the Government in this matter, and we have no intention to send round the fiery cross until it is quite clear that there is nothing to hope for from that quarter."

"I hope the Scotch members will be a unit in this matter!"

"I think so," said Dr. Rainy.

"Then," I said, "you are all right. If the Scotch members are unanimous about anything they will get their way, even if they wanted an Act passed declaring that two and two made five in Scotland."

Dr. Rainy laughed, and the interview ended.

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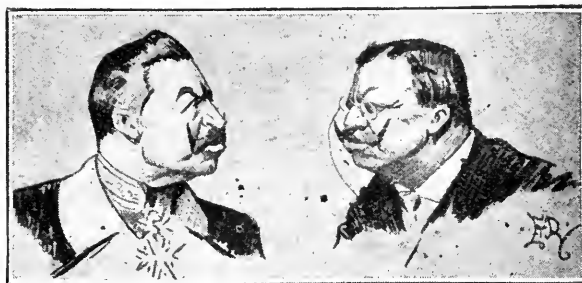
WE have made arrangements with the Proprietors of the *London Punch* which enable us each month to give our readers the most interesting cartoons and articles from what is universally admitted to be the foremost humorous journal of the world.

OXFORD'S EXPANSION.

[“Dr. Parkin's mission has been very successful. Many Rhodes's scholars are now in residence at Oxford.”]

Awake, ye Muses, in your blest abodes,
And sing, through me, the scholar-host of RHODES;
Tell by my tongue how PARKIN sped apace
From land to land upon his moneyed race,
Intent to find in every spot he came to
Men to take RHODES's shilling and his name too.
Cape Town has heard him, and in Montreal
McGill's professors hearkened to his call;
On Murrumbidgee's banks he charmed the throng,
Mount Kosciusko sparkled at his song.
“I sing,” he cried, “a land of milk and honey;
And, lo, I bring the necessary money.
I sing of Oxford and the happy fate
That makes a lad its undergraduate.”
So much he praised the University
He caused a boom in Oxford oversea,
And even advertised her on the Spree.
The KAISER saw that there was money in it:—
“Go in,” he said, “My merry men, and win it;
Geht, meine Kinder, nehmt die Pfeifen mit,
And make the British fellows to up-sit;
Drink beer, and, drinking, spread your KAISER's
glory,
Dann kehrt zurück, and tell me all your story.”
Much in the States did PARKIN spend his breath;
His message tickled every Yank to death:
In fact he very earnestly impressed
The great Republic of the fruitful West;
Told her, since fairy-stories there's no tax on,
All kinds of tales about the Anglo-Saxon,

His heritage, his fair Columbian daughter,
And how his blood is thicker far than water.
Utah beheld the missionary gleam;
It flashed and flew across Missouri's stream.
Now here, now there, it lingered not in vain,
In South Dakota, Kansas, and in Maine;
Glanced o'er Connecticut, and had to use its
Best work to be allowed in Massachusetts
(Rhodesian lures seemed rather to be lost on
The hard-shell Puritans who dwell in Boston);
Sped through New York, and, glowing like a light-
house,
Lit up the teeth of TEDDY in the White House,
New Hampshire knew it; in Virginia's view,
It seemed a something strange and rare and new.
High in Ohio it was seen to flare;
Montana's skies were ruddy with its glare;
And hardy Western men relate with awe
How bright it shone in distant Arkansas.



KINDRED SPIRITS OF THE “STRENUOUS LIFE.”

The Kaiser and President Roosevelt.
(The number of *Punch* which contained this sketch was confiscated and its sale prohibited by the German Government.)

MAFFICKS AND OBSCURITIES.

[An unpublished chapter from Mr. R-dy-rd K-pl-ng's newest, jerkiest, brainiest, brawniest, full-bloodedest, meatiest, marvellousest, moodiest, packed-full-of-meaningest Book.]

RATS.

"You know the lot," said the Buster. "Let me see, there's Palk and Tomkinson, and Bottles and Harmer, and Muspratt and Wonk, and Cronk and Popper and Cropper."

The Buster had gone farooshing in the Punjab for a matter of five years. Hence his lingo.

"What the——"

"That's just what I tell 'em."

"Durro Muts?" I asked.



WOMAN (ever unreasonable): "Hands up, or I fire!"

It stayed awhile with Mr. CORTELYOU ;
Beamed on the good grey head of C. DEPEW,
And, having spread through districts all was dark in,
Returned, unwearied still, with Dr. PARKIN.
But not alone: across the stormy main
A host of youths it carried in its train,
Youths who had packed their pants and shirts and
collars,
And left their homes as Mr. RHODES's scholars,
Seeking in Oxford with a holy rage
The last enchantments of the Middle Age.

"What strange new rivers have flowed down from
far

To mix with Isis and combine with Cher!
Learning I love; I love not learning's booms"—
So growled an Oxford Don, and left his rooms;
And next was found, with wife and child and pram,
At home and happy by the simple Cam. —Tis.

The nasty collision between a B.N.C. eight manned by German (Rhodes) scullers and a New College Coxswainless Four, composed of British Colonials, has been the sole topic of conversation this week. Happily the crisis is now over, and the matter is to be referred to the Hague Tribunal. The German cox. was undoubtedly in the wrong, and the Kaiser has sent him the usual telegram of congratulation.



SUSPICIOUS.

STRANGE CONSTABLE: "Could you tell me where the Vicar lives?"

GILES: "Why, wot's 'e done, zur?"

"Now look here, Sonny, I'm not taking any. See? Besides, where's the use? Half the men we meet are tight, and the other half don't know. That's war."

It was at this point that the Water-Rat intervened,

the genuine old English black rat, mind—none of your brown Norwegians.

"Blunk, blunk, blunk, oh, blunk," said the Rat, as the water soused him. "Has anybody seen my Cat? I confess I am not altogether habituated to the deciduous nature of drops of—er—water—shall we say?—yes, water."

The Grey Cat was also one for language. "My dear fellow," she observed languidly, "you ought not by this time to be unaware that it is the property even of particles to obey the laws of gravity first discovered by Newton—not a bad fellow, Newton, a good friend of my great-great-great-great-great-great-grandmother. *Particulæ gravitatem obediunt propria quæ maribus.*"

"Thanks," said the Rat, "I quite comprehend; but you must admit that when once the doctrine of plenary inspiration is introduced into the discussion—*introducitur in discussionem*—the question is raised to a higher sphere of dialectics."

Then the fun began.

Copper took it on the side of the head and returned it to Wonk.

"Mind your bloomin' crumpet," he shouted, his face puffed and purple with suppressed laughter.

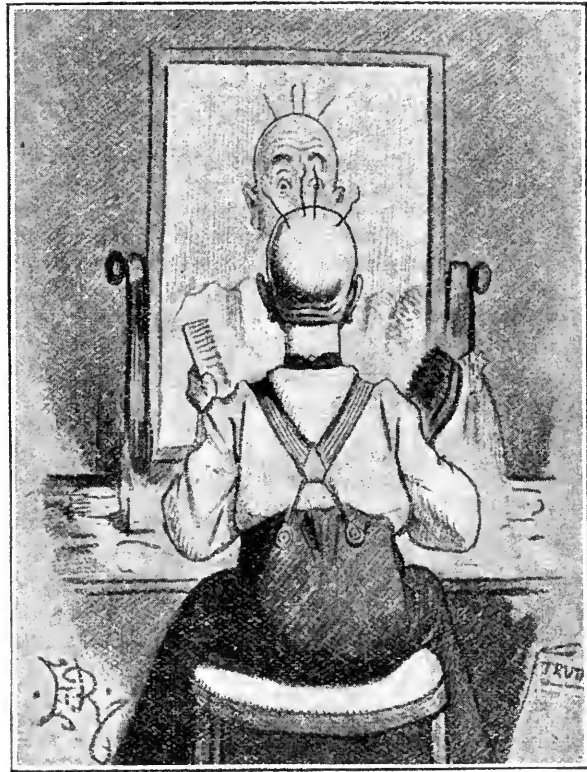
"How's that, Umpire?" came from Cronk. "Oh, oh, oh, you'll kill me with cacklin'. Holy Muckins! What a jamboree this is."

They were all bunched up together, sweating, cursing, pushing and kicking, Tomkinson's snub nose appearing and disappearing in the crush like a ripe tomato.

Then with one last heave the pack swayed, broke, scattered and reeled over, Muspratt squealing for joy as the rest floundered in the mud.

It was the best joke I ever saw.

I never laughed so much in all my life.



Waviness of the hair is this season to be suggested rather than asserted. This is a relief, as a look of over-elaboration is ruinous to a plain face, and injurious to a pretty one.—*Truth.*

A GUNLESS WAR OFFICE.

Members of Army Council deliberating. Table littered with papers, in the midst of which reposes a Brodrick cap, which the members have evidently been trying on in turn before a pier-glass in the background, during a discussion as to the responsibility for the introduction of the head-dress in question.

First Member (despairingly): No, the thing doesn't suit any of us—hardly a fair test, perhaps. Wish the thing was in Tibet. Too bad of B. trying to shirk his responsibility for it, after telling me he would approve of anything that wouldn't stop recruiting and be to the taste of the British Nursemaid. Hang the—no, I don't mean that, but it is really most annoying, after all our trouble, that the British Nursemaid should object to the cap. We shall have to get a British Nursemaid on the Council, I suppose.

Second Member (impressively, struck by a brilliant idea): There's nothing like testing the matter personally to get at the truth. As a family man, you



A BIG -PILL.

"What is it, my pet?"
"Oh, mum-mummy—I dreamt I'd sw-wallowed myself. Have I?"

must have a British Nursemaid somewhere on the premises. Now, suppose you take the cap home, put it on, have the Nursemaid sent for in a casual, incidental kind of way, and watch the effect.

First Member mildly but firmly and decidedly negatives the proposal.

Second Member (disappointed): Well, of course, if you object, there's no more to be said. By the way, I got an anonymous letter this morning from some fellow who says he knows another fellow who saw an article in an evening paper (an influential evening paper, he says), stating categorically that the guns of the Field Artillery are utterly out of date, and inferior to those of every other European Power—scarce a quick-firer amongst them, except some

the cap, but the joke. Well, I dream of that cap all night and think of it all day, and then, on the top of all this, they want to worry us about guns!

First Member: Well, I rather fancy, now you speak of it, I *did* hear of something of the kind. They say they've got a splendid gun designed—an 18½-pounder, a long way the best in the market—but they couldn't get the money out of the Treasury, and the manufacturing people actually refuse to make the guns unless they get paid for them—so much for patriotism! But (*with a sudden inspiration*) why not wire down to Woolwich and see if *they* know anything? The KING was down there the other day inspecting the Artillery, and he



UNNECESSARY QUESTIONS.

LADY (with gun): "Am I holding the thing right?"



THE HIGHWAY; OR. THE GHOST'S MISTAKE.

SHADE OF TURPIN: "Gadzooks! Times don't seem to have changed much, after all!"

German guns which we got with great difficulty and in a great hurry when the Boer affair was on; and backs up his statements with the authority of an officer of high rank in the British Army—wonder who that can be? You don't happen to know anything about it? I suppose the public will as usual want to know who is responsible, and how such things are possible after the re-organisation that brought Us into being, and all the rest of it. Why can't these newspaper fellows *and* the public mind their own business! What do they know about our work? Some of 'em would know what work is if they had to design an undress cap! I've got that cap on the brain—rather neat that, eh?—not

would have noticed fast enough if there had been anything wrong. Don't believe there is, but perhaps, to satisfy the Public, we might wire, or drop a line to someone down there.

Third Member: Well, we can't possibly see to *everything*. Let's get back to business, or we shall be late for lunch. Now about this cap. . . .

The antique battle-axe which was offered, with other articles left in railway carriages, for sale by auction last week, is stated to have been stolen from one of our arsenals.

"DO WE GET OUR DESERTS?"

[The symposium which a contemporary has promoted on the above topic has caused a great wave of emotion to pass through the English-speaking world. *Mr. Punch* has much pleasure in contributing to it, and ventures to anticipate the views of a variety of distinguished personages.]

It is not for me to inquire too closely into the inscrutable methods of Providence, and in any case it would be contrary to my known principles with regard to self-advertisement if I allowed myself to be dragged into this discussion. At the same time, I may perhaps say that, though I should have been inclined to fix my own deserts at seven figures, I regard a circulation of three-quarters of a million as sufficiently near the mark.

HALL CAINE.

Do I get my deserts? I guess that is so.

ROOSEVELT.

I neither have, nor have had, any desire to shackle freedom of discussion on this or any other topic among my colleagues in the Government; but, for myself, I propose to preserve an Open Mind during the present Parliament, and ultimately—at some date not yet determined—I shall leave it to the constituencies to decide this momentous question.

A. J. BALFOUR.

I often think we get even more than we deserve. Speaking loosely—for I write in the middle of a snow-drift, and at some distance from statistics—I cannot say that it has invariably been the case with me that

Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repost;

yet I never remember to have missed this delightful and refreshing experience.

DEVONSHIRE.

Count no man happy on this point till he has reached his Last Phase; and even then there may be a fresh edition, a Positively Last Phase.

ROSEBERRY.

Let you know more definitely later on, when they make up the Liberal Cabinet.

D. LLOYD-GEORGE.

It's not so much *what* we get, as the *nasty way* in which some of us get it.

ANDRE (General).

No; we ought all to have £2500 a year.

G. BERNARD SHAW.

Speaking on behalf of WORDSWORTH, TENNYSON and myself, I have no hesitation in saying *Yes*.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

The Highest Love asks for no reward.

M. CORELLI.

If we do get our deserts, they don't seem to take the form of quick-firing guns.

T. ATKINS, R.A.

Apparently not. It looks as if the other side got ours, and we got theirs.

UNITED FREE KIRKER.

CHARIVARI.

Many patriots think that we are under the mark in the claims we have made on Russia for reparation. But they are actually quite ample if we are to believe the following poster of an evening paper:—

WHAT
ENGLAND
DEMANDS OF
RUSSIA.
The Sun.

A committee has been established in Philadelphia to arbitrate in disputes between mistresses and domestic servants. It is hoped that, when the new building is erected, the Hague Palace of Peace will take over this work.

The Army Council has at last had its eyes opened to the necessity for improving the physique of our recruits. A deserter from the South Wales Borderers succeeded in escaping, last week, from a Birmingham lock-up through an aperture less than eleven inches square.

King Peter of Servia and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria have publicly kissed one another at Sofia. The onlookers loudly cheered the monarchs for their pluck.

In a report on the examination of officers for promotion in the Army, General Hutchinson mentions that the majority of candidates, in their answers, ignored the enemy, or gave him little credit for intelligence. This, of course, is one of the many dangers of judging others by one's self.

On the Metropolitan Railway a firm advertises its Lime Juice in the following terms:—

NO MUSTY FLAVOUR AS SUPPLIED TO HER MAJESTY.
Why this invidious distinction of persons?

Many persons think that the punishment of allowing the Russians to go on to meet the Japanese is more severe than occasion warrants.

The Army Council has decided that henceforth recruits may be accepted with artificial teeth "upon their undertaking to maintain them in serviceable condition." The kit inspection of the future will undoubtedly gain in picturesqueness when, here and there, among the other articles placed upon the ground, a well pipe-clayed set of teeth appears.



EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

MRS. HEVIWAYTE: "I do believe the little darling knows I'm gettin' in."

SOUTH AFRICA AFTER THE WAR.

By WILLIAM T. STEAD.

THE BLACK, WHITE AND YELLOW PROBLEM.*

"There is a tendency," said Mr. Malan, the coming leader of the Dutch South Africans, "for those who are accustomed to deal with populations of many millions to sneer at South African problems because they involve only a handful of white men. But no one can live in this country without feeling that he has to do with questions the mere touch of which rouses a man." The phrase was characteristic of the speaker. It is true that the total number of white men in South Africa hardly exceed in number the babies who are born every twelve months in the British Isles. But this handful of white colonists have to face and to solve many of the most thorny problems of our time. Among these problems none is more pressing than the question of how best the white man can hold his own in the midst of a coloured race which enormously outnumbers him and which increases at least as rapidly as he. There are to-day in South Africa nearly ten coloured men for every paleface. In Tasmania, in Victoria, and in the United States the aboriginal inhabitant has wilted and withered before the advent of the white colonist. Not so in Africa.

The black race has increased, is increasing, and will continue to increase at a ratio not less than that of his white-skinned neighbour. What will they do in the end thereof? No man knows.

A BLACK NAPOLEON.

Without looking to the end, the problem is interesting enough. South Africa, before the advent of the white colonist, was cleared of millions of its native population by the massacres set on foot by Chaka, the South African Napoleon. The carnage which was initiated by this supreme military genius of the Kaffir race has seldom been equalled in the history of recent wars. Theal, the historian of the Cape, estimates that the number of natives slain as the direct and indirect result of the system of conquest inaugurated by Chaka cannot have been less than two millions. So tremendous was the clearance of the blacks before room was made for the whites, that it would almost appear as if this man-

destroying machine had been invented by the ruthless Destinies in order to afford space for the planting of the seed of the chosen race in a land where the original human overgrowth had been swept off as by fire, and the soil drenched in showers of blood.

RE-PEOPLING THE VOID.

Into the void thus created by the stabbing assagai of the great Kaffir conqueror came Dutchmen, Frenchmen and Britons. With them came Malays from the Dutch settlements in the Eastern Archipelago, and negroes from the British slave settlements on the West Coast. From the north came the remnants of native tribes which had escaped extermination at the hands of Chaka and his imitators, and so gradually the massacre-emptied land began to be refilled. In the course of the last hundred years various streams of immigration from many lands continued to filter various débris of other races into the country. It was not, however, till comparatively recent times that these exiguous runlets of colonisation received a vast stimulus from two sources. One was the development of the sugar and fruit industry in Natal, which has led to the importation of 60,000 or 70,000 coolies from India into the garden colony of South Africa. The other was the discovery of the goldfields of the Rand, which attracted to Johannesburg the miscellaneous overflow of the adventurers of all the world. Of these the most conspicuous were the Jews, chiefly of German or Polish origin, who flocked to the Rand in such numbers that Johannesburg became known as Jewburg, or as the new Jerusalem. To these polyglot and cosmopolitan elements it is now proposed to add a brand-new ingredient in the shape of what is practically a State-organised immigration of male Chinese adults.

A MOTLEY, PARTI-COLOURED POPULATION.

The races of varied European, African and Asiatic stock have met, and mingled, and interbred in South Africa until we have between the Zambesi and Cape Town a motley parti-coloured population of various origin, which is, however, roughly divided into three great classes—Boers, Britons, and

*This article was written before the actual importation of the Chinese had begun.

coloured people. The nondescript crowd at Johannesburg is like shifting sand. British to-day, it may be Boer to-morrow. Its only allegiance is financial, not national. It will lean first to one side then to the other, as the state of the market and the prospect of a boom may seem to counsel. It is an element of disturbance. It is not a centre of national organisation. But its existence accentuates the difficulty of the permanent problems of South Africa, of which the solution of the native question is by no means the least.

THE WHITE ARISTOCRACY.

The lofty plateau of South Africa—Johannesburg is 6000 feet above the sea level, or more than twice the height of the highest peak of Table Mountain—renders it possible for white men to live, and breed, and rear a healthy offspring in what would otherwise be a black man's country. But although white men settle and propagate their kind under the South African sun, the burden of manual labour falls upon the coloured man. The white man is the director of black labour. He organises it, pays it, and profits by it. But the result is that physical and manual toil has come to be regarded as a thing unworthy the dominant race. Labour being confined to coloured people, seems to carry with it a taint of the tar brush. The white aristocrat—and even a beggar, if he has a white skin—belongs to the noblesse and regards all manual labour as essentially servile, and therefore degrading. Newspapers written by white men for white men express their sense of humiliation at seeing in the streets of some South African towns white men reduced to the "degradation of doing Hottentot's work"—which, being interpreted, means that some white men have taken to earn an honest living as cab-drivers and teamsters. St. Francis, with his "Blessed be drudgery," is much needed in South Africa now. For the doctrine of the white aristocrat is here and elsewhere the same. "The masses ought to labour, and we lie on sofas."

"DISGRACEFUL LAZINESS."

It would be a mistake, however, to conclude from this that no white man works in South Africa. On the contrary, on the Boer farms the Boer and his sons work hard and long. In the mines of the Rand the white aristocrat bosses the plebeian blacks who work at his side, as submissive as the machine drill driven by compressed air which is the sceptre of his power. But there is a broad distinction between white man's work and black man's work. It differs in different parts of the country. But, as a broad

general principle, the white man will do no work which he can get a black, or brown, or yellow man to do for him. And as just now the black, brown and yellow men are not to be had except on their own terms, the white man is in a very disgruntled state of mind, and apt to blaspheme at slight provocation concerning the "disgraceful laziness" of the black brother.

THE NATIVE IN UTOPIA.

Meanwhile the black brother aforesaid lives and thrives, and has a good time. He alone of any workman whom I have met in the course of my travels appears to have attained the millennium of the European proletariat. He has entered into Utopia and enjoys it exceedingly. He is his own master. His wants are few. He can always command employment at wages which enable him to enjoy existence. He need not work more than three days a week. His wages, varying from half-a-dollar to seventy-five cents a day, provide for all his needs. He is not haunted by any craving to accumulate a fortune. He has a hut, which, although often fearfully and wonderfully made out of old tin cans and biscuit boxes, gives him all the shelter he needs in a climate where he can spend most of the day with enjoyment in the open air. Outside the large towns he has usually a plot of ground of his own on which he can pasture his cow or his horse. On native locations, where there is a wide area of commonage, he lives with his fellows in a kind of semi-socialistic paradise. His requirements in the way of clothing are few. His wives help to till the land and contribute to his rude comfort. If he wants more wives or more cows, or any other South African luxuries, he has only to tramp off to Johannesburg, where in six months he can accumulate the hundred dollars capital that he needs. His ideal of existence may not be a very high one. His standard of comfort may be low, but it suffices him. He is, in his small way, a landed proprietor or country gentleman. He is a man of leisure. He does not need to work more than he chooses to. His services are constantly in request, and if he cannot command his own terms he can stay at home and weed his own mealie patch. Under these circumstances the "laziness" of the black brother is not much to be wondered at.

THE MODERN ABIGAIL.

It is, however, inconvenient to the white director of labour to have to do with so independent a gentleman, who usually wants to attend to his own pressing domestic affairs or his own mealie patch

just at those seasons of the year when his services are most wanted in the vineyard or on the farm. As for the womenfolk who have to depend upon coloured labour for household service, they are at their wits' end. The hired help usually sleeps out. She arrives at an uncertain hour in the morning, occasionally too late to light the fire for breakfast. She stays until after luncheon. About three o'clock she takes herself off, and the mistress sees her no more. Abigail usually has an establishment of her own, where she is her own mistress. Domestic service is not popular with white women. The habit of employing Kaffir men as house servants is at present confined to the Natal side of Africa, and is accompanied with serious drawbacks. Hence, though the black population is very comfortable in the possession of the realised ideals of the European proletariat—as much work as it wants, but no obligation to work more than it wants, ample leisure in which to live its own life, and wealth enough to satisfy all its needs—the white population is for ever wondering in what way it can induce its coloured brethren to take life more seriously, to develop new wants, and so be driven to do more work.

THE COOLIES IN NATAL.

In Natal, the subtropical garden colony, in which there are hundreds and thousands of Kaffirs, the 70,000 white settlers have found it absolutely necessary to import from India some 70,000 coolies to do the work which the African native refuses to do. The Indian coolie is recruited under Government supervision. He is cheap. His wage for the first year is not more than ten shillings the month, he is engaged for a term of five years, with option of release at the end of three. He is brought to Natal and carried back to India free of charge. If he chooses to remain in the country at the end of his engagement he is free to do so. He can acquire land, enter into trade, and make the best of himself. He is a British subject to start with. He has the privileges of a British subject—barring the vote. The laws protecting him against ill-usage are severe and rigorously enforced. There is a good deal of grumbling among some of the white men that the colony is eaten up by coolies and that it is no place in which a white man can make a living. But when white men are imported they usually discover that it is easier and cheaper to have a coolie to work for them than to do the work themselves; and nearly everyone agrees that to take the coolies away would reduce Natal into a wilder-

ness. The coolie in Natal is a necessity. The colony imports about 15,000 coolies every year to make up the loss from mortality—which is not excessive—and to fill up the vacancies occasioned by the return of coolies to their own country.

The success with which coolies have been imported into Natal naturally set the other colonists a-thinking whether they could not tap the same inexhaustible reservoir of Asiatic labour. The net result of the meditation is to be seen in the demand for the introduction of Chinese coolies into the gold mines of the Rand.

THE GREATEST GOLD FIELD IN THE WORLD.

The Witwatersrand gold reef, of which Johannesburg is the centre, is one of the most recently developed gold fields in the world. The rock from which the gold is extracted is a blue-grey stone, in which no trace of gold is visible to the naked eye. If there is anything that glitters it is safe to assume that it is iron pyrites rather than the precious metal. The auriferous ore is a thin seam of pebbly stone, which is patiently followed up and down its devious way across the Rand. Its yield is very uniform, and it pays to extract it as long as it yields nine penny-weights to the ton of ore. As the gold-bearing seam descends to a great depth a great capital expenditure is required before the ore can be brought to the surface. It is then sorted, pulverised, treated with quicksilver and then, by the cyanide process, all the gold but 8 or 9 per cent. is extracted. This irreducible minimum of waste gold remains in the tailings, the vast white hills of which are the most conspicuous feature of the landscape as it has been "improved" by civilisation. After some years it is expected that the influence of the atmosphere will render it possible to extract this last remnant of gold, but at present it has to be left where it is.

THE TREASURE OF THE NIBELUNGENLIED.

There are no nuggets. There are patches richer than others. But the glory of the reef is its uniformity. The yield can be calculated to a nicety. Below Johannesburg and the hills which stretch east and west there are stored, according to the calculations of mining experts, between one thousand and two thousand millions of pounds' worth of gold. It is at present being extracted at the rate of £15,000,000 per annum. If this rate is doubled the last ton of payable ore will be lifted in 1954. Of course, new reefs may be discovered. This calculation is based upon the reef now in sight, the area of which has been measured and its productivity

accurately gauged. It is the treasure of the Nibelungenlied, come to light in the end of the nineteenth century.

The knowledge of the existence of one or two thousand millions of pounds' worth of gold is not equivalent to its possession. There is more gold in dilution in the salt sea than in all the mines of Johannesburg. There is said to be gold in the paving stones of London. There is certainly gold in the Welsh hills. But the value of auriferous ore depends entirely upon the cost of its extraction. The Rand would not have been worth working if side by side with the gold there had not been found vast deposits of coal, which can be delivered at the furnace at about 8s. a ton. But even cheap coal would not have sufficed to make the Rand a success if the mine owners could not have had at their command a supply of cheap labour. In Australia, where gold mining is a white man's industry, ore that does not yield an ounce to the ton is hardly worth mining. In the Rand, with cheap coal and cheap labour, they can work ore at a profit when it yields only nine pennyweights to the ton.

THE COST OF LABOUR.

White labour on the Rand is very dear. The white men employed in the mines receive from £20 to £30 a month. The Kaffirs are paid from £2 10s. to £3 10s. a month. As the white man turns out only 20 per cent. more ore a day than the Kaffir, the proposal that finds favour in England to substitute white men for coloured does not exactly commend itself as a business proposition to the mine owners. The white man is not employed in hewing ore. He drives the machinery that drills the rock and superintends the coloured men who work to his hand. From the first opening of the mines the securing of an adequate supply of native labour was one of the great preoccupations of the mine owners, and the desire to cheapen the price of that labour has been his constant dream.

A COLOSSAL BLUNDER.

One of the reasons that led the financial magnates of the Rand to advocate the war was their fixed belief that as the result of the British victory they would be able to cut down the wages offered to the Kaffirs as an inducement to go underground. It was a stupendous blunder. The war which had impoverished the Boers had enriched the Kaffirs. Never before in the memory of man had coloured

men in South Africa reaped so rich a harvest as did the natives who acted as drivers for the British army. The native who had earned his 4s. a day as teamster was not to be tempted into the mines by a beggarly pittance of 1s. 3d. Nor was that the only reason for the scarcity of labour. The Government, as soon as peace was declared, had to spend millions in repairing the havoc wrought by the army. It also undertook the construction of railways and other public works. Hence there sprang up a great demand for labour, and the Government competed necessarily with the mines in bidding for natives. The inevitable result followed. The mine owners could not get their complement of "boys." A great wail went up from the Rand. They were forced to re-establish the old rate of wages. But the native had been scared off. He never hankers after underground work. He is naturally a child of the sun. He seldom worked, even when the mines were busiest, more than six months in the year—sometimes not more than six months in three years.

CHINESE IMPORTATION.

The mines at present are employing 70,000 natives, of whom 55,000 come from Portuguese East Africa. The natives of British South Africa for the most part fight shy of the mines. The mortality is heavy. The treatment of the natives is not altogether the best. An effort was made to recruit in Central Africa. But the natives of the tropics do not take kindly to the cold and rarified air of the Rand. Johannesburg lies 6000 feet above sea level. In Europe the highest inhabited village is only 5000 feet above the sea level. A proposal was made to recruit in the West Indies. But the Jamaican coloured man is not so tractable as the Kaffir. His head is full of American notions, and the suggestion of drawing upon the Western Hemisphere was scouted. Then it was that the proposal was made to bring in the Chinese. When it was first mooted a great groan went up. The prejudice against Chinese cheap labour is as great in British Columbia as it is in California, and the Exclusion Act of the United States is not more stringent than the law by which the Chinese are excluded from Australia and New Zealand. More than twenty years ago the dearth of labour in the Cape Colony led to an outcry in favour of importing coolies. But Sir John Molteno, the then Prime Minister, vetoed the proposal on the ground that there were already sufficient native difficulties in South Africa,

and that it was not true statesmanship to add to their number the yellow man. The workingmen at Johannesburg were the first to give voice to the general alarm, but after a time the mine owners succeeded in cajoling or in bullying them into acquiescence, more or less sullen, to what was represented as a melancholy necessity.

After a prolonged controversy, in which Lord Milner lost his temper and declared that he did not care twopence for the criticism of ill-informed persons, 6000 miles away, the convention with the Chinese Government was finally signed and the ordinance was ratified by the King.

WILL THE COOLIE SYSTEM PAY?

It is estimated that there are from 50,000 to 70,000 coolies who will sign the contract which binds them for three years. The mine owners will then carry them by steamer from China to South Africa at a cost of £5 a head, and, after three years, carry what is left of them back to China at a similar expenditure. Passage money and recruiting expenses will probably cost £15 a head. The food of the coolie will cost, it is estimated, 20s. a month. Rumour has it that the Chinese are being engaged at 20s. a month. This is denied by the mining magnates, who assert that they intend, by putting the Chinese on piecework, to pay them even higher wages than the Kaffir now earns. Their profit will be made out of the superior regularity of Chinese labour. Supposing that the average rate paid to the Chinese is only half what is paid to the Kaffir, which may be averaged at £3, the net result on a shipment of 50,000 coolies will work out as follows:—

Wages of 50,000 coolies for three years at 30s. a month	£2,700,000
Food and lodging coolies for three years at 20s. a month	1,800,000
Freight and recruiting charges to and from China at £15 a head	750,000
	<hr/>
	£5,250,000

If the same number of Kaffirs were employed at the present wages the cost, plus food, would be £7,250,000. At this rate the Chinese would save their employers £2,000,000 in wages in three years.

But this is not all. If the Chinese can be bound over to work at 20s. a month—and that

certainly was more than the sum first talked of—their presence in the mine will be a potent argument in favour of reducing the Kaffir wages to the same figure. In that case the mine owners would save in wages paid to 70,000 Kaffirs now working at £3 a month no less than £5,000,000 in three years if their wages were reduced to the Chinese standard. On the other hand, there is at least a chance that the Chinese, finding the Kaffir received £3 a month, may—contract notwithstanding—insist upon their wages being levelled up to the Kaffir standard. In that case the mine owners would lose the cost of freight and recruiting in China—£750,000. They stand to win seven millions if all goes well, to lose less than one if the chances turn against them. Is it any wonder that they are keen to secure the importation of the Chinese?

AN AWFUL MORTALITY PROBABLE.

There is, however, one contingency which the mine owners have overlooked. The air of the Rand is keen and biting in the three months of winter. The Rand, lying 6000 feet above the sea level, is not exactly a health resort for Chinese coolies from the tropics. A great railway contractor, who has frequently seen his Kaffir labourers frozen to death at night when railways were being constructed on the Rand, told me that he did not think more than 40 per cent. of the coolies imported from the south of China would survive their first winter in Johannesburg. A mortality of 60 per cent. per annum would put a speedy stop to any recruiting for the Rand in China. The mortality of Kaffirs in winter-time in the mines raises their annual death rate to nearly 8 per cent. But they are in their own country, whereas the Chinese, who will come from the treaty ports, will be recruited from a sweltering tropical region where frost is unknown.

ONLY A TEMPORARY MEASURE.

In any case their employment is demanded solely as a temporary measure. Even as a temporary measure it should not have been sanctioned until, whether by a plebiscite or by the establishment of responsible government, the people of the South African colonies had an opportunity of expressing their opinion on the subject. The Boers, as a whole, vehemently object to the advent of the Mongolian. Outside the district of which Johannesburg is the centre, it is probable that the immense majority of the inhabitants would vote against the coming of the Chinese. But the magnates were impatient. Lord Milner would brook no delay, and the great experiment is now being tried.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE THEATRE.—II.

BY WILLIAM T. STEAD.

I.—MY FIRST PLAY: "THE TEMPEST," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

To my readers' question—

"Well, what do you think of it? Just one word before you begin."

I reply—

"I find the Play a very Challenging Thing."

With which remark I dismiss my inquisitive questioners and proceed to set forth as plainly and exactly as I can the impressions made upon me when, at the age of fifty-five, I went to see my first play, "The Tempest," performed by Mr. Tree's company at His Majesty's Theatre.

PROLOGUE.

It was a misty night of mid-autumn. The long spell of summer weather had broken. There was a nipping chill in the air, a slight mist hung over the streets, and it rained a little. As I drove across the town I surrendered myself to a delicious reverie on the marvel and the mystery of it all.

Forty years had passed since first Prospero and his magic isle came into my life, bringing with them the delicate Ariel, the monster Caliban, and the lovers Ferdinand and Miranda. For forty years they had peopled the chambers of my imagination, invisible as Ariel, but far more real to me and contributory to my soul's life than all but some half-dozen of the princes and politicians, merchants and citizens, who for nearly three hundred years have seen "The Tempest." I had never seen it save in my mind's eye, and to-night for the first time these airy, unsubstantial companions of my pilgrimage were to take bodily shape and tangible substance before my eyes. It was as if, having for a lifetime corresponded with a friend in another continent, he were one day to cross the bitter salt estranging sea, and meet you face to face. And yet somehow I found myself thinking more of the long ago when the London through whose misty streets my hansom was hurrying was all green fields or stubble land, when Tyburn without the walls was a place remote enough to be fit site for the gallows tree, and three-fourths of Greater London lay as yet unconceived in the womb of time. The play itself seemed to be enhaled by the souls of the myriads of those who for ten generations, here and beyond the seas, have been stirred to a common sympathy or roused with a common wonder by the doings and the sayings of the characters in "The Tempest." These dim multitudes, once as real and solid as paunch and doublet and shoe-leather could

attest, have all vanished into the abyss while this "unsubstantial pageant," peopled by the creatures of a poet's fantasy, survives with a vitality and power unimpaired by the lapse of centuries. The potentates and peers, the plutocrats and politicians who fancied themselves no small personages in the days when they filled the boxes and stalls to see the play, are now less than nothing and vanity, their ambitions forgotten, with all their foolish passions of pride and jealousy; but the play survives.

Out of the darkness of the bygone time three figures still stand visible among the millions who, since "The Tempest" first was written, have seen the play—figures princely and tragic, whose fortunes were in some imperfect fashion foreshadowed by this drama of the vicissitudes of rulers. Among the first to witness "The Tempest" in Shakespeare's time, when it was performed at the Court at Whitehall in 1613, were Prince Charles, then a sickly boy of thirteen, who had but for twelve months been heir-apparent, and Elizabeth, his elder sister, a radiant beauty with a lion heart, who followed the idyll of Miranda's love, sitting hand-in-hand with her own Ferdinand, the Elector Palatine Frederic V., who was to marry her before the year was out. Little they dreamed, as they admired the latest product of Master Shakespeare's genius, or laughed at his quaint conceits, that all three would share the misfortunes of the Duke of Milan, and that one of them, within gunshot of the place where they were then sitting, would, as the central actor in a far grimmer drama, have his head shorn off his shoulders by the headsman's axe. His sister Elizabeth, six years later, was to be Queen of Bohemia for one brief twelvemonth, and then for the rest of her life a fugitive and an exile, deprived of her throne and dominion, but ever, as the Queen of Hearts, the rallying point of Protestant chivalry in Northern Europe. Mother she was to be, in time to come, of Prince Rupert—Prince Rupert of the Rhine, who was destined to shatter himself to ruin at Naseby against the Ironsides of a man who did not believe in stage plays, but who, nevertheless, played no inconsiderable part on the stage of history.

These royalties were real enough to me, as real almost as the personages of the play they saw at Whitehall, and which I was to see that night; but to those who would see the play along with me, how many, I wondered, would even so much as

know the name of the princely lovers who first saw in the love of Miranda and Ferdinand the representation of their own experience? For them the characters in the play alone survive, and even for me, that I should be thinking of the Princess Elizabeth and her betrothed is due to the play which they saw in 1612, and which now in 1904 I was to see for the first time.

* * *

Thinking these things and meditating much on the character of Caliban, with whom I have always felt a deep sympathy, I found myself at the pit entrance of His Majesty's Theatre in Charles-street. Time being a somewhat scarce commodity, I had taken the precaution to commission the Messenger Brigade to send one of their boys to take and hold my place until I should arrive. Why seats cannot be booked for pit and gallery—I do not say in advance, in the same way as for other parts of the house, but at any hour during the day of the performance—I fail to understand.

At His Majesty's the curtain rises at twenty minutes past eight. The pit door opens at ten minutes to eight. At five minutes to eight I found myself seated in the centre of the front row of the pit, with a wide expanse of empty stalls stretching between me and the palm-covered hollow in which, immediately below and in front of the stage, sat the orchestra, whose music is supposed to gain in charm when the performers are concealed from sight.

The audience, so far as I could see it, was exactly like that at an ordinary concert or popular lecture. Perhaps more were in evening dress, but there was no conspicuous display of costume. There was no great display of enthusiasm, none of emotion, and absolutely no manifestation of disapproval. Anything more unlike the old pit of which I used to read in the days of Shakespeare, of Garrick, or even of Kean, it would be difficult to imagine. Row after row of smooth, decorous, reserved, well-dressed, conventional creatures, in conventional dress, doing the conventional thing in the conventional way—that was the audience that I saw at His Majesty's.

THE PLAY.

Of the opening scene—the shipwreck—I hardly need to speak. It is, in truth, a scene, and nothing more. A ship, with two light towers, built on lines even more antiquated than those of the vessels on which Columbus crossed the Atlantic, fac-similes of which I saw floating on Lake Michigan at the Chicago World's Fair, is discovered in distress, lying beam on to the audience. Dark waves heave and fall between the drifting hulk and the shore, but the ear misses the splash and roaring gurgle of the sea.

THE SHIPWRECK.

Behind the ship the black sky is riven with livid lightning of the zig-zag sort, while the rolling thunder

reduces the scene to dumb show. On deck, three or four persons, in brilliantly-coloured costumes, are seen clinging to ropes as boys hang on to a giant stride, or as washerwomen clutch their clothes-line on a windy day. It is no wonder the ship was wrecked with such a pranked-up land-lubber crew. My companion suggests that the gay dresses imply that the royal and aristocratic passengers are lending a hand with the ropes. But it was not so, for the costumes which the passengers wore were afterwards discovered to be different, and besides, if the King and the Duke were hauling at the ropes, where were the crew? We heard a confused shouting above the roar of the thunder, and once the shrill whistle of the boatswain, before the topmast crashed down. But that is all. Who the vessel carries, or whether indeed there be any passengers on board, or any living soul save the three or four mariners in silk and velvet, no one can say. More thunder, more lightning, more waves, and now and then a splashing jet of water springing skyward as the waves strike the ship. One of the light towers is carried away. The sailors are either swept over, or go below, for the deck is clear, and then, with more uproar, the curtain falls, amid a round of applause, and the first scene is over.

STAGE REALISM.

It was good Imre Kiralfi,* and reminded me of Earl's Court. It was very clever, but it has the defect of not leaving enough room for the imagination without being absolutely realistic. If anyone has seen a real wreck, such as those which used to strew the mouth of the Tyne with dead every winter in the old days before the piers were built, he will not take much stock in this. The cruel choking sense of agony that makes the throat lump and the tears come, as you see the final tragedy of the ship and the storm—that is absent. It is a rare show, a marvellous box of tricks. But it is mechanic work. It is not Shakespeare. And I doubt whether we do not lose more in the loss of the splendid phrase of the Boatswain, when, standing between the King of Naples and the surging billows, he asks in scorn, "What care these roarers for the name of King?" than we gain by all this ingenuity of carpentry and scene-shifting. This, however, but preliminary and prefatory to the play itself, which at His Majesty's begins with the second scene.

MIRANDA.

And now with eager expectation I wait for the first sight of Prospero and Miranda. In my mind's eye I have seen them a thousand times since first as a boy I devoured the printed play. The curtain rises. The background is beautifully painted—but I did not come to the theatre to see pictures. The

* Imre Kiralfi has made himself famous as the organiser of the most brilliant spectacular displays of recent years.

limelight plays upon the central figures—I hate the limelight. It is unnatural and distracting, throwing up the characters in false perspective and excessive relief. And, at last, after all these years, behold the magician and his daughter.

Miranda—yes, she was Miranda to look at, beautiful exceedingly, tender, innocent, and graceful, a very maid who, save her father, ne'er had seen a man. I was satisfied, and recognised her with a sense of realised ideal. But alas! when she began to speak, I could hardly distinguish what she said. A low voice, we know on high authority, is an excellent thing in woman; but in a large theatre its excellence is insufficient to cover its lack of audibility. If in the front of the pit I missed three words out of ten, what percentage of vocables would be inarticulate to those on the back benches? Whether my ear became more accustomed to her voice, or whether her voice attained more volume, I do not know; but later on I heard her better. Miranda was fair to see but hard to hear.

PROSPERO.

With Prospero it was the very reverse. He had a splendid voice; every word, with every syllable clearly articulated, was distinctly heard, but—he was not Prospero. He may have been the Duke of Milan. But Prospero, the Lord of Borderland, the master of the magic lore which enabled him to unlock the latent powers of the occult world, at the outside bars of which our scientists with their electrons and radiums are now blindly groping—never! Prospero was, according to tradition, the myriad-minded Shakespeare. Prospero was all that is mystic and marvellous—a magician and a philosopher, both mage and sage. But this man—I did not recognise him. There was nothing psychic about him. He would probably feel no compunction in sitting as a police magistrate in Blackpool or London, in order to send to the Sessions some unfortunate who was able to see fitfully in the crystal the mystic world in which Prospero spent his life. The way he pranced about the stage like a stalking ostrich reminded me of one of the prosecuting scribes in the Passion Play at Oberammergau. In feature he resembled that hardy Scottish M.P., Mr. Weir, and if he had begun to say:—

“My name is Norval, on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flock”

—there would have been no sense of incongruity. But this man—materialistic to his finger-tips, with not a glint of the occult world discernible by the psychic sense visible in his eye or accent—this man to be Prospero, whom I had pictured as a combination of Roger Bacon, Faust and Shakespeare, it was a shock from which I did not recover for some time.

THE ACTING.

Things did not get better as the scene progressed. During the first part of it, when the exiled Duke—I cannot bring myself to call him Prospero—was communicating to Miranda the secret of her birth, he behaved, it may be, in accordance with the conventional traditions of the stage, but certainly in a fashion which no mortal man would behave who had to communicate so long-cherished and so momentous a secret to his only child. He walked—stalked, rather—with pompous stride about his daughter, brandishing his magic wand, and haranguing her, as Queen Victoria used to say of Mr. Gladstone, as if she had been a public meeting. Then, after having, during the first part of this confidence, performed this peripatetic ambit about the stage, he and his daughter, suddenly recoiling to the other extreme, sit down together, and almost rub noses in the closeness of their converse. The whole scene seemed unnatural. Nor did Miranda, however well she looked the part, seem to live it. When her father, after long years of reserve, broke to her astonished ears the fact that she was the daughter of the Duke of Milan, she received the news with the most imperturbable composure. She was posing statuesquely with her face to the audience, and she betrayed as little emotion on receiving this momentous intelligence as if the servant had announced that tea was ready. The actress no doubt had heard it many times before in rehearsal, but in the scene Miranda hears it for the first time, and it is a pity that the actress's familiarity with the fact ate out the surprise which Miranda must have experienced. The scenery was pretty and stagey, but not convincing.

ARIEL.

The next scene I awaited with even more interest than the first. For four years as editor of *Borderland* I had spent much of my time in the mystic world in which, as his last word to mankind, Shakespeare laid the scene of “The Tempest,” and to me Ariel is no mere creature of a disordered imagination. The air is full of Ariels. Those who are so dungeoned-up in the grosser forms of matter as to ignore the existence of all the myriad intelligences which surround us, may treat “The Tempest” as a mere fantasy. Shakespeare thought otherwise. Ariel, one of the most delicate and *spirituelle* of all Shakespeare's creations, a creature of melody and of might, appeared. Her apparition at least settled one question about which I have often held dispute.

HE, SHE, OR IT?

To which sex did this tricky spirit belong? Some say that Ariel is sexless as the viewless air. In the play, however, Ariel is twice referred to as male. The truth probably is that, like angels, such beings can assume either sex at will. For my part, it has always seemed a species of *l'èse majesté*

against womanhood to assert that so refined and beautiful a creature, so delicate and so charming, could be other than a girl. Hence it was with a sense of gratification and relief I saw Ariel enter. She is woman every inch of her; the fairy-like grace of her movements, the very folds of her garments, the sweetness of her beautiful features, and the cadence of her voice all proclaimed her unmistakable woman. She was fair to look upon, pleasant to hear, and if she was perhaps a trifle tall for the part, there was the compensation that in her there was more of the woman and less of the child, and, therefore, more of the subtle fascination of her sex.

THOSE WINGS!

But, I confess, the wings—the conventional wings of fairyland—jarred upon me. In the first case, in reality, Ariel and the myriad creatures who are normally invisible to the average man, but who are occasionally seen by the psychic eye, do not wear wings; they do not need them. They transport themselves with the speed of thought. Wings, therefore, are an anachronism. But if wings there must be, surely they ought to bear some kind of proportion to the dimensions of the body which they are supposed to transport. Ariel's wings were grotesque absurdities.

If she had been a small sprite, no bigger than a crane, her wings might have been of some use. But for this "lang leggit lassie" they were as preposterous as the fin-like pinions of the penguin. In one of the scenes one wing came off, and she bravely went through the part with only one wing flapping on her shoulder. I wish the other one had followed suit. She would have danced and sung not less gracefully, and we should have been spared the absurdity of seeing her fitted for flight with an apparatus about as capable for the task as a boy's toy engine is for driving an Atlantic liner.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE PLAY.

I said at the beginning of this article that the Play is a very Challenging Thing. And here I will explain what I meant. When you read a play you imagine more or less vividly how things happened, what the personages looked like, and how they comport themselves. But it is not until you see other people's conceptions of the same things actually visible before you that you feel challenged to maintain the accuracy of your own understanding of the play. And this is true not only of the players' representation of the part, it extends to the conception of Shakespeare himself. Things that you gloss over in reading hit you full in the eye when you see them interpreted under the limelight. Take, as an instance of this, the extent to which my estimate of Prospero has been changed by seeing the play. Prospero on the stage—for in this respect the actor

was only too true to his text—impressed me much more disagreeably than when I read the play. No doubt I was in fault. I had allowed my sympathy with the misfortunes of the fallen Duke, and my veneration for the skill of the magician to gloss over what, when acted, came into bold relief. I confess it jarred upon me much to hear the way in which Prospero addressed first Ariel and afterwards Caliban. I may no doubt be bringing a twentieth century standard to judge a sixteenth century man, but the fact remains.

THE CHARACTER OF PROSPERO.

Ariel's plea for the fulfilment of her master's promise to set her at liberty affords ethically no justification for Prospero's outburst of anger at so very reasonable and so very modest a request. The old gentleman lets himself go in a way utterly contrary to what might have been expected. He certainly does not treat Ariel as a fellow-creature, much less as a lady. When she, with the utmost civility, answers his questions quite truthfully, he savagely gives her the lie in a fashion which is quite unpardonable. "Thou liest, malignant spirit!" is not a retort which ought to be made by any civilised human to an answer the accuracy of which could only be known to the speaker. It may be argued that on the astral plane or in the sphere of four dimensions it may be necessary to use greater violence of language, and to menace tortures in a way that would be intolerable on the physical or ordinary mundane plane. To which it is sufficient to reply that justice is not affected by difference of planes, and Prospero's threat to punish any repetition of a respectful reminder of his promise with twelve years' torture in the knotty entrails of an oak is monstrously excessive on any plane, and must be so condemned. It may be Elizabethan. It certainly revolts the milder sentiment of the present day.

THE PUNISHMENT OF CALIBAN.

The same violent spirit of uncontrollable passion, finding satisfaction in the infliction or the threat to inflict atrocious torture far in excess of the magnitude of the offence, is even more manifest in his treatment of Caliban. So far as we are informed, Caliban's sole offence was his attempt upon the honour of Miranda. I am certainly the last person in the world to minimise such an outrage. But considering the operation of the laws of heredity and environment, the ferocity of Prospero's vengeance somehow offends the moral sense. Miranda was the only woman in the island. Caliban was a child of Nature, whose elemental passions were much more liable to get out of control than Ferdinand's. Yet Prospero, in his caution to the newly-betrothed pair—omitted on the stage—warns Ferdinand against repeating Caliban's offence, telling him "the strongest oaths are straw to the fire if

the blood." He might, therefore, reasonably have been less merciless to Caliban, who with untutored senses was, by no fault of his own, thrown into the way of overmastering temptation. To punish such a crime by deliberately brutalising the creature, whose tortured existence you prolong in order that he may be a useful slave, seems hardly to accord with the ideas of justice that prevailed even in the sixteenth century.

CALIBAN.

But this is anticipating the entry of Caliban, the most appalling, and the most pathetic creature in the whole range of Shakespeare's plays. Caliban at His Majesty's Theatre is a powerful creation. But, in some important respects, it was not my Caliban. To begin with, he was not "a freckled whelp, hag-born, not honoured with a human shape." Caliban had about the best human shape on the stage. He stooped to disguise it. But no stoop could conceal the fact that he was a very proper man. Again, there is no warrant for assuming that Caliban, who had received sufficient education to use the language put into his mouth by Shakespeare, and who had for a season inhabited the same cell with Miranda and her father, could have degenerated, even under the merciless tortures of Prospero, into the hairy hybrid between the gorilla and chimpanzee who answered snarling to his master's summons. Such a creature could not talk blank verse. His speech would be inarticulate growls, punctuated possibly by oaths. As a matter of fact, his language is as elevated as his master's, and when it comes to a slanging match between them it is difficult to say which is the worse bargee of the two.

HOW HE AFFECTED ME.

Nevertheless Caliban, despite his human stature and gorilla skin, is a very vivid and realistic embodiment of the poet's conception. Nowhere is the challenging nature of the play more strongly displayed. And at the risk of exposing myself to the charge of egotism—a charge which is absurd when the whole value, great or small, of the dissertation depends solely upon that very quality of frank confession of the actual impression produced upon the mind of the writer—I venture to set forth some of the challenging thoughts which Caliban produced. The first, I confess, was a sense of irritation at Prospero. Here, I thought, is your handiwork, this brutalised creature, degraded by your tortures and your slavery out of the semblance of humanity. And then, however absurd it may seem to those who have not had the remorseful faculty of self-application cultivated from childhood, there came to me the challenge, Thou art the man! The severity of the implacable moralist works out—so! And I felt strange searchings of heart for two things.

WHO CALIBANISED THE THEATRE?

The first was about the Theatre itself. We complain of its shortcomings, of its evil influence, of its corruption; but how much of all these things is but the direct result of our own stern unrelenting severity, maintained as ruthlessly as Prospero kept up the punishment of Caliban, without mercy and without ruth? Puritan sentiment having caught the theatre in the Restoration times, attempting with obscene violence to outrage the purity of the English home, has subjected it ever since to pains and penalties which were equivalent to a sentence of major excommunication by the Puritans and their descendants down even to the present day. Is not the fact that I, this night, am witnessing my first play, in itself sufficient witness to the severity of the interdict? And if the theatre is Calibanised so far as being shut out from the encouragement, patronage and support of the more serious portion of the nation, who is to blame for the result?

WHO RAISED THE AGE OF CONSENT.

But this was not the only challenging question which Caliban pressed home. At this present moment, when I sit watching the result of the merciless enslavement inflicted upon Caliban for attempting the virtue of a maid, and condemning Prospero in my heart, there are sitting doleful in felons' cells all over the land, and not this land only, but throughout the English-speaking world, men serving out sentences of imprisonment with hard labour for offences against the virtue of maids, who but for my action nineteen years ago would have been free from prison bars. The Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1885, which begot many similar measures in the Colonies and in the United States, made it an offence punishable with two years' hard labour to commit or attempt to commit the offence of which Caliban was guilty, under the plea of the consent of the victim, so long as she had not attained the age of sixteen. In these last nineteen years, thousands of years of imprisonment, in the aggregate, have been inflicted upon such offenders. I think the change in the law was justified. The punishment was certainly not excessive. But this spectacle of Caliban, brutalised by punishment, is, I confess, a disagreeable reminder of the other side of the question. Who can say how many of those men convicted under my Act have sunk into the hopeless criminal class, from which they may have found it as vain to escape as Caliban from the spells of Prospero?

WHAT ABOUT RHODESIA?

The play proceeds, and hardly has Caliban begun to speak when another challenging question leaps out. When the man-monster, brutalised by long-continued torture, begins, "This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother, which thou takest from me,"

we have the whole case of the aboriginal against aggressive civilisation dramatised before us. I confess I felt a sting of conscience—vicariously suffered for my Rhodesian friends, notably Dr. Jameson—when Caliban proceeded to unfold a similar case to that of the Matabele. It might have been the double of old King Lobengula rehearsing the blandishments which led to his doom:—

“When thou camest first
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; would'st
give me—

all that was promised by the Chartered Company to secure the charter. Who could help sympathising with his outburst after recollecting how he had helped the newcomer?—

“Cursed me I that did so!”

The spectacle of Caliban as he crawled crouching on all fours, ravenously eating a fish, brought back reminiscences of mealtime in a Johannesburg compound:—

“Here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' th' island.”

THE INSTINCT OF PATERNITY.

So it goes on, every sentence challenging reply, and suggesting reflection upon the topics of the day. When Prospero reminds Caliban of his attack upon Miranda's honour, the grisly, hairy brute replies, not with savage hate or lustful words, but with an exclamation which implies more of a craving for paternity than the satisfaction of a brute instinct:—

“O ho, O ho! would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.”

Poor Caliban! Ferdinand and Miranda nowadays would have one child, or perhaps two, leaving the task of perpetuating the race almost entirely to Caliban. It is he who fills the isle with progeny. The cultured, the wealthy and refined shrink from the duty of replenishing the earth.

Again, how terribly ring the fateful words:—

“You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse.”

A result that not unseldom follows our educating of the common people even in the twentieth century.

FERDINAND AND OTHERS.

In the following scene Ferdinand appears, a fine figure of a man properly habited, who does his part with dignity and decorum. Of the love idyll between him and Miranda there is not much to say.

It is conventional, somewhat statuesque, and singularly devoid of passion. Miranda hears her lover's impassioned avowal of his love with the same non-chalant composure that she heard that her father was Duke of Milan. They are, however, a sightly pair, and if they remind us more of Whatteau's shepherdesses than of two lovers, so ardent that Prospero fears to leave them together for a moment without pledging Ferdinand under tremendous penalties to good behaviour, that perhaps is according to the book.

After this scene we come to the shipwrecked party. The King of Naples, Alonso—a poor part fitly rendered—the garrulous old Counsellor Gonsalo, the supplanting Duke of Milan, Antonio, and Sebastian, the King's brother. There are others, but they do not count. Of these Sebastian, a shapely figure in green, pleases the eye, but the facility with which he yields to the temptation to attempt the assassination of his brother, implies that he, like Miranda, is too well inured to startling propositions to take them otherwise than as a matter of course.

THE SPARK OF GOD IN CALIBAN.

Caliban, drunken monster, full of murderous intent, nevertheless reveals a glimpse of the divinity that even Prospero's tortures could not crush out from his inmost soul. In the midst of the delicate music played by Ariel, to him invisible, Caliban uttered with intense feeling the famous passage beginning “The isle is full of noises, sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not”; the human soul within the monster thrills responsive to the melody of the unseen music.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again; and then in dreaming
The clouds methought would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

There was more pathos in that sad, yearning cry than in all the speeches of Prospero.

THE HARPY.

The scene in which Ariel appears as a harpy was cleverly managed, although the accessories were not exactly in accordance with the old stage directions. Never having seen a harpy, I take leave to think that they would never have won their evil name if they had ever shown so sweet a face as Ariel's beneath their eagle's beak. My harpies used to be foul, evil-smelling vulture hags. Ariel's harpy was a splendid eagle with nobly-feathered wings, whose head, with beak and electric eyes, served her as a helmet. The long harangue which the bird made

to the king and his courtiers was quaint almost to grotesqueness, but for that Shakespeare, and not the actors, were responsible.

THE MASQUE.

The same thing must be said about the Masque, in which Iris, Ceres and Juno declaim and sing together, standing with diaphanous dresses, illuminated from the feet upwards by various coloured electric lights. It was odd; heretofore deities have ever worn halos round their brow. It was reserved for the ingenuity of the moderns to substitute for the coruscating glory round the head, a magic lustre rising upward from the feet. The dance which followed of boys and girls, disguised as naiads of the lake and reapers of the field, produced a very pretty effect. But why, oh, why, should naiads wear wings upon their shoulders? It would be more useful to have given them fins.

CUPID.

This set-dance afforded an opportunity of introducing the best actress of the whole troupe, in the shape of a charming little Cupid with tiny wings, golden bow and arrows all complete. The little darling—she is only a bit lassie eleven years old—whom, though weighed down with cumbrous shawl, I hoisted afterwards upon my shoulder, and kissed her good night—was simply perfect, in her natural grace, entire abandon, and the absence of any self-consciousness. She played the part of Cupid with such hearty good will and unflagging spirit and evident pleasure and hearty satisfaction, that it was delightful to see her. "You are going to be a great actress, aren't you?" said Mr. Tree to the little mite, as she perched upon my shoulder when the play was done. "Yes," answered the child, "I am," in the most matter-of-fact happy fashion. "Why corrode her mind," I said, "with ambition of what is to be? You are a great actress now, Cupid." And if to be great is perfectly to realise the ideal of her part, this unnamed little girl can never achieve a greater success than she has already won.

PANTOMIME.

In the original play Caliban, Trinculo and Stephano are hunted off the stage by "divers spirits in shape of dogs and hounds hunting them about, Prospero and Ariel setting them on." It was a rôle unfitting Prospero, and I am glad Mr. Tree, taking courage with both hands, boldly substituted for the "dogs and hounds" a marvellous menagerie of ante-diluvian monsters fashioned apparently on Mr. Reed's prehistoric caricatures in *Punch*. These weird animals were triumphs of construction. Horrible and ugly they were, but not terrible. They hunted Caliban and his fellows about in ever-increasing numbers, until at last the three worthies made their escape up a precipice in the rear. The

scene was in the best vein of a Christmas pantomime. It is, perhaps, a pity it was rounded up by a bit of sheer clowning when Caliban and the sailors, in their effort to escape, bestride the branch of a tree and go down with a crash.

THE REPENTANCE OF CALIBAN.

We have now got to the last scene of all, which brings to a close this strange eventful history. The plot to kill Prospero miscarries, the exiled Duke asserts his rights, the betrothal of Ferdinand and Miranda is confirmed by the King, the ship-wrecked vessel reappears all spick and span, and Prospero and all the company embark for Naples.

Ariel is liberated, and Caliban—poor Caliban—forgiven. Awe-struck and penitent, the monster humbly prostrates himself before the feet of Miranda, and with the lips which had kissed the foul shoe of his drunken Sailor-God, he reverently touches the hem of her garment. It redeemed much, although Miranda gave no sign of any emotion but that of shuddering horror. When amid sweet music the good ship sails away, Caliban runs to the shore, and, climbing a hill, watches its departure. The white sails recede towards the far horizon, and Caliban climbs to a still higher peak, and the last we see of him is that vast solitary figure on the mountain top stretching out unavailing arms to the sky.

It is an admirable scene, bringing a long-continued series of beautiful spectacles to a solemn and majestic close, and leaving to us who witnessed it abundant matter for speculation as to the thoughts of that sombre form of him who was indeed a thing of sorrows and acquainted with grief.

After the curtain fell the applause was loud and long, and most of the members of the company came before the curtain. They well deserved the recognition. But I must frankly confess that I found nothing more detestable than the practice of calling the actors to the front at the close of each act. It destroys the illusion of the stage; it compels you to think of the actor when you should only be thinking of the character he represents, it ministers to self-consciousness, and it mortifies at least as often as it gratifies the players.

It is only just to say a word of grateful recognition of the services which Mr. Tree and his company have rendered to the community by such honest, laborious, and, on the whole, successful effort to represent one of the most famous of Shakespeare's plays. It is a national service and well deserves national recognition. If all plays are like this play, then the prejudice against the theatre is absurd. For anything that is more challenging than "The Tempest," or anything that "gives one more furiously to think," I have not met for many a long day.

(To be continued.)

DAY BY DAY.

A CHRONOLOGICAL DIARY OF THE EVENTS OF THE WORLD.

December 6.—Subscriptions for the New Zealand Bond issue of £1,000,000 at 4 per cent., close with an excess of £1,526,000 ... Sir Horace Tozer is entertained at the Australian Club prior to his leaving for Queensland, to discuss the London Agency question.

December 7.—Mrs. Chadwick, wife of an American millionaire physician, is arrested on a charge of victimising bank officials, and obtaining large advances of money on mythical securities.

December 8.—Mr. Deakin delivers a notable speech in Parliament on Preferential Trade ... The Education Committee, London, proposes to distribute the sum of £275,200 annually in scholarships for London junior and intermediate scholars ... The Porte submits to the demands of the Austrian Government, and punishes the Chief of Customs, and Chief of Gendarmerie at Scutari, for irregularities affecting Austrian trade and subjects ... M. Syveton, Nationalist member of the French Chamber of Deputies, is found dead from asphyxiation by gas fumes. Murder is suspected.

December 9.—George Dean, of Sydney criminal notoriety, is released from gaol after serving nine years of the fourteen originally imposed upon him ... An extensive fire destroys the timber yards of the Otto Romeke Proprietary Ltd., South Melbourne.

December 10.—Lord James of Hereford has been asked to preside over the Royal Commission to be appointed to investigate and report upon the Free Church property dispute ... The Pacific Cable Conference is further postponed for a few months ... The survey of the Alaskan boundary in compliance with the Commission's award is completed.

December 11.—Two of the five Nobel prizes have been awarded to Englishmen—the Right Hon. John Strutt, 3rd Lord Rayleigh, and Sir William Ramsey.

December 12.—The Arbitration Treaty between England and America is formally signed at Washington ... The Newfoundland Government thanks King Edward for his influence in bringing about a settlement of the "French Shore" difficulty.

December 13.—The Seddon v. Taylor slander action is commenced at Christchurch ... Lord Rayleigh presents his Nobel prize to the Cambridge University ... A sensational disturbance takes place in the Hungarian Diet at Buda-Pesth.

December 14.—It is reported that an Anglo-American joint High Commission is to be appointed to discuss the question of reciprocity with Canada ... A destructive fire in Minneapolis causes damage to the extent of £600,000. Three lives are lost.

December 15.—Mr. Louis Dane arrives at Kabul as representative of India in a special conference with the Ameer of Afghanistan ... The Admiralty is withdrawing four vessels from the Mediterranean Squadron and adding them to the Channel Fleet ... Dr. Doyen, of Paris, claims to have discovered a serum cure for cancer ... Twenty children are drowned as the result of several wagon loads of children being precipitated into a river through the collapse of a bridge in America.

December 16.—The remains of President Kruger are interred in Pretoria ... In connection with the Lawson-

Hooley charges in London, Lawson is sentenced to one year's imprisonment, and Hooley acquitted ... The Orient Company announces that its steamers will not call at Marseilles or Naples after next March.

December 17.—Sir Theodore Angier revives the project of a second Suez Canal ... Nine persons are killed on a burning ferry steamer in Long Island Sound, New York ... The De Forest Wireless Telegraphy Company has established communication over 800 miles of country, between Kansas City and Cleveland.

December 18.—The Melbourne University Fund reaches £12,000 by public subscription.

December 20.—Excited demonstrations are made in Morocco against the Anglo-French Convention.

December 21.—In the Seddon v. Taylor slander case the jury fail to agree ... Dr. Norris is appointed chairman of the Melbourne Board of Health.

December 22.—Mr. J. A. Garfield, Commissioner in the United States Department of Commerce and Labour, reports in very adverse terms against the present system of corporations in America ... The Sultan of Morocco dismisses all his European officers owing to their alleged unfriendly disposition towards France ... Princess Louise of Saxony returns to Dresden, and is refused an interview with her children — A dense fog, interrupting shipping and paralysing trade, is general throughout England.

December 23.—A pension fund for ex-Parliamentarians is established by the members of the French Chamber of Deputies ... The *New York Sun* recommends an alliance between the United States and Great Britain for mutual self-defence ... President Castro of Venezuela, fearing a revolution and also a demonstration by the United States, further fortifies La Guayra and Port Cabello.

December 24.—The "Sophocles" puts into Fremantle with a fire in the refrigerating engine storeroom. The damage is estimated at £25,000.

December 26.—Two French officers are killed in Madagascar as the result of a disquieting rising ... Inayat Ullah, the eldest son of the Ameer of Afghanistan, arrives in Calcutta to meet Lord Curzon on his return from England.

December 27.—The Austrian Premier, Dr. von Kober, resigns in consequence of the persistent obstruction in the Chamber ... A Polish riot is suppressed by the authorities ... A great strike of naphtha workmen takes place at Baku, Russia.

December 28.—A great slump on the New York Cotton Exchange is reported ... The Zemstvos Congress at Moscow adjourns after passing a strong resolution against the Government, for rebuking it for its advocacy of reform.

December 29.—The Ministers of the Sultan of Turkey accede to the demand made by the European Powers that more foreign officers shall be appointed to the Macedonian gendarmerie for the more effective administration of reforms ... The British Treasury gives large orders for the re-arming of the British artillery.

December 30.—The highest temperature in Australia for years is recorded. In some places the ther-

momometer reached 122 deg. in the shade ... An ether-gram service is announced by the British Postmaster-General. The rate is 6½d. per word ... The London County Council is organising an extensive scheme of municipal drainage, at an ultimate cost of £7,000,000, to relieve London distress and want of employment.

December 31.—The North German Lloyd Co. projects a fortnightly service between Germany and Australia.

January 1.—Destructive grass fires break out in New South Wales and Victoria ... Prince George has had his appointment as High Commissioner of Crete renewed for another term of three years ... The German Emperor refuses to re-engage sergeants convicted of the maltreatment of soldiers ... Baron Gautsch de Frankenthurm succeeds Dr. von Kober as Premier of Austria.

January 2.—M. Kossuth makes the charge against the Government of Count Tisza that it has swelled its election fund by about £233,000 by selling titles ... The total dividends from gold mining companies in the Transvaal for 1904 are reported to be close on £5,000,000 ... The trouble in Morocco is ended by the Sultan agreeing to accept the counsel and help of France.

January 3.—A strike of coal wheelers at the New-castle (N.S.W.) mines takes place. 6000 men are, in consequence, idle ... Heavy gales rage in New Zealand and Fiji ... Prince Mirski resigns his position as Russian Minister of the Interior ... The British Government offer Adolf Beck £5000 as compensation for wrongful punishment ... Lord Mount-Stephen presents £200,000 to the King's London Hospital Fund ... A naphtha explosion on the Norwegian barge "Marpesia" causes the loss of eleven lives.

January 4.—Napoleon Bonaparte's birthplace in Corsica is looted by burglars ... Captain Nicholitch, a Servian officer, is degraded and sentenced to two years' imprisonment for condemning the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga.

January 5.—The Somali Mullah pledges himself to maintain peace. He has accepted the protection of Italy and the offer of a settled sphere ... Raisuli, the notorious Morocco brigand, again causes trouble to the Sultan's troops ... The death of Madame Belle Cole is announced.

January 6.—The United States proposes heavy subsidies to North American shipping, and the carrying of mails free on subsidised vessels, tonnage taxes of foreign shipping, and the establishment of a naval volunteer service.

January 7.—It is reported that the Suez Canal Co. has decided to reduce shipping dues by 5d. a ton ... A sixth satellite to Jupiter is discovered by the Lick Observatory ... The British Navy decides to sell obsolete ships, and to replace them with new ... The Holy Synod of Russia urges the Czar to preserve autocracy ... Conflicts take place between the naphtha strikers and the authorities at Baku.

THE WAR.

December 6.—The Japanese press demands that the neutral powers give no assistance to the Russian Baltic Fleet on its way to the Far East.

December 7.—The Japanese occupy the Akasa Rayama Hill, 300 yards south of 203 Metre Hill.

December 8.—A brief armistice is arranged to allow the Russians to bury their dead ... The Russian Fleet coals at Jibutil, from its own colliers.

December 11.—The Tsar presents a silver punch-bowl and ladle to the mess-room of the "Talbot," and £500 to the British Royal Fund, in recognition of the kindly services of the "Talbot's" men to the crews of the "Varyag" and "Koreetz," sunk in February last.

December 12.—The war correspondents give distressing accounts of the hardships endured by Russian troops through lack of proper clothing and boots.

December 13.—The Japanese damage the Russian wireless telegraphy station at Golden Hill, and fire and partly destroy the arsenal ... The Baltic Fleet is reported to have arrived at Mossamedes, in Portuguese West Africa ... The Russian destroyer "Prowz-itely" reaches Vigo Bay in a damaged condition.

December 15.—Japanese cruisers start on a voyage to meet the Baltic Fleet.

December 16.—The Japanese form a naval base at the Pescadores.

December 17.—Captain Clado, late of Admiral Rojestvensky's flagship, and imprisoned for making "misleading statements" about the Baltic Fleet, is released ... It is reported that the Russians repulse a turning movement by the Japanese on the Hun-ho.

December 19.—General Tserpitsky dies as the result of his wounds at Port Arthur.

December 20.—The Russians are reported to have sunk their warships in Port Arthur.

December 21.—It is reported that Russia intends to spend £40,000,000 in increasing her navy ... The Japanese capture the "Negrinia," bound from Shanghai to Vladivostock, with contraband.

December 24.—The Japanese fortify Dalny ... Japanese cruisers are reported to be nearing Singapore.

December 26.—The Japanese continue their successful attacks upon outlying forts at Port Arthur.

December 28.—It is reported that Russia is preparing to raise the total of General Kuropatkin's forces to 700,000 ... The Chinese Government refuses to deliver to Russia 3,000,000 cartridges seized at Feng-tai.

December 29.—The Japanese are making simultaneous attacks at the Port Arthur forts, and tunnelling beneath them ... Russian journals urge the recall of the Baltic Fleet.

December 30.—Admirals Togo and Kanimura visit Japan.

January 1.—General Stoessel writes to General Nogi, admitting that further resistance is useless, and asking for terms.

January 2.—Capitulation negotiations are concluded and General Nogi takes possession of Port Arthur.

January 4.—The Baltic Fleet squadrons are reported to be reuniting at Madagascar.

January 5.—Four Japanese warships are reported off the east coast of Sumatra.

January 6.—Japan protests against the facilities provided for coaling and provisioning the Baltic Fleet at Madagascar.

January 7.—The Japanese are re-fortifying Port Arthur.

CURRENT HISTORY IN CARICATURE.

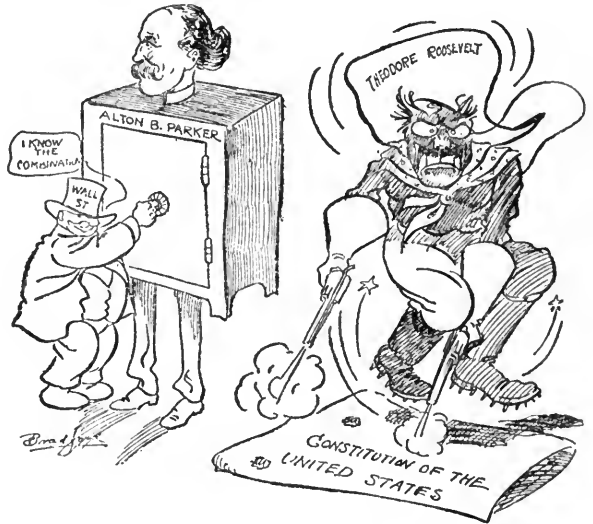
"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us."—Burns.

NOVEMBER has afforded two topics to the caricaturists, both of which have been worked to death. The first was the deplorable accident on the Dogger Bank; the second, the election of President Roosevelt. The latter has afforded themes for a thousand cartoons in the American Press, a fair sample of which may be found in the *American Review of Reviews*. But the difference between the candidates was too small to be appreciated by the humorists of the Old World, and the humour of the New World is in this instance too local to bear transportation across the Atlantic.

The most successful American cartoons are those which caricature the excessive exaggeration indulged in by the rival partisans. Of these, one of the happiest, and at the same time the simplest, is that in which the *Minneapolis Journal* sets the two candidates side by side, and paints them as they figure in the campaign speeches of their opponents. Mr. Parker is, in this cartoon, repre-



THE TSAR: A "Kladderatsch" portrait.



[Life.]

The way a Republican sees Parker—and—the way a Democrat sees Roosevelt.

sented as being the tool of the Trusts, while Mr. Roosevelt is the cowboy desperado who tramples under foot the Constitution of the United States.

A plague on both your candidates is the sentiment expressed in the cartoon from the *Arena*, which represents Uncle Sam as weighed down beneath the mountainous load of armaments and trusts.

The Radical element voiced by the *Arena* found both candidates equally distasteful.



[Kladderatsch.]

The Electoral Game of Poker.

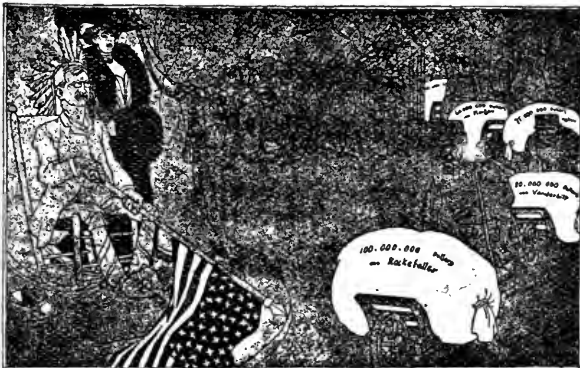
For this surprise the loser (Judge Parker) was not prepared.



Arena.]

UNCLE SAM: "Somehow I don't feel as upright as I used ter feel!"

The Democratic cartoons satirised by *Life* did what they could to brand Mr. Roosevelt with the stigma of being the willing servant of the great capitalist organisations, but Mr. Parker's relations to



Lustig e Blittler.]

Byzantinism in the "White House."

'The procession of Trusts before the Roosevelts.

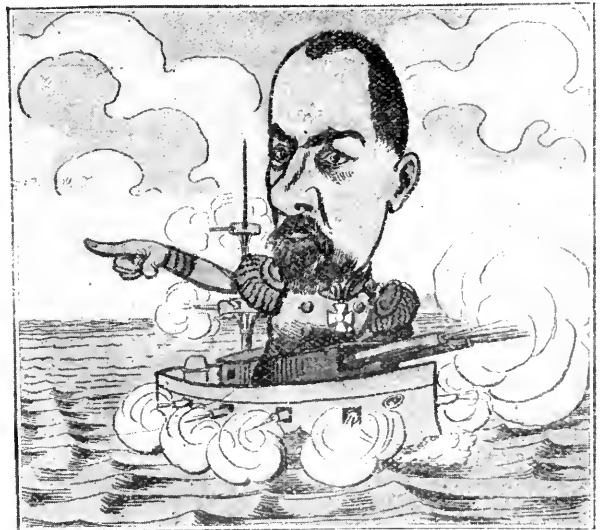


Hinaï Funck.]

Which is to be the Foster-mother—War or Peace?

Wall Street were too close for their attacks to have much weight.

In Germany it seems to have made more impression. At Berlin, to judge from the wits, the Republican victory was the triumph of money, and President Roosevelt's return, and the means by which



Le Grelot.]

The Rodjstvensky Method.

'When in doubt I would rather fire at ten friends than an enemy.'

*Le Grelot.]***The Practical Side of It.**

BRITANNIA TO RUSSIA: "I have lost the fishing —. Now you've got to pay me for all the herrings of the North Sea."

it was secured, are satirised in the cartoon entitled "Byzantinism at the White House,"

The Dogger Bank incident practically transferred the operations of the whole army corps of cartoonists from the Far East to the Baltic Fleet. The unfortunate mistake which created so much excitement at the end of October had, among other bad results, the production of a great number of very poor cartoons, destitute either of originality or of wit.

The little French sketch of the Russian Admiral is not ill-natured, but it has not much point. The same may be said of a German sketch, which represents the Baltic Fleet passing under a bridge which a new and entirely original John Bull makes by stretching his legs across the Vigo Harbour.

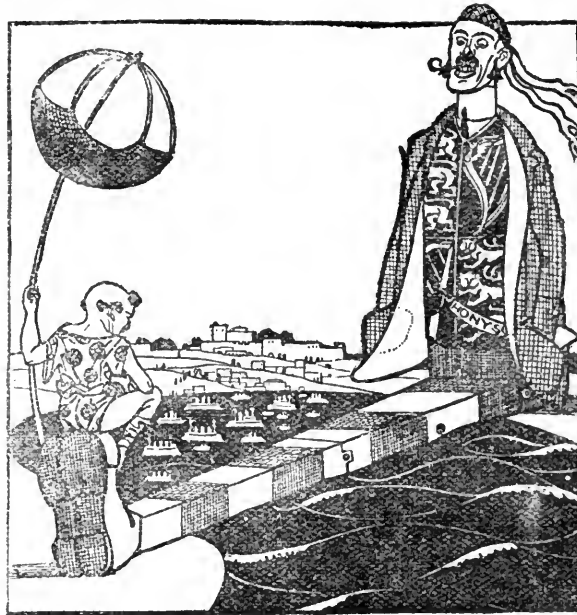
The English cartoonists are not unfairly represented

*Westminster Gazette.]***Overnursed.**

NURSE CHAPLIN: "Isn't he a little duck—which his nursey won't let 'im sip."

NURSE CHAMBERLAIN: "Let me squeeze the little cherub—let me squeeze 'im 'ard!"

NURSE HOWARD VINCENT: "Let me whisper to 'im, which he'll think it's the hangels!"

*Jugend.]***The Russian Fleet at Vigo.**

The Englishman wished to shut up the Russians in Vigo by stretching his legs across the harbour. But the legs went to sleep, and the Russian Fleet sailed out in safety.

*Britannia.]*

"You are far too ready to shed blood. Look at my slaughtered sons."



[Westminster Gazette.]

The Patriotic (?) Poacher.

MR. CHAPLIN: "Got him! He was tangled in that briar patch!"

by the stern rebuke which Britannia, with her trident, addresses to Russia, as if the latter had wilfully slain the fishermen.

The funniest pictures evoked by the incident were those in which the mordant humour of the German satirist pokes fun at the contrast between the monstrous outcry raised in the Press and the solatium of the ready rouble.



[Westminster Gazette.]

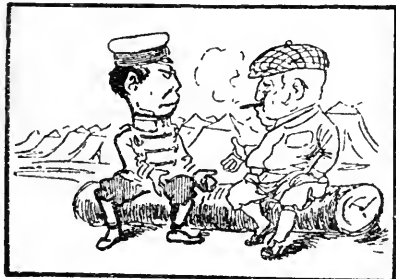
The Real Leader.

Recent events have shown that, after all, Mr. Henry Chaplin is the real leader of the Protectionist movement.

In British politics the only incident of any importance illustrated by cartoons has been the capture of the Conservative Party by Mr. Chamberlain and of Mr. Balfour by Mr. Chaplin, the one patriarchal Protectionist of the party. Mr. Gould, who was hailed last month by Lord Selborne as the only leader the Liberal Party had got, cleverly hits off the triumph of Mr. Chaplin in a series of cartoons.



The English press paying court to Japan—*Novoe Vremya*



Japan continues to persuade England that the war can not be carried on without money—*Oskolki*
RUSSIAN CARTOONS ON THE WAR.



[Westminster Gazette.]

Fogged.

FIGURE ON REFUGE: "They seem to know where they're going. I don't."

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

COPPER AS THE PURIFIER OF WATER.

A GREAT DISCOVERY.

ACCORDING to Mr. Gilbert H. Grosvenor, who writes in the *Century Magazine* for December, our ancestors were wiser than they knew in using copper utensils and receptacles for water, instead of the enamelled ware used by their descendants. Copper is death on poisonous microbes. Copper is the great preventive of typhoid, cholera and all manner of diseases. This is no new discovery; but what is new is the discovery, made by Dr. Moore, who ought next year to have the Nobel prize, that the quantity of copper required to kill bacteria is infinitesimal, and is so rapidly dissipated that water disinfected by copper can be drunk safely. By his method, in a few hours we can thoroughly sterilise the water, destroying every dangerous germ in it, and the process is so cheap that every small town can afford to adopt it.

HOW RESERVOIRS ARE POLLUTED.

The importance of this discovery can hardly be over-estimated. Instead of spending hundreds and thousands of pounds in cleansing reservoirs and their filtering beds, all that is now necessary is to mix copper sulphate or blue vitriol with the water in the proportion of one to a million and the thing is done. According to Mr. Grosvenor, reservoirs in the United States are apt to become foul by the growth of algae.

The thick, spongy layer that gathers on stagnant pools and is popularly called frog-spawn or pond-scum, is one kind of algae, but, as a rule, the algae which cause the bad taste and smell of water-supply systems are the minute and almost invisible forms of which perhaps the best-known are the blue-green algae. Though the individual plants are invisible to the naked eye, there are so many thousands of them in each cubic centimetre of water in a polluted reservoir (as many as 50,000 to the cubic centimetre have been counted) that the water has a greenish, slimy look and gives everything a disagreeable green stain. Each tiny organism secretes a bit of sharp and penetrating oil; when this oil is liberated by the death and decay of the cell, or the breaking of the oil-sacs, the stench begins. Hundreds of water-supply systems in the United States have been rendered unfit for use by this cause alone.

HOW THEY ARE PURIFIED.

Mr. Grosvenor says that reservoirs whose water has been so stenchful that animals would not drink it have been in three days completely freed from all disagreeable smell and taste. He describes the result of applying blue vitriol to a reservoir in Kentucky which held 25,000,000 gallons. He used one part in 4,000,000, or, say, six gallons of the copper sulphate to the 25,000,000 gallons of water.

The only apparatus required was some coarse sacks and a row-boat. About 200 lb. of the blue vitriol were placed in the sacks and hung from the stern of the boat. Then the boat was rowed up and down, backward and forward across the reservoir for several hours, covering every part of the surface in order that the copper should be evenly distributed.

At the end of the third day the water was clear, sweet, and completely cured of the disagreeable smell and taste. Tests

showed that there was not an anabæna left. To make sure that the copper had not poisoned the water, Dr. Moore tested it a few hours after the dose was applied, and found no trace of the copper remaining.

It costs 12.50 dollars to purify the reservoir, the only item of expense being the blue vitriol, which costs about six or seven cents a pound. The town, which had been spending thousands of dollars each year ineffectually, has had no further trouble.

The cost of the treatment is about half a crown a million gallons.

THE PREVENTIVE OF TYPHOID.

Copper can be used also to destroy the bacilli of typhoid and cholera:—

The sensitiveness of the little algae organisms to the faintest trace of copper had been so repeatedly demonstrated that it occurred to Dr. Moore that possibly the same treatment might destroy disease bacteria—typhoid, cholera—in our city water-supplies. All bacteria are vegetable organisms. They are closely related to algae, but are much more minute and simpler than the algae which cause offence in reservoirs. Tests made in test-tubes and in large tanks proved that the most virulent colonies of typhoid and cholera germs can be exterminated in four or five hours at room temperature, which is about the temperature of a reservoir in summer, by using a solution of one part copper to 100,000 parts of water. The solution is tasteless, colourless, and harmless. Large reservoirs have been cleared of typhoid germs in the same way, so that we can assert positively that hereafter people living in towns and cities can be protected from the scourge of disease-infected water by the copper treatment. The cost of the treatment is ridiculously small, ranging from fifty cents to three dollars per million gallons.

THE EFFICACY OF COPPER.

In the last cholera epidemic in Indianapolis the authorities quenched it by washing the streets and houses with a solution of copper sulphide. Gold and silver coins swarm with bacteria. No disease germ has ever been discovered on a copper coin. Copper-smiths never catch cholera. Appendicitis is declared to be the result of doing away with the copper teakettles. That the Chinese do not all die of cholera in the midst of their stinking surroundings is due to the fact that they keep all their water in copper cisterns. The amount of copper in solution applied to the reservoirs is so small it does the fish no harm, and in a few days all trace of its presence has disappeared. When a reservoir is fed by a typhoid-poisoned stream, large sheets of copper, suspended at the intake of the reservoir, will kill off the microbes. It is to be hoped that the attention of our War Office will be directed to this matter. If the introduction of a little copper into the soldier's drinking-bottle would avert typhoid, that copper ought to be introduced forthwith. To copper water is so much easier than to boil, and it appears to be equally efficacious.

THE *Treasury* Christmas number is distinguished by a coloured plate of Kramer's "Holy Night," an excellent engraving of "the greatest picture of the world," as J. V. Bates, who tells its story, calls the Sistine Madonna, and a recent portrait of Queen Alexandra.

SCIENTISTS ON THE FUTURE.

In the *Strand* double Christmas number is a very interesting symposium of eminent scientists on the factors and forces of the future, opened by the views of M. Berthelot, with whom, as will be seen, some of the other scientists are far from agreeing. The portraits which accompany the paper are by no means its least interesting feature. M. Berthelot's views are as follows :—

Before many more decades have passed the entire conditions of life may be changed, and we shall be compelled to modify all our present theories, social, economic, and even moral, for they will have no more application than the original ideas on light of a blind man who has suddenly received the use of his eyes. In the first place agriculture and all the multitudinous pursuits connected with, or dependent directly or indirectly with, the reproduction of living beings—animal and vegetable—that now serve for the alimentation of mankind will have disappeared. There will be no more shepherds or husbandmen.

Chemistry will have solved the food problem :—

There will no longer be seen fields of waving grain, nor vineyards, nor meadows filled with flocks and herds, and man, ceasing to live himself by carnage and the destruction of other living creatures, will inevitably improve in disposition and attain a far higher plane of morality than at present.

Fertile regions will then possess no sort of advantage over regions that are sterile.

THE SYNTHESIS OF FOOD PRODUCTS.

M. Berthelot had by 1852 already formed in his laboratory the whole series of fats required for one of the three fundamental divisions of food required by man. Since then the sugars and carbons of another division have been artificially formed; and now only the albuminoids remain to be produced. No scientist, least of all M. Berthelot, seems now to doubt that artificial production is only a matter of time. Then man will be able to be fed artificially—if he wants to be, as M. Berthelot thinks he ought.

The real problem to be solved is the discovery of some inexhaustible source of energy perpetually at our beck and call, and necessitating little or no labour.

M. Berthelot now states that we are on the eve of obtaining this desideratum. We shall be able to turn to account the unlimited supply of force which the sun furnishes, and which is already utilised in an imperfect form by the transport to great distances of the energy supplied by waterfalls. This, however, is but a preliminary step in the right direction. It is rather the central heat of the earth which will, in Berthelot's opinion, be the universal servant in the future.

To capture this energy it would be sufficient to excavate to a depth not exceeding three miles, a task which present-day engineers would assuredly not regard as too formidable to be attempted, and which engineers of to-morrow will doubtless consider as a matter of course.

THE EARTH A VAST GARDEN.

Art and beauty will not be banished, as some might think, in the new universal empire of science. The earth's surface, no longer disfigured by the geometrical labour of the husbandman,

will be once more covered with verdure, forests and flowers, and will form one vast garden, irrigated by subterranean streams, a garden in which the human race will live happily amid the abundance of the legendary golden age. There will be no privileged classes. Everyone will have to labour, possibly more even than is the case to-day, but it will be a labour of love and delight.

One thing, however, will disappear—war; at any rate between civilised peoples.

Though himself a fine scholar, M. Berthelot thinks the days of Latin and Greek bulking largely in our educational curriculums are over for ever. The schoolboy has too many scientific truths to acquire.

ENGLISH SCIENTISTS ON M. BERTHELOT'S VIEWS.

Lord Kelvin remarks that M. Berthelot knows as much as anyone about the artificial production of food from chemical elements; but he states roundly that "there is no possibility in practice of obtaining heat usefully from a shaft in the earth three miles deep."

Lord Avebury, while agreeing with M. Berthelot's educational opinions, doubts the probability of his other prophecies.

Sir William Crookes, while, like every other scientist, paying homage to M. Berthelot's eminence, says :—

I certainly do not believe that any great change in alimentation or dynamics is imminent . . . The whole masticatory and digestive functions of man would have to be immensely modified. It is true we use our teeth less and less, and that is why, in the course of time, the human jaw has, from the decreased labour imposed upon it, shrunk considerably and forced certain teeth out of position and affected the stability of the others. But we are a long way—I should think thousands of years—from the time when the digestive organism would become satisfied with tabloid nourishment instead of flesh and fibre.

As to wheatfields, vineyards, and flocks and herds becoming things of the past, Sir William Crookes does not think that in any way likely; and as to utilising the central heat of the earth, he remarks that "The project has often been discussed. My opinion is that it is impracticable," on account of prohibitive cost and other difficulties. "As to utilising solar heat," he added, "that is another matter." Sir William Crookes, however, thinks that it must be the chemist who eventually rescues the nations from the difficulty of a scanty food supply.

THE BANE OF REGULAR MEALS.

Sir Oliver Lodge and Professor Ray Lankester both think the world greatly out of joint. The whole principle and practice of modern conditions of living seem to them wrong. "Regular meals," says Professor Lankester, "are the bane of modern life"; tabloids and chemical essences would certainly tend to make us eat only when we are hungry. "All these changes prophesied by M. Berthelot," he considers, "will come to pass."

Sir William Ramsay, on the contrary, considers M. Berthelot's views "altogether illusory." He does not think artificial foods will ever really take the place of natural; and asserts that no drill could be made which would bore sufficiently deep to reach the central heat of the earth.

"CHRISTMAS WITH THE EXPLORERS," in the *Sunday Strand*, gives an account of how explorers, from Stanley and Livingstone, to Lieutenant Peary and Mr. E. A. Fitzgerald, have kept Christmases—some of them very dismal Christmases, especially Stanley's, when on the track of Emin, and Mr. Fitzgerald's 17,000 feet up Aconcagua, everyone being more or less knocked over with bitter cold, mountain sickness, and difficulty of breathing.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

"CONDUCTED ON A HIGH PLANE."

THE *American Review of Reviews* contains a sketch of George R. Cortelyou, the Chairman of the National Committee which organised the campaign in Mr. Roosevelt's interest. Before his appointment he was regarded as inexperienced and an amateur, but he became master of the situation quietly but instantly. His most marked characteristic is said to be complete mastery of self. From the day of his appointment to the day of the election he devoted every waking hour to the active work of the campaign. He had no form of recreation, accepted no invitations, and allowed nothing to divert him:—

Above all things, Chairman Cortelyou insisted that the campaign should be conducted on a high plane, and that nothing be done by anybody connected with the committee which would not safely bear the light of day. He accomplished, probably, what has never before been accomplished in American politics—conducted a campaign for the Presidency without making a single pledge or promise to anybody as to the course of the administration either in regard to appointments to office or to carrying out a policy. No letter was written from headquarters by anybody connected with the committee which could not be published without embarrassment; no arrangement was entered into which would have brought discredit to the committee if it had been known. The campaign was so clean and straightforward that the opposition were befuddled by that very circumstance. It was a situation so entirely different from any with which they were familiar that they were constantly suspecting combinations which were never even suggested, and for which there could have been no need. It was Chairman Cortelyou's determination that President Roosevelt's election should come to him without the smirch of a questionable transaction at any stage of the campaign. He succeeded far beyond what he dared to hope, and in doing so he has set a new mark for the conduct of national campaigns hereafter.



Life.]

"Creeping Like Snail—Unwillingly to School."

THE WORLD-MOVEMENT TOWARDS PEACE.

MR. WALTER WELLMAN contributes to the *American Review of Reviews* a cheering survey of the United States and the World's Peace Movement. He reports that more and more the masterful peoples are coming to look upon war as a barbarism and anachronism. Though armaments are increasing, the greatest power lies in the hands that most greatly feel a sense of responsibility.

A PILE OF ARBITRATION TREATIES.

The American Senate has awaiting its action, Mr. Wellman records, arbitration treaties with all the countries of South America, with most of the Central American States, and with all the leading countries of Europe. "There is virtually no doubt that the Senate will ratify all these arbitration treaties." If any treaty is to be attacked, it will be the British. But "the old tail-twisting Jingoism," if not dead, will show how far



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the world has travelled since the Olney-Pauncefote Treaty was rejected.

AGENDA FOR THE HAGUE.

The inter-European Arbitration Treaties recently formed are enumerated; and then Mr. Wellman discusses the business of the second Hague Conference, which President Roosevelt proposes to convene:—

There is the important question of the rights and immunity of property in transit in neutral ships. . . . If the next Hague Conference achieves nothing else than settlement in the international law of what is regarded as contraband of war, it will have justified its reassemblage. The first Hague Conference earnestly recommended such an agreement.

Other questions raised at that conference, or in the experience of mankind, and now pressing for adjustment, may be briefly summarised: A convention concerning the laws and customs of war on land; adaptation to naval warfare of the principles of the Geneva Convention; the prohibition of throwing projectiles from balloons, of the use of projectiles which have for their sole object the diffusion of asphyxiating gases, and of the use of bullets which expand easily in the human body; the use of submarine and land mines, such as have worked such dreadful havoc in the present conflict; the inviolability of all private property on land; the regulation of bombardments of ports and towns by naval forces; the rights and duties of neutrals; the neutralisation of certain territories and waters; the protection of weak states and native races; the condition of the Armenians and other subjects of the Turkish Empire, and the situation in the valley of the Congo.

MR. ROOSEVELT IN WORLD POLITICS.

Mr. Sidney Low, writing in the *Nineteenth Century*, on "President Roosevelt's Opportunities," foreshadows great developments of American Imperialism. He thinks that Mr. Roosevelt may act with Great Britain for the purpose of establishing the rights of neutral trading nations at sea against belligerent navies.

He may go farther, says Mr. Low, and combine with us to maintain peace by force:—

Supposing that Great Britain and the United States entered into an agreement to employ their splendid navies, their immense moral and material force, for certain common beneficial objects? They would not, in the first instance, look for anything so Utopian as the repression of all international hostilities. But they might aim at securing two things: first, that a war, if it did break out, should be "localised" and confined to the parties directly concerned; secondly, that in any case the freedom of the seas should be maintained, and neutral commerce protected. Such a League of Peace would almost certainly be joined by Japan, probably by Italy, possibly by France. In the end it might include Russia and Germany as well, and so bring about that "Areopagus" of the nations, which may eventually substitute the Rule of Law for the Rule of Might in international politics.

HOW LONG, O MARS, HOW LONG ?

"DOWN WITH THE WAR!"

Mr. Frederick Harrison makes this shout of the Russian students the heading of his plea for peace in the *Positivistic Review*. He declares the war has now become utterly hateful to the masses of the Russian people. The Japanese have now on their side obtained more than they can hope to hold. External pressure to stop the war would, Mr. Harrison admits, be worse than useless, but he thinks much might be done by "indirect advice" to urge the belligerents to compromise on the present deadlock :—

Japan can never hope to drive Russia out of Manchuria, or to force her way to the Amur. Russia cannot hope, within our generation, to recover the Liaotung peninsula or Korea. *Uti possidetis* seems a practicable basis of an ultimate settlement. There is a settlement which is far from improbable, and which would doubtless be the best for human civilisation. It is one which the European Powers would fiercely resent and oppose—which at any rate would rouse the wrath and pride of Germany and of Britain, though it should ultimately coincide with all their true interests. It is a settlement which the parties could make for themselves at once without any foreign interference, which they could themselves force Europe and America to recognise as a fact. That is, a confederation of Russia, Japan, and China, with their respective tributaries and dependencies, to treat as their common State-system and sphere of influence the whole of North-Eastern Asia—say North of the Tropic of Cancer, or latitude 23 deg.-24deg., and East of longitude 100 deg.—that is practically, China, Mongolia, Manchuria, Korea, Siberia, Japan, and the parts of the Pacific Ocean adjoining their coasts.

Mr. Harrison thinks the chief difficulty in the way of this solution lies in the pride and fanaticism of Russia. "Her real curses are her soldiers and her priests."

JAPAN'S REAL AMBITION.

In the *North American Review* Baron Kentaro Kaneko expounds the angelically unselfish nature of Japan's ambitions :—

By reconciling and inter-assimilating the two civilisations, Japan hopes to introduce Western culture and science into the Continent of Asia, and thus to open up for the benefit of the world, with equal privilege for every nation, and peace assured to all, the teeming wealth of the Chinese Empire. Nothing less than an aim thus ideal and lofty is what Japan aspires to realise ; and, should fortune not forsake her, she will be content with nothing less. In the light, therefore, of what has been said, the alarm about a "Yellow Peril" takes on the character of a golden opportunity for Europe and America to become acquainted with the real strength and ambitions of Japan. The same cry, moreover, intended to work us injury and disgrace, provides Japan with a golden opportunity to show the world that selfish ambition has no part in the aspirations of her people.

RUSSIA'S FINANCES.

M. Yves Guyot, writing in the same Review, de-

clares that Russia will soon have to go back to paper money. She will have great difficulty, he maintains, in concluding another big loan. The last Russian loan issued in France was forced by the great banking-houses on small capitalists. The bankers were careful to keep none of the bonds for themselves.

In the *Fortnightly Review* Mr. Geoffrey Drage is by no means so pessimistic. He thinks that "Russia will be able to hold out financially if the war lasts two years at the present rate of expenditure."

HARA-KIRI.

In the *Nineteenth Century* Baron Suyematsu thus deals with *hara-kiri*, which, he says, refined Japanese call *seppuku* :—

Terrible as it unquestionably was to witness, the act of self-sacrifice was so bound up with the revered traditions of our race that it was shorn in great part of the horrors with which it must seem to readers in the twentieth century to have been invested. Exaggerated and loathsome accounts are even to be met with in popular story-books in Japan, scenes in which the victim is depicted as hurling, in a last effort, his intestines at his enemy, who is supposed to have been looking on—a thing in itself quite impossible under ordinary circumstances—and certainly, if it occurred, altogether exceptional. The incision usually made, as I have shown, was quite superficial, a mere flesh wound ; and death was due to the injury inflicted in the throat by the suicide's own hand or to the good offices of the *kai-shaku-nin*, whose duty as assistant—the idea is perhaps better conveyed by the term "second" in the case of a duel—it was to remove his principal's head with the utmost expedition. Thus to translate *hara-kiri* as disembowelling, or embowelling, is both ghastly and inaccurate in the impression that it leaves on the mind.

CLOTHED IN WAR.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for November publishes "A Letter from Japan," by Lafcadio Hearn, in which he gives a very extraordinary and interesting picture of the way in which the whole population of Japan is absorbed in the war. Souvenirs, war toys, photographs, plays, songs, are all of the war, warlike. The following passage describing one form of the souvenirs of the war is surely the climax of war spirit :—

But the strangest things that I have seen in this line of production were silk dresses for baby girls—figured stuffs which, when looked at from a little distance, appeared incomparably pretty, owing to the masterly juxtaposition of tints and colours. On closer inspection the charming design proved to be composed entirely of war pictures—or, rather, fragments of pictures, blended into one astonishing combination : naval battles ; burning warships ; submarine mines exploding ; torpedo boats attacking ; charges of Cossacks repulsed by Japanese infantry ; artillery rushing into position ; storming of forts ; long lines of soldiery advancing through mist. Here were colours of blood and fire, tints of morning haze and evening glow, noon-blue and starred night-purple, sea-gray and field-green—most wonderful things! . . .

FRENCH COLONIAL POLICY.

THE NEW SIAMESE TREATY.

Two years ago, September 10th, 1902, the *Correspondant* published an important article on France and Siam *à propos* of a new treaty which was then under consideration. In the *Correspondant* of November 10th, Francis Mury gives an epitome of the French relations with Siam, and deals with the negotiations which have taken place between the two countries during the last three years.

ACTUAL DISADVANTAGES.

In 1902 it was become necessary to make some new arrangement, for the Siamese were constantly violating the former treaties, and a choice lay between two modes of putting an end to an intolerable state of things: either to enforce the execution of the Treaty of 1893, or make new terms. The French Government chose the latter, and thought it wise to make important concessions to Siam in exchange for insignificant advantages—to renounce, in short, nearly all the benefits which the Treaty of 1893 had assured them.

Thus, by the Convention of October 7, 1902, the Indo-Chinese Empire was relieved of large and rich provinces, Chantaboun and the forts were evacuated, and all the advantages of a ten years' occupation, with all the millions spent in fortifying the place, were abandoned. Many other concessions were made, and with the loss of the Mekong River as a highway, the fate of French commerce in those regions was sealed.

Small wonder that so much hostility should be shown to the Treaty, when its provisions meant elimination, *en bloc*, of French influence on the Mekong and elsewhere. The Yellow Book relating to the affairs of Siam was published only at the express demand of M. Etienne. The opposition was altogether so unanimous that the ratification of the Treaty was postponed several times till February 13th, 1904, by which date new negotiations had been entered into, and another Treaty was framed a little less disadvantageous to the French than that of 1902.

ADVANTAGES WHICH ARE ILLUSORY.

But the advantages of this new Treaty, says the writer, are illusory. If it had appeared before the Treaty of 1902, everyone would have found it deplorable. But it came after, and as the former was so bad, the latter seems better in comparison. Thanks to the new Treaty, however, the Mekong now becomes an international river. Lively protests have been made against Article 4, which gives the Siamese certain privileges on the part of the Mekong River which runs through Luang-Prabang; and the suppression of the neutral zone is another serious danger. The Siamese will never be able to make a railway from Bangkok to the Mekong, nor can the French undertake to make any railways as long as the Siamese capital is not under the political influence of France.

It is the same with other necessary public works in these regions. There is scarcely a Frenchman among the numerous foreign officials at the Siamese Court. The Siamese mandarins have an aversion to everything French, and the natives who have some sympathy with the French are regarded with suspicion by the Siamese Government. It is a mistake to give up Chantaboun, especially as the Siamese have never acted up to the stipulations of the Treaty of 1893. But if it is difficult to refuse to give it back to Siam, the French ought to see to it that they receive other advantages proportionately as important as this possession.

HISTORICAL.

In the November number of the *Deutsche Revue* there is an article on the same subject. In it a "Diplomat" gives a history of the relations of France with Siam, dating from 1680; then he shows how the British, at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century, had the field to themselves; and, again, how France reappeared in 1856. Siam, between two such powerful neighbours, became neutralised. The writer fears the Siamese will not observe the clauses of the Treaty any better than they observed the older agreements. So long as Siam remains a buffer State between the two Powers all will be well; but if Siam attempts to bring in a third nation, like Japan, she will find herself between two smouldering fires which need but a match to set them blazing.

FRANCO-SPANISH CONVENTION AND MOROCCO.

In the *Correspondant* of August 10th Marcel Dubois criticised in detail the Anglo-French Agreement relating to Morocco and Egypt. In the issue of November 10th he criticises the Franco-Spanish Convention and the Treaty of October 7th. He admits that it is a delicate matter to attempt to appreciate a convention part of which has been officially published, while the other is carefully kept secret by the two Powers interested. The Franco-Spanish Agreement, like the Anglo-French Agreement, he writes, contains dangerous clauses. But in the Treaty of October 7th, and the Anglo-French Agreement, of which it is the complement, there is something more secret than the secret clauses of the Franco-Spanish Agreement. Such diplomatic instruments do not give the French the privilege of reaping the real reward of their practical colonisation, for by them the French are only allowed to compete with their rivals in Morocco on pretty much the same terms as are accorded to the foreigner.

THERE is an interesting French magazine, beautifully illustrated, called *Le Collage*. It is devoted to Garden Cities, Cottage Architecture, etc., and the last number issued (October) contains a long article on Mr. W. A. Harvey and Bournville. It may be procured at 107, Winchester Street, Eccleston Square, and the French price is one franc.

CAN CHINA BE MADE A GREAT POWER?

SIR ROBERT HART'S SCHEME.

IN the November numbers of *La Revue* there are two noteworthy articles on China. In the number for November 15th the subject is "The Militarisation of China," by A. Ular.

M. Ular says that in China there is national unity only in appearance, there is no linguistic unity, no administrative unity, no monetary unity, no judicial unity, no military unity. The Chinaman has no country, only a natal district. He knows nothing of political problems, but he is interested in economic problems. He has no nation, but only a family. He has no State, but only a society. He has no Sovereign, but only administrators. The social question has always been supreme in China, and in this fact, unique in the life of humanity, lies the social superiority of the Chinese over the Western.

With regard to the military problem, M. Ular fears the Chinese will never dream of using the means of defence which the West uses to attack them, namely, union on the basis of nationality, the organisation of an army of defence, not to speak of the foundation of a Chinese State one and indivisible, such, as with its inexhaustible resources, could very soon become a very formidable power in shaping the destinies of the world. The thing is impossible, for the Chinese have as great an antipathy to it as the English have to compulsory military service. It is therefore certain that if the so-called Chinese Empire continues its natural development, the invader, whether he be a Japanese or a Western, will never meet with national resistance.

After the wars of 1894 and 1900 the directors of imperial policy (not public opinion) began to realise the necessity of having a strong Army and Navy, but the result so far has not been very satisfactory, notwithstanding the herculean labours of the militarists of the Court. Some particulars are given of the three modern armies formed in China after the lessons of recent disasters, all useless to resist the foreigner, for the three armies could never make one national army, and China remains as before a vague federation of autonomous provinces. Possibly a Chinaman imbued with the ideas of a European State, or a European become Chinese, might bring about the revolution of organising the Chinese people as a State, with one government, one army, one fleet, one national life.

Such a man has been found in the person of Sir Robert Hart, and the remarkable report which he addressed to the Chinese Government early this year is then dealt with by M. Ular. He is very enthusiastic over the whole scheme, though he thinks Sir Robert Hart's arithmetic a little optimistic.

CHINESE SOCIETIES.

IN *La Revue* of November 1st P. d'Enjoy writes on the Congregations and Secret Societies in China, and maintains that the Chinaman has a real vocation for social solidarity. From the day of his birth he is

affiliated by his parents to one or more associations, secret and official, and when he is able to dispense with parental care, he makes a choice of others which seem adapted to his needs. If he wishes to leave his native country to try his fortunes elsewhere, he will not dream of going even to the most far-off land without first ascertaining whether he will find there branches of one or other of the Chinese Societies of which he is a member, and if his arrival is known to any of his fellow-members, he will be sure of a reception such as would be accorded to a family relative. The Chinaman's preference for the idea of association arises from the family principle, which is the basis of Chinese civilisation. The Chinaman cannot understand social life combined with individualism. He has a horror of isolation, and consequently his mind cannot act with ease unless he feels a sense of protection. Even in death he fears solitude. The Chinese Association or Congregation comes to his aid at every turn—when he is seeking work, when he is ill, and when he dies. The Secret Societies appear to exist as permanent conspiracies against the reigning Sovereign, and the writer gives many details concerning them. He remarks that the Chinese consider their master (the reigning power) their enemy; they not only rejoice in his difficulties, but like to add to them whenever it is possible to do so without too much personal risk.

THE IRISH AT FONTENOY.

IN *La Revue* for November 15th the place of honour is accorded to "Neglected Glories," by Captain H. de Malleray. In the article he tells how he has visited several battlefields on the Continent—Jemappes, Fontenoy, Waterloo, and others, all battles in which the French distinguished themselves, yet neither at Bergen-op-Zoom, San Sebastian, or Fontenoy does the glory of the French appear to be commemorated. At Fontenoy the writer was particularly mortified and humiliated when he found the following inscription:—

In memory of the heroic Irish soldiers who changed defeat into victory at Fontenoy, May xi., 1745. God save Ireland!

This misleading plaque was erected about two years ago by Mr. Frank Sullivan, an Irishman from San Francisco, and is a modest eulogy compared with the one which had been originally prepared. Few people remember that this Irish Brigade fought in the French ranks, and that it was a victory for the French and a defeat for the English, Dutch, and Austrian allies. Naturally, the writer thinks it intolerable that such an inscription as this should be allowed to adorn the burial-ground at Fontenoy, while nowhere is there to be seen a single word commemorative of the French honours, and he pleads earnestly for the erection, at Fontenoy and other battlefields where the French have fought and died for their country, of suitable commemorative plaques.

LABOUR AND DRINK.

THERE is a characteristic article from the pen of Mr. John Burns under the above title in the December *Independent Review*. It is a combination of vigorous rhetoric and skilfully marshalled figures, and contains inexhaustible material for the temperance agitator.

The effect of drink on the working-classes is thus expounded by Mr. Burns:—

It excites where it does not divert their best faculties and qualities. It irritates where it does not brutalise, and makes for discord, strife, and bitterness, where calmness, sobriety, kindness, and decency should prevail. It is an aid to laziness, as it often is an incentive to the most exhausting and reckless work; it is the most insidious foe to independence of character, it undermines manhood, enervates maternity, and dissipates the best elements of human nature, as no other form of surfeit does. It stimulates all the lusts of the flesh as no other form of excess is capable of doing; as the records of human depravity, misery, and brutality too often reveal. As was said of it by Lord Brougham, it is "the mother of want and the nurse of crime."

THE INDIVIDUAL DRINK BILL.

This is no wonder, considering what we spend on drink individually:—

	£	s.	d.
Working classes per head	7	4	6
Other classes per head	13	10	11
Working classes per family who drink ...	18	15	4
Other classes	46	18	2

The following shows how we stand compared with other nations:—

Germany, with fifty-six millions of people, spends on drink	£150,000,000
At Britain's proportion it would be	270,000,000
Compared with us they save or divert per year to better purposes	120,000,000
United States of America, with seventy-six millions of people, spends on drink	234,000,000
At Britain's proportion	362,000,000
Saving	128,000,000
Joint advantage over us in Home and Foreign markets of	248,000,000

DRINK AS A MONEY-WASTER.

The Trades Unions, says Mr. Burns, are abused for bringing about strikes. The whole 648 strikes of 1901 cost only £1,000,000, though they secured £24,000,000 in higher wages, and a net gain of 11,000,000 reduced hours of work, beyond other improved conditions. Yet on drink, betting, and gambling, and the loss entailed thereby in time or money, from thirty to fifty days per annum were lost, with no advantage at all.

A PROFITLESS INDUSTRY.

The idea that drink is in any way good for trade is fallacious. The brewing industry spends less than any other on wages:—

Occupation.	Paid in Wages out of each £100 value produced.
Mining	55°0
Shipbuilding	37°0
Docks and Harbours	34°7
Railways	30°0
Agriculture	29°0
Canals	29°0
Cotton Manufacture	29°2
Waterworks	25°7
Iron and Steel Manufacture	23°3
Textile Industries	22°6
Gas Manufacture	20°0
Brewing	7°5

The table clearly illustrates the supreme folly of buying intoxicants with the idea that their consumption helps trade, or puts a large proportion of money in the pockets of the wage-earners.

The heavens supply the raw material, and the finished article goes invariably to the hell of a dissolute poverty.

DRINK AND POVERTY.

Mr. Burns denies that poverty causes drink; 1875, which was a record year for prosperity, also established a record for drunkenness. The most arrests for drunkenness take place on Saturday and Monday, when labouring men have their wages in hand. "As means decline," Mr. Burns concludes, "drunkenness decreases."

Good workmen often drink because their exceptional skill provides them with the means. It is the abuse of their natural strength and energy that enables them to drink; not their drinking which makes them energetic.

Drink is the fruitful, as it is in many cases the chief cause, of dismissal for individual workers. Intemperance in the General Post Office (1903) was responsible for 21 per cent. of the whole number of dismissals, and 67 per cent. of the losses of good conduct stripes. A similar proportion could fairly be applied to police, municipal, military, naval, and every other branch of public service and private employment.

SIGNS OF IMPROVEMENT.

Luckily we are improving:—

In spite of all I have said as to the cost, waste, misery, lunacy, crime, debauchery, and degradation that all phases of the drinking habit lead to; in spite of there being more money, which to many means only more drink; in spite of there being relatively much drinking, there is absolutely less drunkenness, taking the country as a whole. In proportion to employment, means, opportunity, and example shown to them in certain quarters, the working people as a class are ever so much more sober than they were, and, even with the drinking section, drinking is not so heavy nor so bestial as it was. All round there are evidences of great strides in the direction of sobriety; but this reform must be accelerated.

The repulsion against the drinker is growing.

The feeling against the drunkard is intensifying.

CORELESS AND SEEDLESS APPLES.

MR. SAMPSON MORGAN, in the December *Nineteenth Century*, deals with the coreless apple, the latest triumph in the fruit-world. He says:—

The new apple, which is both coreless and seedless, was introduced by an old fruit raiser. For twelve years he experimented to obtain the fruit. As the result of seeking to secure the seedless apple, a blossomless tree has been developed. It bears a stamen and a very small quantity of pollen. The importance of such developments is apparent. The cold spells do not affect the fruit, and the apple grower has little to fear from late spring frosts, which in most years do much harm on the fruit farm.

The tree is described as blossomless, the only thing resembling a blossom being a small cluster of tiny green leaves, which grow around the newly-formed apple and shelter it. Being devoid of blossoms, it is claimed that the fruit offers no effective hiding-place in which the codlin moth may lay its eggs, which it usually does in the open eye of the fruit.

Mr. Morgan evidently regards the future as assured to the coreless apple:—

There are now 2,000 of these coreless apple trees available for propagation to supply the orchards of the world. It is estimated that by 1906 2,500,000 of these trees will be put upon the market. For domestic use a coreless apple will commend itself to every housewife in the country. For evaporating purposes it would prove invaluable.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT.

AN APPRECIATION IN VINEGAR.

IF Mr. G. W. E. Russell had published his article which appears in the November *North American* in an English periodical immediately after Sir William Harcourt's death, it would have probably made a sensation. Nothing more scourging and bitter has been written of any living public man—not to say any dead public man—since Mr. T. P. O'Connor gave the world his biography of Lord Beaconsfield.

A selfish, ambitious, and unscrupulous adventurer. Such is my summary of Mr. Russell's analysis of the late Liberal leader's character. He begins by implying that Sir William inherited his deplorable nature from his ancestors. Every act in Sir William's career was dictated by self-seeking instincts. Fifty years ago he began public life by writing his two letters on "The Morality of Public Men." Mr. Harcourt's object, says Mr. Russell, was to get himself talked about. Similarly, by "pouring himself forth" in the *Times* during the American Civil War he got himself a Professorship at Cambridge.

Just before the downfall of Mr. Gladstone's first administration, he took office as Solicitor-General, and, when it was represented to him that loyalty to leaders was expected in those who have "taken the shilling," he replied that he had only "taken the sixpenny bit." From this it will be rightly inferred that Sir William Harcourt (as he now was) thought highly of himself and his deservings; and an opportunity soon arrived for forcing himself into greater prominence, and at the same time chastising the leader who had offered the sixpenny bit where the shilling was due.

AFRAID OF MR. GLADSTONE.

Sir William was a "worshipper of the rising sun," and as the Liberals were beaten in 1874, he made Disraeli the "subject of almost oppressive adoration." He was chastised by Mr. Gladstone over the "Public Worship Regulation Bill," and, therefore, Mr. Russell says in so many terms, had not the courage to touch the subject of Ritualism "until Mr. Gladstone was safely laid in Westminster Abbey."

Then he meditated treason:—

At the period which we have now reached, close observers of Sir William detected in him some signs of an intention to quit the Liberal party, which was disorganised and feeble, and to attach himself to the conquering standard of Lord Beaconsfield. But the Tory chief had read the "Legend of Montrose," and apparently regarded these overtures much as Lord Menteith regarded those of Major Dugald Dalgetty: "I had scarce patience with the hired gladiator, and yet could hardly help laughing at the extremity of his impudence."

WHY HE DID NOT BECOME PREMIER.

"Having come out rather late in life as a Gladstonian Liberal, he blacked himself all over for the part." He lost the Premiership when Gladstone retired, and Lord Rosebery succeeded under the following conditions:—

In the House of Lords the leader was a man young as politicians go; clever, judicious, adroit; who had never neglected an opportunity of gaining a friend, and would compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and add even the humblest unit to his personal following. In the House of Commons the leader was a man twenty years older; quite as clever; infinitely better informed; a parliamentarian of unequalled resources; who had

never opened his mouth without making an enemy; had trampled on everyone who came near him; and under whom no self-respecting colleague could consent to serve. So Lord Rosebery became Prime Minister; and Sir William Harcourt, in spite of high abilities, great achievements and substantial virtues, missed the supreme prize of public life because he had never learnt to keep a civil tongue in his head.

AS NO-POPERY CHAMPION.

Finally he burst upon the world as the champion of No-Popery; and the following was his manner and motive in the campaign:—

His assaults upon the Ritualistic Clergy of England were in the highest degree ungenerous and indecent. And yet the offender was not wholly without excuse. The mere spectacle of devotion irritated worldliness. Self-sacrifice was a standing reproach to self-seeking. The very sight of men who live for an unpopular cause stings the Soldier of Fortune into a fury which he cannot, if he would, dissemble.

Sir William belonged to the old and exhausted School of Irreligious Liberalism. I mean no reproach to his private character. Like Mr. Squeers, he could justly boast of being "the right shop for morals"; but he belonged to a political school which honestly believed that Religion was the greatest mischief which could befall the individual or the State.

Mr. Russell concludes his article by saying, "I have been on my guard against treating my subject in a spirit of unqualified eulogy." If this is "eulogy," it would be interesting to read Mr. Russell in a spirit of unqualified condemnation.

Mr. Russell has since written to the English Press explaining that the foregoing sketch was written long before Sir William's death, and had now been published without his consent.

COUNT VON BÜLOW.

In the December *Leisure Hour* there is a sketch, by Dr. Louis Elkind, of the Kaiser and his Chancellor. Of Count Bernhard von Bülow the writer says:—

If Count von Bülow were asked regarding the outcome, so far, of his Chancellorship, or, better still, of his seven years of office, it is likely that he would say that despite much bitter party conflict and want of success in some matters, excellent progress had been made in the great Imperial task—the greatest, undoubtedly, that any German statesman can devote himself to—of consolidating the Empire. What this means a small amount of reflection will help to show.

The post of German Chancellor is beset with difficulties. But Count von Bülow has not only won the confidence of his Emperor, but also that of the allied Sovereigns, and, indeed, of the more intelligent classes of the whole country as well. Moreover, his diplomatic abilities are becoming more and more generally recognised.

The Chancellor's position has been more critical during the last twelve months than at any other time. The great success of the Social Democrats at the General Election, in 1903, was used as a weapon against him by his political opponents, and, for a while, with success. The sudden rising of the Hereros in South-West Africa at the beginning of 1904 has also in some quarters been made a matter of serious complaint. Then the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War was thought to be a turning-point in his career, for he was charged with want of knowledge of the real state of affairs previous to the declaration of hostilities. But it has been shown that Count von Bülow and his fellow Ministers knew more than they were generally credited with. One by one these difficulties have been overcome by tact and foresight, and it can be said with certainty that at the present time no one is more of a *persona grata* with the Emperor than the Chancellor of the Empire.

RELIGION, SCIENCE AND MIRACLE.

BY SIR OLIVER LODGE.

SIR OLIVER LODGE contributes to the *Contemporary Review* an article which embodies addresses which he delivered at Birmingham and Liverpool. It is extremely interesting, characterised by its author's gift of lucid and luminous exposition. He begins by deprecating the cheap sarcasms of those people who, with a superficial smattering of popular science, sometimes try to pour upon religion all the strength of a few momentous discoveries; they declare that the whole structure of religious belief, built up through ages by developing the human race from fundamental emotions and instincts, has no solid foundation; he remarks drily that if this be so it proves nothing. It is the absence of matter foundation which makes the earth itself so secure. We should have much more reason to be anxious about its stability and durability if it were based upon a pedestal, instead of floating securely in the emptiness of space. Christianity, in his opinion, is not built either upon an empty tomb, or on any other plain physical or historical fact; it rests upon the primary effects of conscience, and upon direct spiritual experience. Hence he does not think that the kind of jubilant rat hunt under the foundations of the venerable, theological edifice, which afforded such entertainment to inconsiderate scientific men twenty-five years ago, could have any dangerous result. On the contrary, he thinks the exploration has been purifying and healthful in its effect, and the permanent substratum of fact will, in due time, be cleared of the decaying refuse of centuries. Sir Oliver Lodge then defines a Miracle under the following four categories:—

(1) A natural or orderly though unusual portent; (2) a disturbance due to unknown live or capricious agencies; (3) a utilisation by mental or spiritual power of unknown laws; (4) direct interposition of the Deity.

Coming, then, to the question of law and guidance, he asks whether we are to believe in irrefragable law? Or are we to believe in spiritual guidance? He says we ought to believe in both:—

(1) We must realise that the Whole is a single undeviating law-saturated cosmos.

(2) But we must also realise that the Whole consists not of matter and motion alone, nor yet of spirit and will alone, but of both and all; we must even yet further, and enormously, enlarge our conception of what the Whole contains.

Not mere energy, but constantly directed energy—the energy being controlled by something which is not energy, nor akin to energy, something which presumably is immanent in the universe and is akin to life and mind.

To those who are able to accept both of these beliefs he says:—

Prayer is part of the orderly cosmos, and may be efficient portion of the guiding and controlling will; somewhat as the desire of the inhabitants of a town for a civic improvement may be a part of the agency which ultimately brings it about, no matter whether the city be representatively or autocratically governed.

Professor Oliver Lodge believes in the goodness of God because he has practical experience of the goodness of man. He thinks it unreasonable to imagine that God is not at least as good, and as wise and as

capable of exerting volition in control of the world which He has made, as we are.

It is absurd to deny the attributes of guidance and intelligence and personality and love to the Whole, seeing that we are part of the Whole, and are personally aware of what we mean by those words in ourselves. These attributes are existent, therefore, and cannot be denied; cannot be denied even to the Deity.

Is the planet subject to intelligent control? We know that it is: we ourselves can change the course of rivers for predestined ends; we can make highways, can unite oceans, can devise inventions, can make new compounds, can transmute species, can plan fresh variety of organic life; we can create works of art; we can embody new ideas and lofty emotions in forms of language and music, and can leave them as Platonic offspring to remote posterity. Our power is doubtless limited, but we can surely learn to do far more than we have yet so far in the infancy of humanity accomplished; more even than we have yet conjectured as within the range of possibility.

As to Miracle, he says:—

Miracles lie all around us; only they are not miraculous. Special providences envelop us; only they are not special. Prayer is a means of communication as natural and as simple as is speech. The motion of the earth, again, furious rush though it is—fifty times faster than a cannon ball—is quite inappreciable to our senses; it has to be inferred from celestial observations, and it was disbelieved by the agnostics of an earlier day.

Uniformity is always difficult to grasp. Steady motion is what conveys us on our way, collisions are but a retarding influence. The seeker after miracle, in the exceptional and narrow or exclusive sense, is pining for a catastrophe; the investigator of miracle, in the continuous and broad or comprehensive sense, has the universe for a laboratory.

Christmas in the Valois.

MUCH the most interesting matter in *Scribner's Magazine*, which, moreover, is almost entirely fiction interspersed with several good poems, is Madame Waddington's account of Christmas in the Valois, a very remote, thinly populated district of France, where she and the party staying in her château resolved to give the peasants and children an English Christmas-tree in the church, with, of course, the permission of the local curé and mayor. It was an immense success, and Madame Waddington's account of it is very pleasantly given. "There was one poor old woman—looked a hundred—still gazing spellbound at the tree with the candles dying out, and most of the ornaments taken off. As I came up to her she said: 'Je suis bien vieille, mais je n'aurais jamais cru voir quelque chose de si beau! Il me semble que le ciel est ouvert'—poor old thing! I am so glad I wasn't sensible, and decided to give them something pretty to look at and think about."

LIGHT ON WARREN HASTINGS.

IN *Harper's Magazine* Mr. S. Arthur Strong edits a hitherto unpublished letter written by Warren Hastings on July 17th, 1788, giving an account of his Impeachment. In that letter Hastings complains bitterly:—

I have already undergone a trial of one year, and by the rule of three, with an allowance of the same time for my defence as is taken up in the prosecution, nineteen years more remain for the close of it. The law of England presumes every man, however arraigned, to be innocent, until he is proved to be guilty, and places under the protection of its courts even the most atrocious criminals that are brought before them.

AUSTRALIA TO-DAY.

Mr. Burriss Gahan contributes to the Christmas number of the *Booklovers' Magazine*, the first of three articles upon "The Real Australia." It is largely introductory, but he nevertheless has some interesting things to say on present conditions. Australians, he says, should have some advantage in the scramble for Eastern trade, but against the commercial advantages of geographical position must be set its ethnological dangers.

The islands of Oceania, beginning with the Philippines, and ending with New Guinea, may seem the stepping stones of commerce, but they may become the stepping stones of conquest. They are eternal links in the chain with which nature has bound the fortunes of Asia and Australia. Yet this country has set its heart on keeping those fortunes for ever separate. It has irrevocably to turn back from these shores not only the black labourers of Melanesia, but the little brown men of the north. That resolve may only hasten the "yellow invasion," which is the national bugbear. Australians are the first to recognise that the surplus millions of Japan may well cast envious eyes upon this sunny continent; but, nevertheless, they are determined to hand it down entire and unimpaired to the children of their own race.

NATURE WRONG SIDE FOREMOST.

Australia is indeed a continent of opposites and extremes, where half of nature is wrong side foremost—a land of hysteron-proteron and strange Antarctic inversions. Of the climate, Mr. Gahan says:

Nowhere is it too hot for white people to live, though the heat may drive the man to spirit-nipping and the woman to infinite tea-drinking; nowhere, save on the mountain top, is it too cold for a man to sleep the year round in the open without covering, though some southern towns boast of seeing an occasional flurry of snow.

I should not like to experiment in thus sleeping out o' nights.

BUSHRANGERS.

After referring to the wonderful wealth of the goldfields, Mr. Gahan says:—

And the gold-digger brought the bushranger—for wherever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together. Fiends incarnate though they were, the bush-rangers deserve the thanks of posterity, for they gave to Australian history its only thrilling chapter.

THE LIVER THE NATIONAL DISEASE.

He says that the national disease of Australians is "the liver," born of bad cookery and the wearing heat. In such a climate it is no wonder that Australians become great holiday-makers. The wonder is that they become such great athletes.

Australian life, however, is not all beer and skittles—not all holidays and cricket matches. The fiercest and longest American winter does not call forth that grim courage, patient determination, and unbreakable hopefulness which alone can carry a man safely through the seven years of an Australian drought. . . . Yet slowly but surely, as the generations follow each other, this Southern sun will wither Australian energies. You

see it now in the lounging gait, and the unpunctual habits of young Australia. And if you look deeper, you will see the same thing in the tendency of Australians to rely upon their Governments for everything. There you have the secret of Governmental interference and socialistic legislation.

AUSTRALIAN CITIES.

Describing the great Australian cities, Mr. Gahan says:—

No American city has a street-car system worthy to be named in the same breath with Sydney's; and Sydney's new railway station, when completed, will probably be the finest in the world. Australians do not stint themselves because of expense when they plan their public buildings, or lay out their park lands. This may be seen, not in the cities alone, but in every country town.

A CURIOUS ERROR.

The editor is probably responsible for a curious slip in the title of one of the many good photos, which illustrate the article. The picture shows a rushing torrent in the Otira Gorge on the West Coast of New Zealand, in close proximity to the eternal snows, and titles it as "A Dry River-bed, etc., Typical of Australia!"

INDIA'S EXPERIENCE OF C.O.D.

Captain A. T. Banon, writing from the Manali Orchards in Kulu, in the Punjab, says:—

How Conservative and backward you are in England! Here is a man in the *Monthly Review* writing against the proposed C.O.D. post, when we have had it for the last twenty-seven years in India with the most excellent results! John Bull does want waking up! Why, the whole of my business is conducted by V.P. parcel-post, your C.O.D. Every year I send thousands of baskets of fruit by your C.O.D. post, and not once in 500 cases is there a refusal to take delivery. Before I started the business English apples and pears were out of the reach of ninety-nine out of every hundred persons in India, and now there is not a person in India, Burma and Ceylon who cannot get his daily or weekly supply of apples or pears.

HOW MUCH A LONDONER EATS.

The *Sunday Strand* Christmas number is a good one. "Preachers in Caricature," illustrated by *Vanity Fair* cartoons, is an amusing paper; Glastonbury ruins are described by Mr. Alfred Cooper as "The Bethlehem of Britain." Mr. Edouard Charles discusses the problem "Is London Underfed?" and answers that collectively it is exceedingly well fed, though individually it is often sadly underfed. London's food bill for twelve months in nearly £125,000,000. On an average, the Londoner eats half a loaf per day; two-thirds of an ounce of butter, and half a pound of meat. He eats also 12lb. of cheese a year, on an average, and nearly 1½ cwt. of potatoes. If everyone had his share, he would eat 20lb. a week, "a matter of over 9 cwt. during the year, eating our own weight some seven or eight times!"

MORE OF UTOPIA.

MR. WELLS'S "Modern Utopia," a third chapter of which appears in the December *Fortnightly*, is developing more by allusion than by description. It is not always easy to see what the author is driving at.

The coinage of Utopia, Mr. Wells thinks, will not be based on the fluctuating value of gold, but will be in "units of energy," energy having a positive value. "Notes good for so many thousands of units of energy at one of the other central generating stations" will be issued. There will be no imports, "except meteorites," and no exports at all, for Utopia will be a World State.

... As regards individual property-holding :—

A modern Utopian most assuredly must have a practically unqualified property in all those things that become, as it were, by possession, extensions and expressions of his personality; his clothing, his jewels, the tools of his employment, his books, the objects of art he may have bought or made, his personal weapons (if Utopia have need of such things), insignia, and so forth. All such things that he has bought with his money or acquired—provided he is not a professional or habitual dealer in such property—will be inalienably his, his to give or lend or keep, free even from taxation.

But he will not possess land or monopolise Nature in any way. Even unspent money will revert to the State at his death.

A ROOM IN UTOPIA.

An Utopian bedroom will be a marvellous thing :—

The room is, of course, very clear and clean and simple; not by any means cheaply equipped, but designed to economise the labour of redding and repair just as much as possible. It is beautifully proportioned, and rather lower than most rooms I know on earth. There is no fireplace, and I am perplexed by that until I find a thermometer beside six switches on the wall. Above this switch-board is a brief instruction: one switch warms the floor, which is not carpeted, but covered by a substance like soft oilcloth; one warms the mattress (which is of metal, with resistance coils threaded to and fro in it); and the others warm the wall in various degrees, each directing current through a separate system of resistances. The case-ment does not open, but above, flush with the ceiling, a noiseless rapid fan pumps air out of the room. The air enters by a Tobin shaft. There is a recess dressing-room, equipped with a bath and all that is necessary to one's toilette, and the water, one remarks, is warmed, if one desires it warm, by passing it through an electrically heated spiral of tubing. A cake of soap drops out of a store machine on the turn of a handle, and when you have done with it you drop that and your soiled towels and so forth, which also are given you by machines, into a little box, through the bottom of which they drop at once, and sail down a smooth shaft. A little notice tells you the price of your room, and you gather the price is doubled if you do not leave the toilette as you found it. Beside the bed, and to be lit at night by a handy switch over the pillow, is a little clock, its face flush with the wall. The room has no corners to gather dirt, wall meets floor with a gentle curve, and the apartment could be swept out effectually by a few strokes of a mechanical sweeper. The door frames and window frames are of metal, rounded and impervious to draught. You are politely requested to turn a handle at the foot of your bed before leaving the room, and forthwith the frame turns up into a vertical position, and the bedclothes hang airing. You stand at the doorway and realise that there remains not a minute's work for anyone to do. Memories of the foetid dis-

order of many an earthly bedroom after a night's use float across your mind.

ART IN MACHINERY.

Utility will not be without beauty :—

In Utopia a man who designs a tram road will be a cultivated man, an artist craftsman; he will strive, as a good writer or a painter strives, to achieve the simplicity of perfection. He will make his girders and rails and parts as gracious as that first engineer, Nature, has made the stems of her plants and the joints and gestures of her animals. To esteem him a sort of anti-artist, to count every man who makes things with his unaided thumbs an artist, and every man who uses machinery as a brute, is merely a passing phase of human stupidity.

SELF-SUPPORT IN AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES.

AN aspect of American Higher Education which has practically no parallel in England is the large number of students who maintain themselves and pay their college fees out of their own earnings. Professor O. F. Lewis, who deals with the subject in the November *North American Review*, says :—

From Maine to California the self-supporting students form a respectable and much-respected army. In only four out of fifty-nine colleges are they estimated as falling below 10 per cent. of the total enrolment, namely, at the Universities of the South, Cincinnati, Missouri and Utah. But in Colby College, Illinois College and Baker University 90 per cent. of the students are believed to be working, wholly or partly, their way through the college. Bates College and Rutgers College report 80 per cent. or over, and Dartmouth and the Universities of Vermont, Minnesota and Kansas 70 per cent. or more. Two colleges report between 60 and 70 per cent.; eleven colleges between 50 and 60 per cent.; three between 40 and 50 per cent.; and nine again between 30 and 40 per cent. Harvard reports the number to be very large; the Universities of Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin have no data on hand; the University of Chicago gives over 50 per cent. Yale and the University of Pennsylvania report between 10 and 20 per cent., and Cornell University about 25 per cent.

HOW STUDENTS EARN MONEY.

A rough estimate is that 53,773 out of 119,496 American students support themselves. The colleges employ some as janitors, bell-ringers, caretakers, etc. Some young men wait on and wash dishes for their fellow-students. Many college presidents have established free "self-help" agencies and appointment bureaux. Unfortunately, opinion seems to be general that self-support hinders study to a considerable extent. Only three out of fifty-nine colleges questioned replied that a self-supporting student could study as well as his more fortunate companions.

Happily there are no social disadvantages :—

That the American college is a democratic institution, in which worth counts more than wealth, is the sentiment of many replies to the question as to the social standing of the self-supporting student. Not only are the working boys accorded college honours, but class distinction and fraternity fellowship are offered with a most satisfactory readiness to the self-supporting students. Of fifty-nine colleges, forty-seven report "no difference" in social standing. Dean Hurlburt, in answering from Harvard, voices admirably the sentiment strongly expressed by many other colleges—"At Harvard there is absolutely no difference between rich and poor, so far as social standing goes."

THE PRIMATE'S AMERICAN TOUR.

THE Vicar of Windsor writes in the *Treasury* on the Archbishop of Canterbury in Canada and the United States. After a paragraph on the Primate's reception at the Canada Club in Toronto, the writer dwells on the great mass meeting in the open air which welcomed his Grace at Washington. The place was the site which has been secured on St. Alban's Mount, overlooking the American capital, for a national Episcopalian Cathedral. Already on the spot is a baptistery containing a font made of stones taken from the River Jordan; and a sanctuary containing (1) an altar built of stones taken from quarries at Jerusalem; (2) a Bishop's throne built of stones from Glastonbury Abbey, and (3) a "St. Hilda's Stone," a key-stone from St. Hilda's Abbey at Whitby. Thirty-five thousand people were present when "for the first time in history an Archbishop of Canterbury stood in the capital of the American people to deliver his 'salutation' on the site of the future cathedral."

The General Convention of the American Episcopal Church at Boston greatly impressed the writer, and especially the part taken by the laymen in the House of Deputies. "Each diocese has its eight delegates—four clerical and four lay." There were four lay speakers to one clerical; "the keenest men are the laymen." The place and power given to the laity strikes the writer as something which "must be regained" in England. It seems as if the Anglican Primate's tour may tend to Americanising the Church of England as well as towards Anglicanising the United States.

An American clergyman remarks on the wonder of the fact "that a foreign ecclesiastic, coming to this country in the midst of the excitements of a Presidential election, should have proved to be what we here call a 'record-breaker' in the matter of attracting audiences, putting both politics and athletics, on that score, to an open shame."

A PAN-BRITISH UNIVERSITY COUNCIL.

THE *Nineteenth Century* for December contains an important article by Mr. Churton Collins, entitled "The Rhodes Bequest and University Federation." The Empire has now, for a year, possessed an "Imperial Council of Universities"; the great ideal of the future is the affiliation of all the Universities in the Empire. Already Oxford, Cambridge, and some of the lesser Universities are affiliated with many colonial centres of Higher Education. Mr. Collins pleads for a general All-British scheme of union which would work:—

By providing a central institution, such as may be found in the London University or the Colonial Institute, for information, where all that is at work in the various allied universities should be reported, and all the facilities for mutual reciprocity of advantages co-ordinated.

By arranging, at regular intervals, conferences by which the allied universities may be kept in touch with each other, and in which all suggestions and proposals likely to be of mutual benefit should be communicated and discussed.

By facilitating in every way interchanges of students, and, when desirable, of teachers, and by registering, with their records, all such graduates as are qualified for progressive staff appointments, in order that those who have proved their qualifications for lecturing and teaching may, where vacancies occur, be selected to fill them.

By encouraging such universities as happen to have special facilities for particular branches of post-graduate studies to specialise in those subjects.

By endeavouring to secure or further a uniformity of standards, especially in relation to entrance tests and, if possible, in relation to pass-degrees, so that each university might enable students to proceed at once to post-graduate study and research.

By organising research scholarships and fellowships on the model of the Playfair 1851 Scholarships, not merely for science, but for history, economics, and the humanities generally, and undertaking the nomination to those scholarships and fellowships.

By offering prizes, such as the Imperial Institute offered some years ago, for important original contributions to any branch of study, preferably to such studies as relate to history, politics, and economics as they bear on imperial questions and interests.

By bringing pressure on the Government to recognise the energies now awake both at home and in the Colonies, and to realise the importance of co-ordinating them, and by making every effort to obtain, both from Government and from private philanthropy and patriotism, adequate financial support, the necessity of which would thus, urged as it would be by an Imperial Council, be authoritatively and impressively demonstrated.

The Council would undoubtedly have to extend its attention to the educational needs of a portion of our Empire which is not strictly included in the question discussed here, and which was not represented in the Conference. Nothing could be more radically inadequate, nothing more deplorable, than the present regulations for the education of our Indian subjects.

A WALL OF PRAYER IN TIBET.

LIEUT.-COLONEL BAIRNSFUTHER, in *Good Words*, recalls some impressions of Tibet, which are, however, of another time and place than those involved in the recent Mission. He tells how, on entering Ladak, he came on a long, low wall, running in the same direction as the road, and apparently occupying or blocking the centre of it:—

No dividing barrier evidently, nor part of any fortification. Useless, seemingly, and of no meaning. On approaching we find that the path divides on either side of this wall, each section being equally trodden. But there is no choice. The left-hand path must be taken, the wall remaining on the right. This indeed, we afterwards learn, is one form of prayer. For every one of the countless small slabs of stone which cover the sloping roof of the wall are inscribed with the one universal and all-sufficing prayer—the mysterious, and to us (even when translated) meaningless, *Om mane padme humi*: Oh! the jewel in the lotus. Amen. These walls vary in length from about one hundred yards to a quarter of a mile, and one I saw could not have been less than eight hundred yards; from six to ten feet high, about twelve feet broad at base and sloping to an apex at the top. Think of the labour expended, not so much in the construction of the wall, but in the carving of all the prayer stones. This last is the work of the monks, and it is not a dead idea, for I found a carver at work on a prayer of more ambitious size on a rock face.

The writer reverently acknowledges the strong desire thus expressed to keep the reality of the other world daily and hourly in mind.

JOSEPH PRIESTLEY is eulogised in centenary sketches in *Good Words* and in the *Positivist Review*. His death occurred February 6th 1804.

"HIAWATHA" PLAYED BY THE OJIBWAYS.

IN the *American Review of Reviews* Mr. W. C. Edgar writes a picturesque sketch of "Hiawatha" as the Ojibways interpret it. This tribe of Indians annually produce the play of "Hiawatha" during the pleasant months of summer at Desbarats, Ontario. This is how a quaint Indian parallel to the Oberammergau Passion Play arose:—

Mr. L. O. Armstrong, who has spent his summers for many years on an island close by, is responsible for the production of the play of "Hiawatha." Ten years ago he was travelling in an open boat along the north shore of Lake Huron, nearly thirty miles from Sault Ste. Marie. As night fell he came upon a group of islands, and pitched his camp on one of them. When he awoke the next morning he found the lake covered with canoes, and, looking across to the mainland, discovered it to be the camping-ground of a tribe of Indians. He became acquainted with the natives, and found them kindly disposed. Later, he built himself a shelter on the island, and invited the Ojibways to visit him. He won their confidence and goodwill, and in the course of many long and friendly talks, learned that the legend of Hiawatha was not unfamiliar to them. He read parts of Longfellow's poem to his red guests, and they verified and corrected it. He then undertook to obtain the Indian version of the story, and in this, after patient effort and much tact, he finally succeeded. He was surprised to find how close a similarity existed between Longfellow's interpretation and the legendary lore of the Indians themselves.

Out of this acquaintance grew the idea of playing "Hiawatha," and its first presentation was given in 1899, before members of the Longfellow family, who have since testified to their enjoyment of the event.

The Indians are very unwilling to accept modern innovations. An unfortunate exception to this praise-worthy rule is a modern laughing song, translated into Indian, which has been put in the mouth of Pau-Puk Keewis.

There are several additional scenes in Hiawatha's history which might perhaps be given with excellent dramatic and musical effect, but the actors decline to present them. Particularly and emphatically, they refuse to portray the great famine and the death of Minnehaha, nor will they sing her death chant. They maintain that the costumes, dances, and songs of the play as it is now given are correct, and any suggestions to alter them in the slightest particular are disregarded.

STAGED BY NATURE.

Happily, no theatre has been erected to destroy the local illusion.

The auditorium is a natural amphitheatre on the shore; the stage, a small artificial island, about a hundred feet distant, at one end of which stand the lodge and wigwam of Nokomis. A few branches of trees are placed at intervals along the back of the stage. To the left, on the mainland, a very good imitation of a cliff has been constructed.

The scenery surrounding this little stage is the most magnificent of any theatre on the Continent, its background being the rocky islands of the Georgian Bay. These rise steep and clear cut from the edge of the shining waters, and are covered with brilliant foliage. This beautiful spot has for generations been the camping ground of the Ojibways, and is, therefore, most appropriate for the purpose they have now put it to.

"HIAWATHA" TO THE LIFE.

Showano, a full-blooded Ojibway, with a really fine idea of the character, presents Hiawatha. He is graceful, dignified, and courtly, and possesses a certain charm which is singularly winning—an Indian of the rare Fenimore Cooper type. Until this year the part of Minnehaha was taken by his wife, who was a most attractive young woman. These two came to know

and love each other through the production of the drama, in which they represented the two most important characters. Two years ago they were married, but last winter Minnehaha died, and Showano experienced too profoundly some of the grief of the hero he portrays. The mimic representation of Hiawatha's life has realised in this sorrowful incident a very near approach to the story as Longfellow has told it. The modern Hiawatha mourns sincerely for the lost Minnehaha, and his grief has given to his acting, this year, a melancholy and pathetic quality which is very touching. The present Minnehaha is a young sister of Showano's late wife.

THE FINAL SCENE.

In the final scene the Ojibways avail themselves of the stage properties of Nature herself in a way which puts to shame the most elaborate *mise-en-scène* of an opulent theatre. Hiawatha disappears into the glory of a real sunset, across the waters of a real lake:—

When Hiawatha steps into his birch-bark canoe and begins his death-chant, the sun has declined until its rays make a glittering pathway leading into the islands of the west. As he moves from the shore without the aid of oar or paddle (the boat being carried forward by means of an unseen sunken cable), the wailing voices of the warriors and squaws take up the refrain. . . . The eyes of the watchers are fastened upon the stalwart figure in the disappearing canoe, but soon the sun's rays dazzle them, and the hero disappears in a glorious blaze of gold. Far, far away, from the unseen distance, from the "Islands of the Blessed," faintly come the last notes of the departed Hiawatha, and thus ends the play.

RUSSIAN CHURCHES.

A NEW RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL.

IN the December number of the *Art Journal* there is a brief description of the new cathedral, St. Vladimir, at Kiev, by Mr. T. P. Armstrong. The cathedral, says the writer, stands in an open space like St. Mark's, at Venice. Vasnetzof, Nesterof, Pvedomski, and Katorbinski, the Russian painters, have decorated the building. The masterpiece of the first-named artist in the apse of the cathedral represents the Mother of God with the Eternal Child; and the other artists have depicted the Creation, the Raising of Lazarus, the Crucifixion, etc. The cathedral is described as a palace or temple of art rather than a church.

MOTHER MOSCOW.

This is the title of an article by Emily A. Richings, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for December. It is, in a great measure, a descriptive and historical sketch of the Kremlin and the great cathedrals of Moscow. Five cathedrals, we are told, encircle the Red Palace, among them being the Church of the Assumption, used as the coronation sanctuary, the Cathedral of St. Michael the Archangel, beneath the domes of which lie the earlier rulers of Russia, and the Cathedral of St. Basil, which contains a complete gallery of Russian saints, painted by Verestchagin.

THE premium plate issued to the subscribers of the *Art Journal* on payment of 2s., in addition to the amount of subscription, is "Psyche Entering Cupid's Garden," by Mr. J. W. Waterhouse.

TRAINING WILD BEASTS.

In the Christmas number of *McClure's Magazine*, Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams edits "Notes from a Trainer's Book," an account of the behaviour of different animals under training. The writer says that all his life he has been the master, or the slave, of caged animals, but he makes no claim to know all about them. "No man living," he says, "knows all about them. Some who are dead thought they knew. That is the reason they are dead." Monotony is the blessing of the man who deals with pet animals. When it is broken it is usually by some terrible and tragic circumstance.

Socner or later, most animals of the cat kind become utterly intractable, and remain so. "Going bad" is the professional term for this. Rarely do they return to their old, amenable ways. Henceforth they are of no use as performers, and are relegated to the exhibition cages, for any man entering the cage of a lion or tiger that has gone bad is instantly attacked. This is one of the terrors of the trade.

Some men have the gift of knowing when an animal is going bad, but as a rule the trainer is taken by surprise, and is lucky if he escapes with his life.

THE KING (?) OF BEASTS.

The general public always regards the lion as the king of beasts. "It sounds well," says the writer, "and makes a fine line on the posters."

But if he had to defend the championship in the ring, I think almost any of the larger bears could give him weight, and beat him easily. The lion looks like a fighter; all his muscles show out good and strong, and he has a kind of swagger to his walk, while any bear is a clumsy creature, and has rather a clownish appearance. But for sheer strength, I've never known the living thing that could compare, pound for pound, with Bruin in muscular power.

BRUIN'S GREAT STRENGTH.

He gives the following instance of the tremendous strength of the bear: A trick bear broke loose from a circus, there being nothing to prevent him from doing so, excepting a chain and a tolerably stout shed wall. He broke the chain, tore down the wall, and went out to see the place. A cow with a calf threatened the intruder, and he patted her on the side of the head, which was stove in like so much cardboard. He was cornered in a barnyard, and a rope put round his neck. He refused to budge, not because there was any fight in him, but because of the obstinacy of fear. As many as could lay hold of the rope—and there were at least a dozen present—put all their endeavour on it, but unavailingly. It was anchored.

A second rope was spliced to the first, and an additional corps of volunteers for the tug-of-war tailed on to that. Then the bear began to move. He moved in

the direction opposite to that in which we were pulling. We moved after him. Some of us slid along the ground in disorganised heaps; others dropped the rope and gave up; half-a-dozen of the most persevering were scraped off on a pile of old lumber. The bear strolled away with the rope, and was finally captured by persuasion and food. I figured up thirty-two men on that rope, and that didn't include several who went away before I could complete my roster. So the bear had been hauling about 5000 pounds of dead weight, not reckoning the resistant strength. He did it apparently without any effort, and he was only a medium-sized cinnamon bear, too.

The hug of the bear is famous, and is generally recognised as his method of attack; but the facts do not bear out the supposition.

In attack, the bear hits out, or bites. He doesn't hug. He may grab a man and hold him while biting into his skull, but it isn't his clasp that is dangerous. I've seen a man held by a muzzled bear for nearly twenty minutes. He was almost suffocated when we got him away, but his only injury was a broken rib. Yet people talk as if a bear's hug was like that of a boa-constrictor. It is as a boxer that Bruin is dangerous. If one of his swings lands square, it is all over with the man.

ELEPHANTS ARE MURDERERS.

Bears are very finicky, especially trained ones, and the higher they are educated the harder they are to get along with; but of all animals there is none so crazy as a young elephant. The old ones of the herd are steady enough, barring viciousness, but the young elephant wants only the slightest excuse to run amok like a drunken sailor. A mouse, or the flutter of a strip of cloth in the wind, or because he doesn't like the look of the sky, is sufficient to send him off trumpeting and squealing, with the rest of the herd trailing after him, as like as not.

The public generally regards the elephant as a kindly and dependable creature. That shows how little the public knows about animals. The elephant is a murderer. Without having at hand any statistics, I will venture the statement that more men are killed each year by elephants than by all other captured animals put together.

An elephant takes a dislike to a man, and will kill him on sight. When this is done, the explanation, "The man was once cruel to the beast, now he has got his deserts," is generally given. This is one of the oldest fakes in the business, and is the excuse made by the show folk to save their dangerous property from paying the penalty of murder. If any animal may be rightly called treacherous, it is the elephant.

THE HYENA.

Hyenas are also misjudged by the public. They have a deceptive appearance of ferocity, but a hyena is a craven. Still, more than any other caged animal, it exhibits a kind of cringing affection. These timid beasts are dangerous if not

properly managed. One hyena is all a man can handle in a fight. He invariably attacks the legs to pull his prey down. He never springs for the throat. The trainer gives a lively account of his experience when the horses of the hyena cage in which he was with his charges became frightened at the smell of the elephants and bolted inside the performing ring:

As soon as the cage began to sway, my six hyenas started round it like a swarm of flying squirrels, all going the same way, and all uttering their frightened gurgling growl, which sounds like soup boiling. When a striped hyena bumped a spotted one, he would take a nip at him. In the language of the day, there was plenty doing, and I was right in it. To back into a corner seemed the best thing to do. With my shoulders in the angle, I kicked out at the merry-go-round, one foot after another, until I was tired out. Meantime, we were whooping round the ring, crowd in an uproar, attendants trying to stop us, and the whole place in a riot. It ended by the horses bolting out at the exit, tipping the cage over in a crowd of squatting Zulus. The six hyenas tumbled in a heap in the corner, with me on top of them, and all of us yelling at the top of our voices.

SKIRTS, NOT SEX.

Many people think that the sex of the trainer is an important factor in the handling of certain individual animals. The writer does not believe that it makes any difference at all. He says it is the silk dresses which lady trainers wear which attract the animals, and gives an instance of a trainer being attacked owing to her entering the cage wearing a rough cloth skirt, instead of her usual silk. Immediately after a man entered the cage in a silk dress, which, although but a poor fit, was enough to quieten the frightened brutes. It was the pleasant swish of the skirt they wanted.

People are generally fools about escaped animals. That they should be is the bane of the showman's life. An instance is given of a lion which escaped during a big fire, and took refuge in a barn. A cow had an argument with him there, and was killed. The woman of the house, with a broomstick rushed into the barn, and sailed into the lion. Being the King of Beasts, the intruder was scared almost to death, because his assailant was not at all afraid. He fled into the darkest corner. The woman's husband arrived with a gun and fired several shots into the darkness, killing the lion, and thus destroying a piece of property worth hundreds of pounds, when by merely shutting the barn door, he would have kept the animal perfectly safe until the trainer arrived. When the trainer did come up, he demanded if anyone had seen a lion about.

"Lion!" screeched the woman. "I thought it was a dog." Over she went in a dead faint, and cut her head open. What does the husband do but want damages for her injuries, and that after killing our high-priced animal. Well, he didn't get any damages."

WEATHER-WISE ANIMALS.

Nearly all beasts are very sensitive to weather changes. Wind, especially an east wind, makes them very nervous. An elephant is the most weather-wise of all animals. A thunderstorm cows some animals utterly.

I saw two fighting tigers separated by the baldest of stage thunder and lightning. They were chewing each other up, with little regard for the feeling or the interference of the Boss, when he had a brilliant notion. One of the lady riders was a camera fiend. He sent for her flashlight, hustled the bass drum out from the band, and turned out an article of thunderstorm that would have been hooted out of a Bowery melodrama. It did the business. At the first flash-boom, the tigers began to tremble; the second sent them to their corners, thoroughly subdued.

KAFFIR DRUM-CALLS.

Mr. Algernon S. Rose contributes to the *Zeitschrift der Internationalen Musikgesellschaft* of November a description of his interesting collection of African musical instruments, which he says is a better collection than is to be found in the museum at Capetown.

In the first group he refers to the various stringed instruments he has been able to get together—schumgha, zézé, pungwee, valia, devil's harp, rehab, and rebec. In the wind family he possesses six specimens—kinds of whistles, horns, flutes, and as instruments of percussion—the marcello or harmonicon, rattles, and drums. Oblong boxes filled with peas or stones are used as castanets.

But to the Kaffir drum seems the all-important instrument, for it wakes him in the morning, and summons him to meals, to work, fight, and hunt. Mr. Rose gives the following description of some of the Kaffir drum-calls:—

First, there is the drumming which goes on all night to scare away wild animals. Next, there is the day-break summons, known as the *réveillé* in all armies. The food beat consists of three triplets immediately followed by two notes somewhat slower. There is a separate drinking beat.

After the morning meal the chief of the tribe sees that the work beat is sounded. In due course the drum beat for leaving off work follows. There are also the march beat, the leopard-hunt beat, the war beat, etc.

In Zanzibar the big kettledrum is called the ngoma, after the dance of that name, which has a mesmeric influence upon the natives. No matter how tired a Kaffir may be after a long day's march, he becomes fresh at the prospect of a ngoma, which continues from sundown to sunrise. Scarce an evening passes without this dance occurring somewhere on the island of Zanzibar. Dancing, of course, does not mean movements such as waltzing, but rather swaying the body from the hips and stamping on the ground with the right foot—men, women and children chanting in unison for hours together.

THE ROMANCE OF THE FRENCH RACE.

AN ETHNOLOGICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY.

THE most original and the most interesting article in *La Revue* for November 1st and 15th is from the pen of the editor, M. Jean Finot. It is entitled "The Romance of the French Race," and is an impassioned study of the origin and development of the French people and the French intellect. Next year M. Finot is going to publish a book on Race Prejudice, from the anthropological and psychological point of view, and the present article would seem to be a sort of epitome of the volume.

For more than a century, M. Finot says, the civilised world has been under the influence of an idea which reacts strangely on its destinies, namely, the race idea, which has become almost a sacred dogma. Every kind of stupidity is committed in the name of race, and philosophers, writers, politicians, sociologists, are all the conscious or unconscious victims of the idea. Yet the word is nothing more than an abstract term. The names Celtic, or Gallic, Germanic, Aryan, are words without sense, and their importance lies only in what we choose to attribute to them.

THE ARYAN MYTH.

Coming to the French nation in particular, M. Finot begins with the Aryan myth. That the French are descended in direct line from the Aryans has become quite an axiom. In consequence, modern sociologists, historians, and politicians have never ceased to contrast the Aryans with other Semitic and Mongol nations, and the Aryan origin has been made the benevolent source of the great mental superiority and the virtues of Europeans compared with other peoples and civilisations. But when we look more closely at the Aryan dogma, we soon perceive that it is only a phantom. Quite recently K. Hartmann and others have informed us that the so-called Aryans never existed as a primitive people, except in the imagination of armchair scholars. Even the Aryan language idea, is based on a misunderstanding. When this mistake is realised it will be easier to dispose of another lie.

CAN THE FRENCH BE CALLED GAULS?

The French and the Gauls are terms identified together. The French are proud of the Gallo-Celtic blood in their veins, and the Germans on the other side of the Rhine hate the French because of their Celtic blood. Have the French and the Germans not been taught from time immemorial that the Gauls and the Germanic race had virtues and customs diametrically opposed? And have they not ended by believing these facts, the authenticity of which has never been suspected? To-day it seems sacrilege to express the smallest doubt as to the French being direct descendants of the Gauls. But M. Finot proceeds forthwith to commit this act of sacrilege. He is convinced that there were other races in France before the Gauls made their appearance on French soil.

What was this Gaul which La Tour d'Auvergne described as the cradle of humanity, and what was her language, the mother-language of so many other languages? M. Finot asks. According to the scientist and his partisans, Gaul was responsible for all that historians and linguists have wrongly attributed to the mysterious Asiatic Aryan. The Gauls gradually spread themselves over the greater part of ancient Europe, and even founded settlements in Galatia. Reflecting, then, on the great ramifications in Europe of this race, it is, to say the least, paradoxical to state that Gaul is France, and that the Gauls were the French.

In the third century B.C. the power of the Gauls was attacked on all sides. The Germanic race, the Romans, Greeks, Carthaginians, by a series of invasions, sought to break the power of Gaul and reduce the people to slavery. And as the Celtic era in Gaul gave place to Roman sway, the Roman dominion had to give way before the double Germanic invasion consequent on the great migration of peoples from the second to the sixth centuries of the Christian era. At any rate succeeding centuries brought no rest to Europe.

How, again, can we speak of Gallic blood dominating in the French when it is remembered that about the fifth century the Germans devastated the country, and transformed it into a desert, at the same time taking the inhabitants into captivity? And besides the Teutons there were other irruptions. France, in fact, has been the grave of men of all sorts of races—Russian Mongols, Semitic Arabs, Germans, Normans, Visigoths, Burgundians, Franks, etc. M. Finot gives a few details of the various invasions, and ends by giving a list of the races who may be said to have contributed to the formation of the French blood—about fifty, not counting sub-divisions or certain odd races, such as the Tziganes, of whose origin as little is known as is known of the negro race, whose early existence has also been traced in France!

When we remember that for centuries the Germanic race gave shelter to numerous Gallic tribes, we are indeed tempted to say that in Germany to-day there is probably more Gallic blood than in France, while the conquests of the Burgundians, the Visigoths, the Franks, and the Normans have, perhaps, inoculated France with more German blood than there is in Germany to-day. Two points are clear. France does not owe her dominating qualities to the Gauls, and if Gallic descent must absolutely be attributed to a European nation, that nation is certainly Germany. Thus we have a nice imbroglio. The French have become Germanic, and the Germanic race Gauls.

THE LATIN LIE.

In the second instalment M. Finot begins with the Latin doctrine. The French in proclaiming themselves a Latin people give us occasion to admire their evangelical humility. At a time when so many of the small Latin republics are startling the world by the incoherence of their social and political life, to

wish to belong to the Latin family savours of the heroic. But when the Latin doctrine is once adopted, all sorts of patriotic sacrifices are made in its name, notwithstanding that the decadence of the Latin races is admitted. The French-Latins have been contrasted with the insular Anglo-Saxons, the former having all the vices and the latter all the virtues. A whole French pessimistic literature has come into existence, full of distrust of France and discouragement for her future. There has been a concert of vociferation as to the inferiority of France, and how detrimental it was shown by the moral torpor into which France had fallen for a time.

Happily, however, France has begun to take courage again. The sudden awakening of Italy gives the lie to Latin decadence; the South African War has shown up the serious weaknesses of the British; the discovery of corruption in Germany has opened French eyes with regard to her; and the present Russo-Japanese War shows that the pretended youth of the Russian people does not mean moral and material health. France breathes more freely, and is reconsidering her rôle of a great people, who, while commanding universal respect, guides humanity to noble ends. She has at last come to understand that her past, her present, and her great moral future is not to be limited to ethnic origins. In considering her destiny, she realises that her genealogy is widely human rather than narrowly Latin.

From the intellectual point of view, however, France may be characterised as a Latin country—an important difference. As England was influenced by the Norman Conquest, but in time emancipated herself, and followed her own course, while preserving the language and some ideas from the other side of the Channel, France, after having been under Latin influence, returned later to an intellectuality more in keeping with her position in the world and the aptitude of her people.

WHAT IS THE FRENCH NATION?

The psychology of the French, concludes M. Finot, is most complex, the nation being the result of a supreme comprehension and adaptation of the intellectual conquests of all civilised countries enriched by its own essential mental qualities. As in philosophy and the arts France gradually freed herself from Latin influence, the movement of liberation has taken place in other domains of her literary, political, and moral life. Mixed up with many other factors, the Latin element has lost its preponderance, for all nations are amalgamated in her intellectual as well as in her ethnic life; and being a mixture of so many races, the French is endowed with an innate sympathy towards other races.

A CHARACTER-SKETCH of Sir Horace Brooks Marshall appears in the *Young Man* for December, which is a remarkably good number.

THE DEVIL IN LITERATURE.

IN the *Bibliothèque Universelle* for September, October and November, Michel Delines gives us an interesting study of the Devil and Satan in European Literature, based on a recent book by M. J. Matuszevski. Satan's first appearance in the poetry of the Middle Ages is attributed to Caedmon, and among the other writers referred to in the article are Dante, Tasso, Calderon, Shakespeare, Milton, Ben Jonson, Marlowe, Goethe, Byron, Chateaubriand, Lenau, Carducci, Beaudelaire, Alfred de Vigny, Victor Hugo, and many others.

The author of the book holds that Protestantism has been favourable to Satanism, and that the most admirable types of Satan have been created by poets born in Protestant countries. The history of the devil in poetry, he adds, is a history of the philosophy of evil, for the creators of types of Satan have invariably reflected in their works the dominant idea of their country and of their epoch with regard to the relations of good and evil. The devil in literature became civilised at the same time as did the poetry which created it.

THE LOGIC OF LOVERS.

BY A FRENCH PHILOSOPHER.

IN *La Revue*, of November 1st, Emile Faguet discusses a problem which he calls "Passion and Logic." The article has been suggested by a book, entitled "*La Logique des Sentiments*," by Th. Ribot, the well-known philosopher, and editor for thirty years of the *Revue Philosophique*.

M. Ribot recognises that feelings are not without logic; there is reason in them, and they have a rational appearance and a rational justification; but two sorts of logic may be applied to them—an internal logic in the sense that they take themselves for reasonable and logical things, and an external logic in the sense that they appeal to logic to prove that they are legitimate, and what it is desired they should be.

This logic of feeling consists always in an adaptation of the judgment to a prejudged conclusion. A man of feeling, in pursuit of an object which he desires, persuades himself that it is reasonable. According to his temperament or character, he sets his heart on a certain thing; in advance he concludes that that thing must be obtained (a prejudged conclusion); then, to convince himself further that it is a worthy one, he calls up every argument he can think of to help him to adapt his judgment of value to his prejudged conclusion. For example:—

"This woman is beautiful and charming"; or more simply, "I desire this woman." Conclusion: "I must possess her." Logic now intervenes: "I must possess her, for she can make me happy; for it is the duty of a man to make a woman happy; for in an intelligent man like myself love and reason are the same thing."

It will be seen that while true logic creates the conclusion, sentimental logic proceeds from the conclusion, is born of the conclusion, and is conditioned by the conclusion.

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

AN AMERICAN VIEW.

MUCH the most generally interesting paper in the *Arena* is that by Dr. Archibald Henderson on "Arnold Daly and Bernard Shaw: A bit of Dramatic History," illustrated by portraits of Mr. Shaw and Mr. Daly. Arnold Daly, of course, is the young American actor who first secured the right to produce "Candida," and produced it in spite of manifold discouragements from dubious managers and actresses. Mr. Shaw, says his American critic,

is to be reckoned as one of the most suggestive, and certainly the most brilliant, of all the critics of the modern British stage (understanding the word critic in its broadest sense). It would be difficult to find a man who is more brilliant and at the same time typical of this frantically restless new century. His plays are scintillating, invigorating, and edifying. In them is to be observed no indecision of purpose, no hint of vacuity, no suspicion of decadence. Mr. Shaw lives in the real world of vital modern thought, and delights in its problems, its restlessness, its comedy, and its tragedy. Even when he writes about the past, which is seldom, it is to view it through the many-sided prism of modern thought and modern intelligence. He is of the world to-day, a twentieth-century man with no apologies for that distinction.

He is thoroughly imbued with the most modern ideas. History he has studied through Mommsen, socialism through Marx, drama through Ibsen, philosophy through Nietzsche, and art through Rossetti and Burne-Jones. His career has marked him as an adept in many lines of literary effort. Mr. Shaw early learned the lesson that the way to arouse the attention of the stolid British public is to attack its sense of order and propriety. He remembered with Thackeray that in order to gain the notice of the British lion, it is only necessary to tweak his tail. Accordingly he mounted the cart-wheel of notoriety and, to the blaring of brass bands, declared himself a natural-born mountebank. "Come hither," he said, "and I will tell you what a remarkable freak I am."

HOW CHARLES DICKENS OBSERVED.

THE "outdoor man" selected for first place in *C. B. Fry's* is, strangely enough, Charles Dickens, "the Father of Christmas." It is for his keen out-of-door observation that the novelist has been thus selected. The writer, "Ithurriel," recalls the one walk he had with Dickens. "Ithurriel" had as a boy taken to classifying passers-by according to their apparent health or ailment, and so diagnosing their character or history. A French actor made an appointment with him for "a friend of his" who wished to judge his impressions of passengers. The writer says:—

He did not say who his friend was, and when, at seven o'clock on the following Saturday night, we met outside the "Cock" in Fleet Street, I was not a little staggered to recognise my critic. But I was a mere boy, and that eminent critic was always close to boyhood, and very soon we were quite happy together. And that night I had a lesson in observation. I found, before half an hour had gone by, that I was a mere amateur and tyro; I seemed to see and look for one thing only, while that other one appeared to gather everything into the orbit of his examining vision. Queer names, the effects of light and shadow, the gait of the passer-by, the stooped shoulders of one used to carry heavy burdens, the inequality of particular walks of particular people,

the sudden hush of a crowded thoroughfare, the strange area of silence that seems to intervene between a great river and the changing population on its banks, the influences of sounds as one stood still (a very remarkable experience it is at night) on what we suppose we must call the imagination. The boy had been prepared—he still thinks in middle life—for a more tricky and less exhaustive form of observation—he thinks so. He is sure he was more than surprised, perhaps a little awed, by the swift inlook into the heart of things that seemed to foreshorten all idle and curious groping, and make the immediate paraphrase of sounds and visible things a kind of infallible intuition. I ventured to say that in silent places one could sometimes hear the migrating birds as they sought the south, miles up in the air. I had been told so by a great bird-lover and bird-knower, but though we listened hard, they could not be heard that night. Since I have often heard them, but we could not hear them then.

WHY NOT RECONSTRUCT OUR CANALS?

VALUABLE HINTS FROM GERMANY.

MR. O. ELTZBACHER contributes to the *Contemporary Review* a most luminous and suggestive article entitled "The Lesson of the German Waterways." He points out that while England is far more advantageously situated than Germany for purposes of manufacture, these advantages have been largely nullified by the stupid, short-sighted fashion in which we have neglected our canals. For German factories and mines stand on an average about 200 miles from the sea-coast, and all our industries are carried on much nearer to the seaboard, hence all German raw materials, including food as well as other manufactures, have to travel a distance from eight to ten times longer than they have to do in Great Britain. How is it, then, that Germany has succeeded in overcoming this difficulty? The answer is, "She has done so by her waterways." In the last thirty years an expenditure to an amount of fifty million sterling has been authorised for improving the waterways of Germany and Austria. We have done nothing in that time, our canals are but ditches, our largest canal boats only carry from thirty to fifty tons of cargo. In Germany no canal boats are counted under one hundred tons, and the number of ships of 300 tons has increased seven-fold in the last twenty years. The cost of transport in boats of 150 tons is four times greater than boats of 15,000 tons. The average Rhine barge is now more than 500 tons, and many barges are used that carry over 2,000 tons. Everywhere in Germany the energy of the nation is constructed upon the improvement of the rivers and the making of new canals. Water carriage is five times cheaper than the railway. The German inland fleet has multiplied in the last twenty years, and has grown more rapidly than the German sea-shipping. Mr. Eltzbacher's moral is that we should at once set to work to improve our canals and our rivers. He would throw a dam across the Thames, east of London, and spend thirty million sterling in constructing 1,200 miles of deep and wide canals, over which heavy goods could be carried at an almost nominal transport. Our unique position for industrial pursuits has been spoiled and partly lost by the insufficiency and inefficiency of our expansiveness.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE FRENCH NEWSPAPER.

THE GOSSIPERS OF THE PARIS GARDENS.

In the *Correspondant* of November 10th, Henry Bordeaux has an article on the beginnings of French journalism. If all printers were to go out on strike, what would become of conversation? Without newspapers and news there would seem nothing to talk about. Yet newspapers are not so very old.

There was the *Gazette de France*, founded in 1631, which was nothing but a weekly issue of official notes, with the health of the King as its chief interest. The *Journal des Savants* (1665) and the *Mercure Galant* (1672) were chiefly concerned with Science and Art. The first French daily was the *Journal de Paris*, which did not appear till 1777. It is remarkable that whenever journalism made any effort to emancipate itself, it met with determined opposition from those in power.

Literary journalism found it impossible to satisfy literary men. Voltaire denounced all journals which maltreated him, and the French Academy could not bear others to be amused at its expense. In the *Journal de Bruxelles* of July 25th, 1776, Linguet made some jokes about the Academy à propos of the reception of La Harpe, whereupon the Academy sent a deputation to the Government demanding the exclusion of the *Journal* from France. The Ministry intervened, and succeeded in getting Linguet dismissed. Linguet then took refuge in London, and in his *Annales Politiques* took up the offensive. Another deputation of the indignant Immortals; this time to Amelot, the House Minister of the King. "I am very sorry," replied the Minister, "but I cannot grant your request that the paper should not be allowed to enter France. The King, the Queen, and all the Royal Family read no other journal than M. Linguet's, and they read it with the greatest pleasure." Yet Linguet never hesitated to attack either the Government or Amelot himself.

There were, however, few journals before the Revolution, but there was a public opinion, and a singularly powerful one, too. Whence came this public opinion? From whom did it receive its orders? How was its judgment formed? From the organisation called the "Nouvellistes," replies the writer, and M. Frantz Funck-Brentano is the author of a book on the subject. Their influence and their mode of propaganda are surely little known. We learn that anyone might be a nouvelliste. The first to "assist" at a festival, an exhibition, a military review, or any other event, and give an account of it, was a nouvelliste. A nouvelliste is one who knows the latest news every day; he knows everything; follows everything; takes part in everything.

As the State became centralised, people in the provinces became less satisfied with local news, while no Parisian remained satisfied with the news of his quarter. It was this curiosity which created the Nouvellistes. Soon the nouvelliste had his provincial and foreign correspondents, and correspondents at the

Court, in the Ministry, and at the Embassies, and the field became so large that the nouvelliste found it necessary to specialise. There were Nouvellistes d'État, Nouvellistes du Parnasse, Nouvellistes Dramatiques, Nouvellistes Militaires, Nouvellistes Voyageurs, and Nouvellistes Turlupins (conundrum journalists).

The glory of the journalist is apt to be rapid and ephemeral. It was the same with the Nouvellistes. History registers only two names—the Comte de Lionne (died 1716) and Métra (died 1786). Métra became a sort of Agence Havas. He was the recipient of the confidences of ambassadors, and his news bore the stamp of authority. Foreign politics especially attracted him.

But where did the public of Paris go to learn the news published orally? The editorial offices were the great Paris gardens—the Luxembourg, the Tuileries, the Palais-Royal. At first the news was published in the most frequented parts, the first point being the Pont-Neuf. As time went on the Nouvellistes, who had first sought out their public, recognised that the public, having acquired the taste for news, were ready to follow them wherever they chose to go. The Luxembourg Gardens became the centre of the *Journal des Débats Littéraires*, and Voltaire, Diderot and Rousseau honoured the assembly with their presence. Women also attended the meetings of the Nouvellistes, for a report dated November 18th, 1725, refers to a company of women taking part in the Luxembourg proceedings. Thus we have the origin of the *Ironde*. The Tuileries Gardens was the centre of political journalism, and the journalism of fashion, sport, etc. Note, there was the same journalistic *bric-à-brac* as we have to-day; people wanted to know something of everything.

The most famous of the Paris News Gardens was the Palais-Royal. In those days existence could not be imagined possible if you could not ask news of everyone you met. It was a sort of bureau of correspondence, and strangers spoke to each other as neighbours. Here it was that the Nouvellistes invented treaties, displaced ministries, made sovereigns live or die at their pleasure, for here they pretended to know the operations of courts and the secrets of cabinets.

As the Revolution approached the nouvelliste had gained in importance, in authority, in credit, and the public, not satisfied with meeting him in the public promenades, followed him to the café. Thus in the eighteenth century the café was considerably extended, for it favoured this new taste for living outside oneself. The nouvelliste became the soul of the café. He spent little, but he attracted the people.

THE mid-November number of the *House Beautiful* contains a description of the home of Mr. Mortimer Menpes; the present instalment of "Lost and Vanishing London" deals appropriately with Milton and St. Giles, Cripplegate; and an article on Furniture tells something of the history of buffets and sideboards. So far it is the best number of the new series.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE AMERICAN REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

Dr. Shaw writes with restrained triumph on the return of President Roosevelt. Always a loyal member of his party, Mr. Roosevelt is, "in spite of himself, a man of the whole people rather than of a party." He is "our foremost public character." In his vigour, his honesty, and in his combination of the serious-minded man and the optimist, he exemplifies the national type. The result was a foregone conclusion.

There is considerable variety in the special features of the December number. The personal element is well represented. There are four sketches of eminent Americans. The eulogy of Mr. Cortelyou is noticed elsewhere, as also the papers by Mr. Wellman on the Peace Movement, and by Mr. W. C. Edgar on the Indian drama of "Hiawatha." Mr. C. H. Poe describes the renovation of North Carolina, under the title of "The Re-making of a Rural Commonwealth." Characteristically, the new movement has begun with an advance all along the line in educational facilities provided. Good roads, rural mail delivery, telephones, farmers' clubs and scientific agriculture are among the other means of accelerating progress. Mr. Lewis Freeman tells how Hawaii has come to be second only to Cuba and Java as the world's sugar producers, in less than twenty years of scientific cane culture. Irrigation has been one of the most potent means in use. Mr. H. M. Suter surveys the progress of forestry in the United States, the forest and water problems being, according to Mr. Roosevelt, "the most vital of the internal problems of the United States." The first appropriation made by Congress for forest preservation occurred in 1887. Now the Bureau of Forestry is one of the best organised sections of the Government service. It is stated that forest fires in the United States annually destroy property worth from five to ten million pounds sterling. Adachi Kinnosuke explains what Port Arthur means to Japan. Says this Japanese writer: "With this possession we shall have everything for which we took up arms against Russia." There is a description of a trial of electric versus steam locomotives at Schenectady. The electric locomotive proved itself to be in all respects superior. Mr. Ernest Knauff contributes an interesting study of modern picture-book children.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

The December *World's Work* opens with a well-illustrated paper on "How Our Navy Prepares for War," by Mr. F. T. Jane. Among many other things, Mr. Jane notes that the ability to repair rapidly is one of the great advantages of the much-abused Belleville boiler. Tubes damaged by shells have simply to be screwed out and replaced by others kept in stock. Another naval paper deals with Admiral Fisher and his work. The writer laments the fact that there is no representative of the Navy in the House of Commons, and demands that Sir John Fisher should be allowed to speak direct to his countrymen on the subject of the Fleet.

THE PICTURESQUE THAMES.

Mr. Joseph Conrad writes picturesquely on "Lon-

don's River, the Great Artery of England." How he treats the subject may be seen from the following passage:—

"The Nore sand remains covered at low water, and never seen by human eye; but the Nore is a name to conjure visions of historical events, of battles, of fleets, of mutinies, of watch and ward kept upon the great throbbing heart of the State. This ideal point upon the waters of the estuary, this centre of memories, is marked upon the steely grey expanse of the waters by a lightship painted red, that from a couple of miles off looks like a cheap and bizzare little toy. I remember how, on coming up the river for the first time, I was surprised at the smallness of that vivid object; a tiny warm speck of crimson lost in an immensity of grey tones. I was startled, as if of necessity the principal beacon in the waterway of the greatest town on earth should have presented imposing proportions. And—behold!—the brown sprit-sail of a barge hid it entirely from my eyes."

THE SITUATION IN MACEDONIA.

Boris Sarafoff, in an article on "The Desperate Outlook in Macedonia," writes ominously of the future:—

"We are going to fight on in Macedonia. We saved about two-thirds of the number of guns we had in the revolution last year, and we have still much unused dynamite. Of cartridges and ready money we had not sufficient to renew the struggle effectively this year. But we have maintained a skeleton of the revolutionary organisation by means of which the spirit of the people is kept kindled for another rising at an opportune moment. We have seventy bands, numbering from ten to twenty men each, in the mountains at present. These are doing no fighting against the Turkish troops except when discovered and attacked. When a massacre and plunder or other gross outrage occurs, such as the recent affair at Gomeji, the Turks are made to pay a penalty—if not in blood, then in money, or destruction of railway or other property by dynamite. Such retaliation is not inflicted solely in a spirit of revenge; it is meant to keep alive in the Turkish Government a wholesome respect for the Internal Revolutionary organisation."

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

The *Contemporary Review* for December is one of the best numbers of the year. It contains at least four articles much above the average.

MR. BALFOUR AS LEADER OF THE HOUSE.

Mr. J. E. Ellis, M.P., describes how, in his opinion, Mr. Balfour has departed from the traditions and practice of those who have preceded him in leading the House of Commons. He says:—

"Alike in dealing with the Rules of Procedure, the handling of Bills, the conduct of Debate, and the general relation to the House and transaction of business, his spirit (so far as it has been shown by words or manner) has not been that of earnest attention or anxious concern. Only those who have actually witnessed and shared in the daily affairs and routine of the House of Commons can adequately realise the extent to which the evil has gone."

At the same time he admits that Mr. Balfour, on great occasions, is always equal to the position.

GERMANY IN ENGLAND.

Professor Paulsen, of the University of Berlin, protests against the Germanophobist agitation which has its seat and centre in the offices of the *Spectator* and the *National Review*. He emphatically denies the assertion so constantly made that Germany is meditating the destruction of the British Empire. He says that such a statement is an outrage at once upon truth and upon humanity. To millions of Germans the day that brought a war with England would be felt as the darkest day of their lives. The German people feel themselves closely allied with the English and the North Americans, and they expect to share with them that leadership of the civilised world which is the destiny of their race. Germany needs the support of a strong sea Power, and this she can only find in England. If she were to conquer England and dictate peace in London, she would be doomed to a humiliating dependence on Russia for years to come.

PROFESSOR HARNACK ON CHURCH HISTORY.

Professor Harnack delivered an address on the Relation between Ecclesiastical and General History at a Congress recently held at the St. Louis Exposition. The drift of this elaborate discourse is to demonstrate the impossibility of regarding the history of the Christian Church as a thing apart or by itself. He points out that the History of the Church is most closely bound up and interwoven with all the great branches of general history. He points out the influences—political, national, psychological and economic—which have profoundly modified the Christian Church. For there is no such thing as a double history; everything that happens enters into the one stream of events.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY OF CHRIST.

The Rev. J. H. Skrine, in an article entitled "Personality and Body; a Study in the Resurrection," maintains that the body in which Christ revealed Himself to His disciples was not the flesh and blood body that was placed in the tomb; it was more analogous to the materialised apparitions familiar to all psychic researchers. He maintains, for instance, that if Christ had revealed Himself to His disciples at a distance who had not heard any of the details of the Crucifixion, there would have been no scars on His hands and feet, for they were produced solely as evidence of identity, and they would be meaningless to anyone who knew not of the Crucifixion. He says:—

Our theory, to recall it, is that Body is the sum of relations between a personality and an order of things in the world of sense existence; that the Resurrection of Christ was the resumption of those relations; and that this resumption is the reciprocal act of His Person and human personalities.

Why, then, was the Body removed from the sepulchre? Mr. Skrine replies that it was removed merely to enable the Disciples more easily to recognise the identity of the risen Body. To Mr. Skrine the Resurrection would have been as credible, even if the buried clay had mouldered in the death-chamber.

"Tetlix"—what an extraordinary choice of pseudonyms distinguishes some of the contributors to the *Contemporary Review*—writes of Prince George of Crete, whose appointment seems to have been a great mistake, and whose disappearance from the political scene is much to be desired.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

THE December *Fortnightly* is a fairly good number. I have noticed elsewhere the articles dealing with Russia, the War, Mr. Frazer's "Artemis and Hippolytus," and Mr. Wells's "Modern Utopia."

NEXT YEAR'S BUDGET.

Mr. Hugh Chisholm writes an alarmist article on the increase in our national expenditure. He calls on the Tories to stop the growth before leaving office, instead of leaving the operation to be performed by the Liberals:—

If a satisfactory Budget is to be produced—and by satisfactory I mean one involving a considerable reduction in taxation—it looks as though it will only be by cutting down expenditure. It will require all the energy of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and all the determination of the Cabinet, to get back to a healthier state of things in the financial administration of the country.

We should go back, says Mr. Chisholm, to the scale of expenditure of 1899 as regards national defence. This good advice is somewhat marred by Mr. Chisholm's conclusion that it might be advantageous for us at present to provoke a general war, destroy our rivals' navies, "have the struggle over," and thenceforth be content with our present naval strength.

A RAILWAY THROUGH AFGHANISTAN.

Mr. Demetrius Boulger, in an article on "The Awakening of Afghanistan," urges that the coming meeting with the Ameer's heir should be taken advantage of to continue the Indian railways into Afghanistan:—

We have reason to believe that the Ameer is disposed to concede a good deal about the tariff, but we are absolutely in the dark as to his views about railways, and yet without railways there can never be any true awakening of Afghanistan. For nearly twenty years we have had a line of railway to Chaman, on the southern side of the great plain of Candahar, but owing to the Afghan prohibition to continue it, this railway has remained for all commercial purposes absolutely useless and unprofitable. To make the absurdity of the situation more glaring, we are now constructing through non-Afghan territory, but along the Afghan border, another railway, in order to reach the Persian province of Seistan. There is nothing to be said against this Nushki route, which was adopted as a *pis aller*, but it is undeniable that if we and the Ameer could come to terms, it would appear of little importance in comparison with trunk lines through Candahar to Herat in one direction, and Cabul in the other.

"OF MAKING MANY BOOKS."

Mr. W. Teignmouth Shore writes on "The Crisis in the Book Market," which he attributes to too great output, and to the multiplication of publishers:—

Competition among the publishers is too keen. There are too many publishing houses, so that not only is the market overstocked with books, but the books themselves are often of poor quality, there not being sufficient authors of merit to "go round." There are stated to be eighty publishers now, whereas a few years ago there were but twenty! Is there a proportionate increase in competent writers? Or do those who write well write too much? For a time this condition of things may prove profitable to the authors, who now demand of the publishers prices that are sometimes almost prohibitive. The literary agent is a factor here, a not entirely beneficial influence. A history of publishing would show that on the whole authors have not been hardly dealt with, and woe betide our writers if they slay the golden goose by playing the game of "heads I win, tails you loose." Another evil brought about by over-keen competition is that an author will drift from publisher to publisher, ever hungry after the highest price.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE *Nineteenth Century* for December is a good number. I have noticed separately many of the articles.

A REAL GUARANTEE OF JUSTICE.

Sir Robert Anderson deals with the lessons of the Beck case. He does not think that a Court of Criminal Appeal, had such existed, would have reversed Mr. Beck's conviction. An informal after-verdict inquiry, untrammelled by technicalities and laws of evidence, would have at once discovered Mr. Beck's innocence. A Bankruptcy Court inquiry, being conducted independently of rules of evidence and with a desire to ascertain the truth, recently resulted in the release of a wrongly-convicted Dublin stockbroker. A Court of Criminal Appeal would never have done that.

FACTS FROM THE INDIAN CENSUS.

Mr. J. D. Rees reviews the Indian Census Report. The census of March, 1901, he notes, required no less than 1,325,000 enumerators, though it cost only £173,000. The average density of population over all the Indian Empire is 167 per square mile, the highest figure being 1,828 per square mile on the Cochin coast. Bombay's population is falling, but Calcutta now numbers 1,106,738 citizens. Fifty-three per thousand is the proportion of natives who can read and write. The Parsees have the highest percentage of literates, and the Mohammedans and Animists the lowest.

PALMISTRY IN CHINA.

It is interesting to note from Professor H. A. Giles's article that palmistry is an ancient art among the Chinese. Its object is twofold :—

(1) To ascertain the mental and moral characteristics of persons, and (2) to foretell happiness or misfortune, success or failure, disease, and death. One writer says : "The presence of lines in the hand may be compared with the grain of wood. If the grain of wood is beautiful, that wood becomes known as excellent material ; and if the lines in the hand are beautiful, that hand is obviously well constituted. Therefore, a hand cannot but have lines on it, those which have lines being of a higher order than those which have none. Fine and deep lines mean success ; coarse and shallow lines mean failure. Of the three lines on the palm, the uppermost answers to heaven ; it connotes sovereign or father, and determines station in life. The middle line answers to man ; it connotes wisdom or folly, and determines poverty or wealth. The lowest line answers to earth ; it connotes subject or mother, and determines length of days. If these three lines are well defined and unbroken, they are an augury of happiness and wealth. Vertical lines in excess mean a rebellious nature and calamity ; horizontal lines in excess mean a foolish nature and ill-success. A vertical line running up the finger means that all plans will turn out well ; random lines, which cross the creases of the fingers, mean that they will fail. Lines which are fine and resemble tangled silk mean wit and beauty ; coarse lines, like the grain of the scrub oak, mean stupidity and a low estate. Lines like scattered filings mean a bitter life ; lines like sprinkled rice-husk means a life of joy, etc., etc."

The article is illustrated with sketches.

THE DECAY OF THE SUBURB.

Sir Robert Hunter, writing on "The Re-flow from Town to Country," warns us that the suburb is losing its semi-rural character :—

At this moment the suburbs of London are in many places faring badly. The large houses of fifty years ago—often ugly enough in themselves, no doubt—and their ample gardens are being replaced by rows of cottages with no gardens at all. More new houses and new roads were, we believe, built and laid out in the suburbs of London in 1903 than in any preceding year. Trees, green fields, hedgerows are giving way to bricks

and mortar. Monotonous streets, with scarcely a suggestion of nature, receive the clerk or the artisan after his hour's journey from his place of work. There is great danger that the unsightliness and squalor of the heart of the town, which everyone now condemns, may be reproduced on a larger scale on the outskirts. The suburbs were formerly the resort, in the main, of well-to-do citizens who could take care of themselves. They might make a dull neighbourhood, but they would not overcrowd. Now that workers of all kinds are being taken out of town by suburban railways and electric trams, it is necessary to see that they are not merely moved over four or five miles to find a repetition of what they have left behind.

OTHER ARTICLES.

The Swedish Minister describes the collection of pictures formed by Queen Christina of Sweden, the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus. The pictures are now scattered all over Europe. Mr. W. H. Mallock publishes a lengthy rejoinder on the subject of "Free Thought in the Church of England."

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW.

THE December *Independent* is an interesting number.

RELIGION IN JAPAN.

Baron Suyematsu, writing on "The Religions of Japan," says that all Japanese belong to both the Shintoist and Buddhist religions at one and the same time. Indeed, prior to 1863 they were obliged to profess both faiths. There was a sort of division of labour between the two religions, matters temporal belonging to the sphere of Shintoism, and matters spiritual to the sphere of Buddhism :—

Sacred services, which it was fitting should be pathetic in character, were performed by Buddhist priests, and those which were to be cheerful were performed by Shinto ones. The functions of priests were divided on those lines in general ; thus funeral rites and memorial services for the dead were undertaken by the former, whilst the celebration of happy events was performed by the latter.

NEEDS OF OUR AGRICULTURE.

Mr. F. A. Channing, in an article defining "An Agricultural Policy," points out that it was we who set the model from which Denmark has so much profited :—

Denmark got the idea of Agricultural Societies from England ; and, as her land passed into the ownership of small farmers, her societies passed into the co-operative type—the intensely practical instruments of the detailed business of the country. Each branch of agricultural work has its special society, its advising experts. The function of each society is to reach and maintain the highest standards in quality or health of stock, in uniform excellence of produce, in methods of handling, in the management and economy of the working of the farms of its members.

The landlord and his capital are poor substitutes for the unfettered action and the collective earnings of free men, working for themselves, on their own land. His supervision, kindly, often wise, is nothing compared with what may be achieved by vigorous initiative and singleness of aim, where brains and energies are pooled on the lines of "one for all, and all for one."

THE ESSENCE OF STYLE.

Mr. C. P. Keary, in a paper headed "Of Style," gives the following negative rules :—

And one cannot lay down for the critic golden rules. But I am sure the first and best one is, that he should get rid of the idea that style is a kind of polish, or an external ornament added to the essential of writing. The second danger (but that is like unto the first) is, that he should think he must be on the watch to detect and make known the beauties of an author's style.

That style alone is of the best which is in the first place unobtrusive, in the second which does in the long run convey an impression of individuality, in the third place of an individuality high above the commonplace. Macaulay never achieved this third stage. But our modern "stylist" aims at this alone, neglecting the first two conditions, nay, spurning them as hindrances to his art.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

Blackwood for December is below the average in interest. It contains a picturesquely written article by Colonel Henry Knollys on "Damascus and Its Scottish Hospital." The following shows the utter demoralisation of the Turkish Army:—

Last winter, at Damascus, semi-starving field-officers were ready to hire themselves out for menial services in order to keep the dire wolf from the door. A colonel would have exercised your horses, and a captain would have swept out your yard, for a very small payment. Quite recently a major appeared on parade without his sword, and when taken roundly to task, he exclaimed, in defiant despair: "I have sold my sword to buy bread for my children."

Damascus is evidently an attractive city:—

No place I have ever visited during my many remote travels, certainly no place comparatively so accessible from England, is so entrancingly, so dramatically oriental as Damascus. Beautiful Cairo is Egypt, tempered largely with Pharaohs and the French; Constantinople is more than half made up of Western adventurers and Eastern Levantines; Jerusalem is Jewish; Ceylon is Cingalese; Chinese Hankow is yellow pig-tailed ugliness; Japanese Kioto is yellow veneered nudity; but Damascus is the city of oriental tradition and "Arabian Nights," of Haroun-al-Raschid and Sinbad the Sailor, of flowing robes and close-fitting *yashmaks*, of solemn pashas and smiling houris, of brilliant colours and sombre demeanour.

A curious paper is that in which Mr. H. G. Parsons writes on England's old claim to sovereignty of the seas. It is not a century ago since the North Sea, in the vicinity of the Dogger Bank, was claimed as "territorial waters" by the British Government. A poem addressed to King James I. affirms that—

Great Britain stands
Confined by the shores of other lands;
And all that may by winds and sails be known
Is an accession of so great a Crown.

Cornhill.

THE *Cornhill Magazine* is a very good number. The series on Household Budgets Abroad is continued, this month Canada being dealt with. Most readers with a literary turn of mind will at once look at the interesting paper on Charles Lamb's Commonplace Books—the unprinted ones. His contemporaries do not occupy very much space; Elizabethan dramatists, as might be expected, fill more, and byways, rather than the highways of literature, are chiefly represented in the extracts given.

Mr. F. G. Aflalo has an interesting paper on "Fishes on their Defence," the gist of which is contained in the following paragraph:—

Fishes defend themselves by almost every method known to beasts and birds. With that form of defence which consists in giving blow for blow, otherwise fighting it out until the stronger wins, I have not concerned myself, though we constantly come upon evidences of severe battle, and Orientals even amuse themselves with the fights of captive fishes kept, like gamecocks, for the purpose.

Occasionally they even resort to what is known as "foxing"—shamming death—of which Mr. Aflalo gives some curious examples from personal experience.

EVERYBODY'S.

The chief feature of *Everybody's* continues to be Mr. T. W. Lawson's account of "Frenzied Finance." These articles have sent the circulation of the magazine up at the rate of 10,000 a week! They make grim reading. This month Mr. Lawson gives an account of the way in which politicians are bribed. Of the Massachusetts Legislature he says:—

"It is bought and sold as are sausages and fish at the markets and wharves. The largest, wealthiest, and most prominent corporations in New England, whose affairs are conducted by our most representative citizens, habitually corrupt the Massachusetts Legislature, and the man of wealth among them who would enter protest against the iniquity would be looked upon as a 'class anarchist.' I will go further and say that if, in New England, a man of the type of Folk, of Missouri, can be found who will give over six months to turning up the legislative and Boston Municipal sod of the past ten years, who does not expose to the world a condition of rottenness more rotten than was ever before exhibited in any community in the civilised world, it will be because he has been suffocated by the stench of what he exhumes."

Strong words, and apparently well justified. The account Mr. Lawson gives of the utter callousness and inhumanity—to say nothing of the dishonesty of the leaders in "Frenzied Finance," is simply staggering. He contributes a separate paper upon the heads of the "System" which controls the three great Insurance companies—viz., the New York Life, the Equitable, and the Mutual Life. As the editor remarks, those who hold policies in these companies should not fail to read this article.

The first eight pages of the magazine are devoted to a somewhat objectless series of pictures reproduced in tint, entitled "Boys and Girls." A very interesting contribution is that of Theodore Waters, who gives an account of how he spent six weeks in beggary, in an attempt to solve the question, "Shall we give to beggars?"

MUNSEY'S.

The chief feature of the Christmas number is the story of the terrible disaster to the "General Slocum," by Herbert N. Casson. It gives the "exact facts of the most shocking and pitiful tragedy in the annals of the sea, with the damning evidence of criminal indifference and despicable dishonesty on the part of directors and inspectors."

Some of the photographs illustrating the article are very gruesome, and had better have been omitted, only that they drive home the grave charges made more effectively than pages of letterpress. John W. Munson continues his deeply interesting account of the doings of the famous Mosley Guerillas, in whose ranks he served. In this instalment he tells of his capture and of his ultimate escape from the old Capitol Prison at Washington.

McCLURE'S.

The Christmas number is frontispiced with a coloured plate illustrating Stewart E. White's fascinating tale. "The Rawhide," which will be concluded in the January number. Several of the articles are illustrated in tints and colours, which give a very pretty effect. The article by G. H. Adams on training animals is noticed on another page.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

THE *North American Review* for November is a number of average interest. I have noticed several of the articles elsewhere.

THE LIMITATIONS OF ARBITRATION.

Sir Robert Finlay discusses "International Arbitration" in a somewhat abstract and unfruitful way. There will always be wars, he says, as there are certain questions which no country will consent to leave to the judgment of any court. Compulsory arbitration he regards as impossible. The establishment of an International Tribunal before which any State might sue another would cause more friction than it would prevent. The most arbitration can do is to diminish the occasions for war.

TRAVELLING PERILS IN THE STATES.

Mr. J. J. Esch, in an article dealing with legislation to prevent railway accidents, mentions that 49,531 passengers and employees were killed and wounded on U.S. railways in the year ending June 30th, 1903. The casualty list increases from year to year. Railway postal-cars, which are placed, as a rule, behind the locomotive, occupy the place of the greatest danger. Mr. Esch urges that passenger carriages should be constructed on steel frames. The weak construction of coaches is the cause of most casualties in case of wrecks. The writer mentions that the block-system, used everywhere in England, is employed on only one-seventh of the total mileage of American railways.

PREMIUMS ON SUICIDE.

Mr. W. H. Lawton deals severely with a curious development of American life insurance. Owing to cut-throat competition, the companies have of late removed the provision that life policies will not be paid in case of suicide. Of sixty-nine insurance companies in the United States and Canada, only one refuses to accept liability for suicide. A handful refuse to pay if suicide is committed within three years of the taking out of the policy, but many give the insurer full permission to blow out his brains as soon as he has paid the first premium, secure in the knowledge that his family will be well provided for. Mr. Lawton condemns this as a premium on suicide, and states that suicide has increased at a greater rate among insured men than among the uninsured.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

THE Christmas number of the *Century Magazine* is exceptionally good this year. It opens with a marvelously illustrated description (in colour) of a Great Flamingo City in the Bahamas which has never before been visited or described. The author, Mr. Chapman, the Associate Curator in the American Museum of Natural History, had hunted for this island for years before he was able to set up his camera in a branch-covered tent in the very heart of a city where 2,000 flamingoes built their nests. He took twelve dozen photographs, and the best of them illustrate his article in the *Century*. There is another very out-of-the-way paper, Christian Brinton's illustrated description of Alfons Mucha and the new mysticism. Mucha is a Tcheque born in 1860 in Moravia in humble circumstances. He is now one of the world-famous artists of Paris. He is now working on the decorations of the Assumptionist Church of the Virgin in Jerusalem. He achieved great success with his illustration of the Lord's Prayer. He is now busy on the "Seven Deadly Sins." His perpetual theme is the glorification of woman. "His art is a sumptuous art, floral, astral, feminine." A third illustrated paper,

very different from the foregoing, describes "Children's Costumes in the Nineteenth Century," from 1800 to 1870. Mr. A. White brings down his diplomatic reminiscences to the memorable period of the Spanish-American War. His account of his interviews with the Kaiser and Mommsen is interesting. He gives an appreciative estimate of Count von Bülow. An odd instance of the unconscious influence of Russophobia occurs in his chapter on the Open Door in China, in which we are calmly told that Germany followed Russia's example in Port Arthur by seizing Kiao Chau. This is the cart before the horse with a vengeance. Germany seized Kiao Chau before Russia took Port Arthur. In fact, Russia took Port Arthur because Germany took Kiao Chau. Even Mr. White's strong pro-German anti-Russian bias can hardly excuse this inversion of the chronological order of the events with which he is dealing.

C. B. FRY'S MAGAZINE.

THERE are many good papers in the December number, and through the whole of it breathes the healthy air of out-of-door life. Perhaps the pearl of the series is a sketch of the coster at work and at play—"The King of the Kerb," the writer, May Doney, calls him. The coster's whole life is described as a gamble—in buying, in selling, in weather and livelihood, it is all a question of chance and luck; and his sports follow the pattern of his trade. Mr. Stanhope Spriggs describes the upbringing of the bloodhound—"The Man-tracker in Training"—and notes that though Britain now rears few of the breed, what few she has for sale are mostly caught up with eagerness by purchasers from the United States. C. B. Fry himself tells the story of the Corinthian Club and of their exploits in football. "Pretty Polly"—"the Queen of the Turf"—is eulogised by A. Dick Luckman, and her only defeat, which took place in France, is put down to previous seasickness. Walter Winans, with appropriate photographs, shows how to handle a revolver and how not. Mr. J. W. Robertson-Scott, having valiantly defended Hodge, now proceeds to champion Giles, and asks, "Is the farmer a fool?" There is the usual breezy chat about current sport.

FOR CONNOISSEURS.

AN interesting article in the December *Burlington Magazine* is that by Julia Cartwright on the drawings by Jean François Miller, in the collection of Mr. James Staats Forbes. They represent mostly peasant women and peasant home scenes. Mr. K. S. Clouston continues his series of articles on the English Furniture Makers of the Eighteenth Century, Matthias Lock being the subject of the present instalment. There seem to be many interesting pictures in the Carvallo Collection at Paris, judging by the article of Léonce Amaudry. The writer notices in the present number the Spanish pictures by Zurbaran, Luiz de Morales, Luiz Tristan, Goya, and others.

The opening article in the *Connoisseur* of December is Dr. G. C. Williamson's description of the famous pictures in the Hermitage Palace at St. Petersburg. In a previous article the English pictures were dealt with. In the present instalment we learn something of the works of the Italian schools. Stamp-collectors will be glad to read in the new number the Prince of Wales's notes on the Postal Issues of the United Kingdom during the present reign. Mr. R. S. Clouston writes on the Hepplewhite period of English Furniture; and Mr. E. Alfred Jones deals with Old English Gold Plate.

THE PALL MALL MAGAZINE.

THE *Pall Mall Magazine*, the price of which, by the way, is to be reduced to sixpence in the New Year, without any alteration in its literary or artistic contents, has in its December number many interesting articles. For some readers the best article will be that on Dr. Johnson, by Mr. Austin Dobson, who gives a brief account of the inception of the great Dictionary, and the mode of carrying out the idea. The work was begun in 1747, and was to take three years to complete, but it was not till 1755 that the Dictionary made its appearance in two volumes, price £4 10s. The greater part of it was executed at 17, Gough Square, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street; and the garret in which he and his six assistants worked, and his own study, are still to be seen.

At this moment the most popular article in the number will be "The Jap at Home," contributed by Mr. Ruddiman Johnston; it gives a detailed picture of the houses and the home life of the people, and is copiously illustrated. Among other things, the writer describes the rickshas and the Japanese runners, and marvels at the ease with which these boys, eating nothing but rice, with a little fish and vegetables, and drinking nothing but sugarless tea, accomplish long distances and finish their journeys apparently quite fresh. Was it not from the Japanese runners that Dr. Félix Regnault got the idea of running as a cure for neurasthenia, described in *La Revue* for October 15th.

This issue contains two notable interviews—that with Madame Réjane, by Mr. Frederic Lees, being no less interesting than the "Study" of Miss Marie Corelli, by Mr. Herbert Vivian. The London article is a symposium, entitled "Is London growing more beautiful?" and appears to be a reply to some American criticisms, or comparison of London with Berlin and New York. Mr. John Davidson says:—

Berlin is a parvenu, New York a precocity. London remains greater and more wonderful than the whole of inhabited America. Berlin? It was made in Germany.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

THE *Atlantic Monthly* for November is of exceptional interest. An article by Mr. Alleyne Ireland on "The United States in the Philippines" should be read by all who are interested in the experiments that are being made by our American brethren in the governing of Colonial Dependencies. There is a charming lecture, hitherto unpublished, by Ralph Waldo Emerson on Country Life. Mr. H. D. Sedgwick writes an original story of the American *Coup d'État* of 1961. The *Coup d'État* results in the assumption by the President of the titles of Suzerain of South America, High Protector of China and Chief Ruler of the Pacific Archipelago. The President is renominated every four years until he dies and then is succeeded by his son. Mr. Arthur Symons discusses the question whether Sir Walter Scott was a poet. He answers his question by saying that he was a poet for boys, and as an improviser in rhyme was not a poet. Mr. J. H. Gardiner, in an article on "Improving the Style of the Bible," discusses the Twentieth Century Testament, which version, he says, "does not attain the level of style of the daily newspaper," and the translators "certainly do not cloud the meaning by any glamour of literary distinction." Dora Greenwell McChesney writes on "Abiding London," maintaining that despite the destruction of ancient buildings, London is unassailable through all changes.

TWO NEW MAGAZINES.

THIS month two new magazines have been added to our long list—the *Albany Magazine* and the *Liberal Churchman*.

The *Albany*, which is a sixpenny monthly published by Messrs. S. C. Brown, Langham and Co., promises to be an interesting literary and dramatic magazine. In a prefatory note as to the name of the magazine and the aims the publishers and editors have in view it is written:—

Literature and the Albany—"that luxurious cloister whose inviolable tranquillity affords so agreeable a relief from the roar and flood of Piccadilly"—have not a little in common. Here, in the chambers from which we take our name, Lord Byron wrote his "Lara," in Lord Althorp's rooms, afterwards occupied by Lytton. George Canning, Macaulay, Tom Duncombe, Lord Valentia (a traveller of note in his time), "Monk" Lewis were all "bachelors of the Albany" in their day. The names are sufficient; they recall memories of a time when "letters," *littere humaniores*, meant something more than a sound market price per thousand words, when books and magazines were intended to be read and not merely glanced at before they were left on the seat of the railway carriage.

There is something in the association with this cloistered retreat that pleases us. We also wish to retire a little from the roar and flood of the traffic: we do not enter into competition with haphazard collections of adventure stories and descriptive sketches of the Homes of Famous Actors, profusely illustrated with process blocks. We desire, in fine, to make the *Albany* a magazine—which should surely signify a storehouse of matter worthy of preservation, not a mere congeries of worthless rubbish.

The first number contains three interesting literary articles, besides criticism of recent plays, by Mr. Edward Morton. All the articles deal with fiction, the first entitled "The Exile of George Gissing," being an appreciation of those books which Gissing is described as having written "with his blood," notably, "Born in Exile" and "New Grub Street," which are placed in the first rank of his achievement. This is followed by an autobiographical note, "How I became an Author," by Mr. Richard Whiteing; and the third article, by Mr. Francis Gribble, is a discourse on the fiction editor, entitled "On Giving People What They Want," in which the writer says it is absolutely essential that the fiction editor should not be cultivated, for his main function is to direct the manufacture of the fiction which the public wants.

Two short stories are included in the number, and the paper and type are excellent.

The *Liberal Churchman*, as its name implies, is to be devoted to Theology. It is a shilling quarterly, and the publishers are Messrs. Williams and Norgate. Dr. W. D. Morrison discourses on Liberal Theology. Ritschlianism is the subject of the Rev. Hastings Rashdall's article; Canon Henson writes on Clerical Subscription; and a fourth article is "Dr. Gore and the Creeds."

ONE of the minor magazines which are not noticed regularly in this REVIEW is *The Earth*, a monthly magazine of sense and science upon a Scriptural basis, and of universal interest to all nations and peoples under the sun. It is edited by Lady Blount, is sold at twopence, and is the organ of a sect known as the Zetetics, whose fundamental doctrine is the flatness of the earth. The Zetetic conscience is meditating passive resistance as a protest against the outrage of collecting rates to teach the pernicious anti-scriptural doctrine of the rotundity of the earth.

LA REVUE.

THE November numbers of *La Revue* contain topical and other articles of interest. Professor Albert Schinz contributes to both numbers a study of Mr. Jack London as artist and Socialist. Besides the articles referred to elsewhere, mention may be made of one in the first number on Othman Sâr Adusht Hanish, who calls himself the High Priest of the Sun, and preaches his doctrines of physical and spiritual salvation at Denver, in Colorado. The writer is L. de Norvins.

In the second number Mr. William Redmond has an article entitled "Fifteen Years of Home Rule," in which he asserts that under Home Rule Ireland would be peaceful and prosperous, the present system of government being both disastrous to Ireland and unprofitable to England.

THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

IN the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of November 1st, Comte Charles de Moüy continues his reminiscences of the Congress of Berlin. He has a good deal to tell us of Lord Beaconsfield, one of the most prominent figures at the Congress. Lord Beaconsfield, he says, worked very hard at Berlin, and in addition to his duties there "had to govern England." Lord Salisbury, too, created a great impression.

Another important article in the same number takes up the question of the recent strike at Marseilles. Auguste Moireau explains the special difficulties in connection with the maritime registers, showing that the sailors are not ordinary workmen, and therefore their part in the strike was illegal.

The second number contains two historical articles—the reminiscences of General Hardy de Périni of the Crimean War, especially Sebastopol, being the more interesting to British readers. The article on taxation and the French revenue, by Jules Roche, like the article on the Comte d'Avaray, by Ernest Daudet, will hardly find many readers outside France. There is a long discussion, by René Pinon, of the work of the Americans in the Philippine Islands, based on the report of the Taft Commission. The science article deals with the relations of mineral chemistry to the other sciences, and is written by Henri Moissan. Two English novels are reviewed by T. Wyzewa—"John Chilcote, M.P.," by Katherine Cecil Thurston, and "The Prodigal Son," by Hall Caine.

THE REVUE DE PARIS.

IN the first November number of the *Revue de Paris*, Louis Aubert has an article on the Americans and the Japanese. He notes the Japanese sympathies of the Americans, and declares that public opinion in America is wholly anti-Russian, and that the Russo-American *entente* was always more diplomatic than popular. The Americans claim to have woke up Japan to civilisation, forgetting that there were other foreign influences at work in Japan before the Americans appeared on the scene. Most of the Japanese in foreign countries are in the United States, the commercial relations between the two countries have developed rapidly, and Japanese art has entirely conquered the Americans. But the Americans have not remembered that a victorious Japan might one day be a serious rival. The Anglo-Russian incident is dealt with, by Victor Bérard, in the number for November 15th.

In the second number also Achille Vialatte discusses the question of the British Army, noticing the reforms to be made, for the British had paid dear for their negli-

gence and mistakes in the South African War. An interesting article, by Sébastien Charléty, is devoted to the Petite Eglise of Lyon. It dates from 1801, when a number of French bishops denied to the Holy See the right to overthrow, without their consent, the Church of France.

At last the letters of Richard Wagner to Mathilde Wesendonk, 1858-9, have been given to the world, and in the two November numbers of the *Revue de Paris* we have instalments of them in French. After the revolutionary movement of 1849, Wagner was obliged to leave Dresden. He took refuge in Zurich, where he met Mathilde Wesendonk. He was nearly forty years of age; Frau Wesendonk was twenty-four; she was beautiful and artistic; and she wrote poems, and was passionately fond of music. They saw each other constantly, and during the years spent in Zurich under the influence of Mathilde's intelligent affection, he conceived or created the greater part of his works. But if her name is to be connected with Wagner's most important works, planned or completed by 1858, it is more intimately associated with the first and second acts of "Tristan und Isolde" (1857-8), which reveals their friendship as love. Minna, Wagner's wife, had suspicions, and intercepted a letter from Frau Wesendonk; violent scenes followed, and Wagner broke off all relations with Otto and Frau Wesendonk, and in August, 1858, departed alone to Geneva and then to Venice. It was at this time that he wrote the letters and the journal which are here published in translation.

THE NOUVELLE REVUE.

THERE is no article of special interest in the *Nouvelle Revue* for November. In the first number A. de Pourville writes on necessary reforms at St. Cyr, and Eugène Lintilhac deals with the genesis of the modern drama. In the second number there is an article on French Landscape-Painting in the eighteenth century by Armand Dayot, and another on the Lyon School of Painting by Gustave Kahn; Léon Séché writes on Sainte-Beuve and Chateaubriand; and Louis Jadot contributes a study of the English Labour Party.

THE MERCURE DE FRANCE.

THERE is always something interesting in the *Mercure de France*. In the November number Eugène Morel entertains us with a description of the readers who frequent the Bibliothèque Nationale. He considers the student the terror of libraries, for he does not go there to work, but for diversion. The most ignorant is the journalist, and he thinks the State keeps up libraries for his special benefit. In their offices editors have not the most necessary reference books at their disposal, and, indeed, some do not file their own newspaper. Every day thirty to fifty journalists visit the Bibliothèque Nationale, but only three or four go to do serious work. The writer, who appears to be a worker in the library, gives the following analysis of readers on an afternoon in September, in the holiday time, when students are absent, but when professors and provincial visitors are to be expected. Out of 200 readers, there were about fifty journalists for information for immediate use, thirty to forty students who find the Bibliothèque Nationale more comfortable than their own special library, and sixty to seventy readers of novels, etc., in search of current literature; but of the inquiries for books, not more than fifteen related to books costing more than 10fr. Other figures classify the books and the authors consulted.

THE GERMAN REVIEWS.

NICOPOLIS AND PLEVNA.

THE opening article in the *Deutsche Revue* for November is by King Charles of Roumania. In it he presents an historical account of Nicopolis, and the part it played in 1396, 1877, and 1902. In 1396 he recalls the defeat of the French, who had come to the aid of King Sigismund of Hungary. In the war of 1877 Nicopolis had an important strategic position; at the time of the fighting at Plevna it was the basis of operations of the allied forces, and their point of union with Roumania. King Charles recounts the incidents of the campaign in which he took a leading part. In 1902, a quarter of a century later, the King, accompanied by Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, revisited the battlefield of Plevna; he also made a pilgrimage to Griwiza, to the monument in memory of those who had given their lives for the independence of Roumania.

ART AND ARTISTS.

A special feature of *Velhagen* is the attention it gives to Art and to modern artists, as well as old masters. In the November number the old master dealt with is Jacopo Palma il Vecchio, by Dr. Adolf Rosenberg. The illustrations add greatly to the interest. In *Westermann* we have likewise articles on Art. An exceptionally interesting one in October and November is an appreciation of the work of Melchior Lechter, by Pauline Lange. Oskar Münsterberg writes on ancient Japanese Lacquer-Work in the November number of the same magazine.

The new number of the *Zeitschrift für Bildende Kunst* is a special double number devoted to the Emperor Frederick Museum, at Berlin. It is written by Paul Clemen and other eminent authorities, and forms a valuable critical guide to the great art treasures there.

WAGNER AND CHRISTIANITY.

The Wagner Letters in the *Revue de Paris* do not constitute the only addition to Wagner literature this month. The *Deutsche Monatsschrift* for October and November has added an article on "Wagner and Christianity." Professor H. Weinl, the writer, says that Wagner in his earlier creative work was nearer Christ than in his later period: the creator of "Jesus of Nazareth" understood his hero better than did the singer of "Parsifal." It is certain that Christianity can only live not as dogma, but as religion and ethics. Whether it will continue beyond that depends on whether it can return to the religion of Christ; for the religion of Christ only has eternal ends, while the religion of the Church has temporal ends. Yet Wagner belongs to those who believe that behind the development of the Church it is necessary to get back to Christ.

THE ORGAN OF HEARING.

The important part played by the organ of hearing in the life of man is the subject of a kindly and sympathetic article in the November *Deutsche Revue*, by Dr. Ernst Urbantschitsch. He considers some of the typical psychological manifestations of deafness in different stages. In the early stage the deaf seek to conceal the defect, and, when they do not hear what is said to them, are very shy about attracting notice to themselves by asking the speaker to repeat his words. In later stages the deaf become irritable, then suspicious or distrustful; and, in the final stage, when the struggle against the malady has become too great, they become resigned, and accommodate themselves to a mode of life in accordance with their condition.

THE DUTCH REVIEWS.

Vragen des Tijds contains only two articles this month, but the first of the two makes up in interest and length for the usual third contribution. It deals with this important question: "Which form of Divine worship has most influence on the community?" Influence for good, that is. The writer takes it for granted that religious belief is necessary, and he confines himself to Christianity, because he is treating of a Christian country. He divides Christians into the two broad divisions of Roman Catholics and Protestants, and he adduces a mass of figures, opinions, and facts on both sides, commencing with the statement made recently in Holland that there were more Catholics than Protestants among the criminal classes of that country. He does not pronounce any decisive opinion himself, but is content to set forth his evidence and suggest that similar studies ought to be profitable to mankind. The second contribution is of a military and somewhat technical character, without special interest to the general reader.

Elsevier is a very good number, and the illustrations are worthy of note. Opening with a sketch of an artist, Ch. P. Gruppe, with reproductions of some of his pictures, we pass to an entertaining contribution on Byzantium, in which the writer takes us through this place in word and picture, and makes us feel that we are accompanying him in the flesh instead of merely telling us about it as we sit at home. There are illustrations of the ruins of the Seven Towers, the gate by which the Turks are supposed to have entered, and many other spots. Next we have a continuation of the article on "The Marshals of France Under the First Empire," giving sketches and portraits of Soult, Bernadotte, and several others. A curious contribution on what one is tempted to call "nigger yarns" (not an inapt rendering of the Dutch title, by the way) from Surinam; they are stories of a certain creature like a huge spider.

De Gids contains a very readable article on Californian Fruits, written, after a visit to Berbank's establishment, by Hugo de Vries. The packing of fruit, and the selection or production of fruit that will stand the journey across the sea to Europe, are matters that command the greatest attention, and laboratories have been established for the proper study of the whole question. Certain fruits, if crossed, produce a kind that will stand the long journey much better than the ordinary varieties; that is one point to which those in charge of the laboratories direct their earnest attention. "Modern Positivism" is continued. The old subject of Reform in Colonial Administration also comes up for treatment; it has been dealt with so often in the Dutch reviews of late that there cannot be much that is new to say about it. There is a deficit in the Indian Budget, and some drastic reform is urgent; that sums up the position.

In *Onze Eeuw*, Mr. Hugo de Vries gives us a transcript of his opening lecture at the Laboratory for Experimental Evolution at the Carnegie Institute in Washington. The connection between the three kingdoms in nature, animal, vegetable and mineral, and many other points are touched on in a manner pleasant to read and, doubtless, still more pleasant to hear. "Music in the Training of Children," another contribution, is rather hard reading; music, certainly, has an influence, but the drudgery of practice often spoils it. To be a successful teacher of music, we are told, it is necessary to be morally as well as technically good.

THE ITALIAN REVIEWS.

THE mid-November issues of the Italian reviews are able to comment on the results of the recent general election. The *Rassegna Nazionale* writes in a justifiably jubilant strain, pointing out that the election has been an emphatic defeat for the extreme Socialist wing, especially in the large towns, such as Milan and Genoa, which have hitherto been Socialist strongholds, and that the defeat is mainly due to the large proportion of Catholics who openly took part in the contest. Practically the *non expedit* is now a dead letter, Catholics voting freely as they please; and no periodical has worked more persistently towards this desirable consummation than the *Rassegna*. The editor is, moreover, able to publish an episcopal letter of great importance, the author of which will easily be divined in Italy, frankly rejoicing in the presence of Catholic members in the Chamber of Deputies, but wisely urging them to work as patriots and progressives, and to refrain from forming the nucleus of a Catholic party, which would only foment religious bitterness. Certainly there is need of their labours if we may accept as true a very gloomy picture of the internal condition of the country, contributed anonymously to the *Rassegna* (November 1st). The assassination of King Humbert, the general strike ordered by the Socialists last September, the new theories on criminology, which resulted last spring in a man who had murdered and then cut up his wife receiving a trivial sentence, are all, in the author's eyes, symptoms of deep-seated internal evils, owing to which neither in foreign policy, commerce, nor industry has Italy attained to the position to which she is entitled.

The *Nuova Antologia* rejoices equally with the *Rassegna* over the "splendid and undeniable constitutional victory," and points out that nothing discredited the Socialist party more than their disastrous effort to bring about a general strike, to which a fitting answer is given in this "truly and typically popular triumph." The Italian poet, Arturo Graf, contributes a striking article on Love after Death, illustrated by many quotations from the poets of all nations. Among the lighter articles (November 1st) we note a biographical sketch of the Russian composer, Glinka, in honour of the centenary of his birth, and a somewhat ecstatic interview with the German poet and dramatist Gerhard Hauptmann, in his country home amid the mountains of Silesia. From it we learn that the great man lives among books and flowers, that music, especially that of Bach and Beethoven, is his favourite recreation, that all his writing is thought out in the open air, and that scarcely anything can now drag him away from the simple joys and regular hours of his sylvan retreat.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (November 5th) publishes a useful article by a "Roman Prelate" setting forth the precise rights and duties which France has hitherto exercised in the protection of the Catholic Church both in the Near and the Far East, rights which until now she has appeared to prize very highly. The editor continues (November 19th) his impressions of England, expresses great admiration for the church of St. Saviour, Southwark, and gives a glowing account of the ceremonies carried out in the church of the Cowley Fathers, near Oxford, where he was most favourably impressed by the Gregorian music and the reverent demeanour of priests and assistants, and of which he remarks that "scarcely anything betrayed that it was not a Catholic Church."

LADIES' MAGAZINES.

THE *Boudoir* describes itself as "a magazine for gentlewomen," but the December number contains several articles of more general interest. Mr. Louis Wain and His Cats, by Mrs. Russell Norrie, makes an entertaining study of the Cat Cult; a very different art article is that on Viennese Interiors, by Mr. Gustav Hiorn; and Mr. George Cecil writes on the Life of the Singer. Mr. Tighe Hopkins, too, is a contributor, his article giving a picture of Woman's Life in Prison.

The Christmas part of the *Woman at Home* is a good double number. In the first article, "Musicians of the Empire," Mrs. Tooley gives us short biographies, with portraits, of a number of well-known musicians and vocalists; "The Christ Child in Recent Art" is a series of interesting pictures without letter-press, and is an agreeable change from the stereotyped articles on Christ in Art, so usual at this season; and the birth of an heir to the Italian throne has suggested to Marion Leslie the idea of an article on the King and Queen of Italy.

The opening article in the Christmas double number of the *Lady's Realm* is appropriately "Christmas at Bethlehem," by Shibly Jamal. The painter of womanhood, whose work is dealt with by Marion Hepworth Dixon, is Mr. T. C. Gotch; and the other articles in the number are, "English Lace," by Mildred Isemonger; "Jewellery-Working as a Career for Women," by Mr. Cyril Davenport; and "The Ladies' Automobile Club," by Annesley Kenealy. There is no specially striking article but plenty of stories, including "The Tragedy of Ida Noble," by Mr. W. Clark Russell.

The *Girl's Own Paper* has issued an extra number containing stories and one or two short articles.

THE BOOKLOVERS' MAGAZINE.

The Christmas number of this charming monthly is clothed in a pretty cover representing an old grate and chimney-piece. It contains no fewer than eight coloured plates, beautiful reproductions from paintings in the possession of Mrs. Felix Isman. Page portraits are given of thirteen famous authors. Amongst them it is surprising to find Marie Corelli, who never permits herself to be photographed. A well illustrated article upon the Passing of the American Forest, gives an account of the work of the Lumber Jack. Despite, says Mr McClure, the rapid passing of the American forest, lumbering still stands in fourth place among the industries of the United States. Some 300,000 men are employed in it, and more than 20 million pounds are annually divided amongst them in wages. It is cheering to learn that the Bureau of Forestry is working successfully to combat forest fires, and towards forest preservation generally. "A Christmas Message," by Charles Wagner, the gifted author of "The Simple Life," is printed in French and English, in parallel columns. The most notable article is the first of a series of papers by Burriess Gahan, on the Real Australia. (Noticed elsewhere.)

OUTING.

This magazine, which brings with it a breath of the free outdoor world, and gives breezy accounts of hunting trips, explorations, etc., fully maintains its standard in the Christmas number. It is frontispiced with a coloured plate, drawn by Tappan Adney. Amongst other articles may be mentioned, "Making a Rifle," "The Gipsy of England," and "Fox Hunting in America."

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

THE PRODIGAL SON ACCORDING TO THE GOSPEL OF ST. HALL CAINE.*

IN last month's REVIEW I quoted from an article by a wise man who was of opinion that it was high time the Ten Commandments should be re-written to bring them up to date, and to make them accord with the spirit of the age. Mr. Hall Caine appears to be very much of the same opinion about one of the Parables. The ancient version to be found in the Gospel according to St. Luke has hitherto seemed to be good enough for most people. But the new version published on the 4th of last month can boast of a far greater circulation than the original story commanded at the date of its publication. "They did not know everything down in Judee"; among other things, the noble art of judicious advertising, as perfected by the modern Boomster, was then not even in its infancy. Centuries had to pass before the narrative of the Evangelist Luke crept slowly into demand. How different from the new version! The star of Marie Corelli pales its splendour before the glory of Hall Caine. Like "God's Good Man," "The Prodigal Son" jumped off with a first edition of 100,000. But "The Prodigal Son" easily surpassed "God's Good Man" in the number and variety of its foreign editions. Like the Heavens which declare the glory of God, it may be said, in the Psalmist's phrase, of "The Prodigal Son" of St. Hall Caine, the new Evangelist, "there is no speech nor language wherein their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." On the fateful Friday, on the eve of Guy Fawkes Day, the new version appeared simultaneously in English and in seven foreign languages. It is shortly to appear in six others. Long before the century is out—if the book is not entirely forgotten—it will have appeared in all the languages spoken by all the races that read novels. It has been dramatised, and after a preliminary performance in the Isle of Man—admission £1—is to burst forth in all the splendours of Drury Lane.

The Press copies of "The Prodigal Son" were accompanied by an authorised summary, or synopsis, of the plot of the story. But instead of availing myself of this convenient abridgment, so obligingly prepared for the overdriven critic, it occurred to me that it would tend to the edification of the reader, and at the same time be a useful exercise for the writer, if I were to recast the version of the new Evangelist in the phraseology of the original Gospel. It is rather difficult, because St. Luke practised brevity, whereas the new Evangelist is—well, not brief. A narrative which is told in twenty-two verses in the New Testament fills

426 pages in the new version, and more than six pages in the authorised abridgment. But it may be possible to condense the new version so as to get it into the allotted space. I will, therefore, print the original text according to St. Luke, a condensed paraphrase of the new text, and append in type elucidatory and explanatory notes:—

LUKE.

And he said, A certain man had two sons.

HALL CAINE.

And he said, Stephen Magnusson, Governor of Iceland, had two sons, and the name of the elder was Magnus, and the younger was called Oscar.

CRITICAL NOTE.—Date of both versions unstated; but the author of the later version says that St. Luke's should be dated "Threshold of the Kingdom of Heaven—Eternity," whereas his parable is dated "The Wicked World—any time." Hall Caine adds many details heretofore unknown. For instance, he tells us of a family of a leading merchant, Neilsen, who had by Danish actress two daughters, Helga, conceived before marriage, and Thora. All resided in Reykjavik. When narrative opens Magnus is about to be formally betrothed to Thora. A week before the wedding Oscar, the younger brother, a graceful, graceless, ne'er-do-weel, arrives from England, wins Thora's love; Magnus overhears their love-making, and surrenders his betrothed to the younger brother, consenting to bear the odium of breaking off the engagement by objecting to the conditions of the marriage contract. The younger brother steps into his place as partner with his father-in-law, and Magnus, driven from home and business, goes to farm in Thingvellir.

And the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living.

And the younger having secured his brother's bride and his salary for himself, neglected his father's business, and was thereafter elected as member of the Parliament of Iceland.

The younger brother in the new version makes no demand for his portion. It is his elder brother's magnanimity and his love for Thora that leads him to provoke his father to transfer everything save a bleak upland farm to the younger son. The younger brother not merely gets his own share, but the greatest part of his elder brother's besides, and his beloved into the bargain. The younger brother, being shiftless and useless in business, goes into politics, and is elected to the Althing solely because most of the voters were in debt to his father-in-law.

LUKE.

And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country.

HALL CAINE.

And before the day of his marriage with the younger daughter whom he had won from his elder brother, the younger son fell in love with her elder sister, but, notwithstanding this, he married the younger, and took them both with him on a honeymoon trip to Italy.

The new version is in the book. Otherwise the inherent incredibility of this honeymoon of three would lead to the rejection of the narrative as apocryphal. Helga, the elder sister, is Bohemian, beautiful, flirtatious, and a great singer. Thora, the poor little Iceland maiden, is eclipsed. Oscar has musical genius, which Helga appreciates. Long before the marriage he has transferred his affection to the brilliant rival of poor Thora. She is jealous, but believing that her suspicions were unjust, makes expiation by asking that Helga should accompany them on their wedding trip to Europe. Helga, who is in love with Oscar, consents. And they depart, liberally furnished with money.

And there wasted his substance with riotous living.

And at Monte Carlo the elder sister lost all the money they had, and to save her from open shame the younger son forged his father's name to a bill for 100,000 crowns.

Here, again, the new version is a severe tax upon our credulity. That Helga should monopolise the bridegroom, leaving the bride all forlorn, was inevitable. But that even Oscar, the careless prodigal, should have committed forgery to pay her gambling debts, could only be credited on the authority of St. Hall Caine. St. Luke's prodigal, though self-indulgent and vicious, was not a criminal. The wedding party were away nearly six months, and it was more than a whole month after their return that the forged bill was presented, which again is a mystery.

And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land.

And after they returned home, and were received with great rejoicings, the forged bill was presented to his father, who robbed the elder brother of his inheritance in order to honour the bill and save his younger son from gaol.

Here there is such an excess of new detail that it is almost impossible to condense the new version within Biblical limits. When the trio return to Iceland, Thora, the little wife, is within three months of motherhood. Oscar neglects her shamelessly, and spends all his time with Helga, who inspires him to compose a hymn to celebrate the proclamation of the laws at the Mount of Laws at Thingvellir. There he proposes to go with Helga. At last Thora puts

down her foot. Helga, in fury, comes and taunts her. "The child is not your child, because the love that gave it life was my love, and when it is born he will have my face." "Very well," says Thora, "if that is so, and if my child is not my own, if it has been conceived in the love of another woman, and I am only the bond-woman who bears it, then—then—it shall never be born, or if it is born, I—I—I will kill it." Thereupon premature delivery takes place, and a girl is born with Thora's face, but with Helga's grey eyes. Thora, however, is satisfied, and takes to her child. Her husband also comes back to her for three days. On the third day, Helga sends for him, and suggests that Thora may kill the baby, and that it had better be transferred to her care. This, strange to say, Hall Caine says, was agreed to by the family, and the child was stolen from its mother's arms when she was rendered insensible by a sleeping draught. Her husband and her rival then depart to the Thingvellir, where, but for the controversy that arose out of a similar episode in "The Christian," the reader would conclude the asterisks suggest that the younger son and the elder sister consummate their adulterous passion. Meanwhile Thora awakes, misses her child, and although only four days after her confinement, dresses, steals out of the house, traverses the town, recovers her baby, regains her home, and of course dies with the baby at her breast. The elder brother Magnus, who is still passionately fond of Thora, is ready to slay her faithless husband when he is suddenly made aware of the forged bill. Here, at last, was retribution at hand. But when he tells his father he is abused for his pains; and when the Prodigal admits the truth of the accusation, his father, to shield him from a convict's doom, honours the draft and provides the money by raising a mortgage upon the elder brother's inheritance. The elder brother is thus victimised at every turn. He loses his wife, his business position, his character, and at last his inheritance, while the Prodigal carried off the wife only to neglect her, secures his brother's post in the factor's firm only to neglect the business, and at last, after doing his wife to death, saddles his elder brother with a debt of 100,000 crowns to pay the forgery with which his paramour had liquidated her gambling debts!

And he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine.

And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him.

And he took fifty pounds, which his mother gave him, and lived upon this in London for six months, and afterwards he was starving, without a place where to lay his head.

And when he was a-hungred he joined himself to one Finsen, who gave him work in his theatre, but he spent all that he had, and being in want he cheated at cards, and was said to have killed himself to avoid disgrace.

The father, after robbing his elder son to save the younger from prison, sent the Prodigal out of the island, making him promise that he would never have anything to do with Helga or Helga's family. When Thora was buried, the younger son in penitence vowed that he would never compose any more music, and buried his one great musical composition in the coffin beneath the head of his dead wife. Oscar found London a difficult place in which to find work. He sank down and down until, penniless and homeless, he came upon an old Iceland acquaintance, Finsen, who had picked up Helga, and was now managing Covent Garden Opera House. Finsen offered Oscar a large sum for the composition buried in his wife's grave. He refused the offer with scorn. Helga then sought him out, and offered him the position of conductor at Covent Garden. He accepted it, and Finsen, Helga and he lived in the same rooms. Finsen had the pull over Helga, whom he financed. Oscar was horribly jealous but could do nothing. The trio went to Monaco, where Oscar had an engagement as leader of the orchestra. His deadly jealousy of Finsen leads him to consent to sell to Finsen the music buried in his wife's grave in order to get funds with which to gamble, so that he might secure money to lavish on Helga. He won heavily at first, then having lost everything, he succumbed to the temptation to play with marked cards. He was detected, and to shield him from disgrace, he was hurried into the night express, a pistol shot was fired, and the story was published that Oscar Stephansson had committed suicide.

LUKE.

And when he came to himself he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread and to spare and I perish with hunger. I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. Make me as one of thy hired servants.

HALL CAINE.

And when he came to himself, behold his father was dead, and his wife's grave had been desecrated, and all men believed that he had slain himself. And he said, Lo! Oscar Stephansson is dead, but I will take the name of Christian Christianson and I will make it famous by composing the music of the Sagas. And when I am rich and honoured I will return to my native land and make amends for mysins, and wipe all tears from their eyes.

The variance between the new and the old versions, which has hitherto been considerable, now begins to be so great as to suggest that they can hardly relate to the same incident. For Luke's Prodigal, out of his very helplessness and despair, seeks humbly the unmerited forgiveness of his father. The Prodigal of Hall Caine is filled with notions of making restitution and reparation for his evil deeds. This, the hypercritical will remark, so entirely destroys the ethical teaching of the original parable as to render it not so much diverse as absolutely antagonistic. The

parables teach different Gospels. St. Luke's is a Gospel of free grace, conditional only on Repentance. Our Manxland Evangelist will have none of such uncovenanted and unmerited mercies. His Prodigal must work out his own salvation by doing those works of the law by which another Saint, not of the Isle of Man, says no flesh living shall be justified.

And he arose and came to his father.

And he went to London and there laboured for sixteen years at his music, and prospered exceedingly until he became rich, and the name of Christian Christianson was famous throughout the world. Then he arose and took passage to Iceland.

In the condensed narrative it is impossible to give even an outline of the course of events which, in the new version, are set out with great detail. The elder brother all these years was working like a slave to meet the payment on the mortgage which his father had laid on the farm to pay the Prodigal's forged note. He had adopted Thora's little girl Elin, and she, together with his old mother, was living at the Thingvellir Farm. Helga was famous as a *prima donna*. Her father, weak and infirm, had lost his wealth. A political revolution had taken place in Iceland. The songs of Christian Christianson were known and sung everywhere. No one knew who he was; but all the same he was enthusiastically adopted as the national bard of Iceland, and therefore a national hero.

But when he was yet a great way off his father saw him and had compassion, and ran and fell upon his neck and kissed him.

But even before the ship reached the port Christian Christianson heard so many and so grievous evil things said of Oscar Stephansson that his heart fainted within him, and he was sick with shame. And when he landed, it was everywhere the same, and he realised that he was abhorred and detested of all men.

The homecoming of the younger son in the Hall Caine version is exactly opposite to that recorded in the New Testament. Under the disguise of the famous composer, Oscar Stephansson was everywhere fêted by the people who, with equal unanimity, execrated the memory of Thora's husband. He found that his elder brother, Magnus, was in sore difficulties. The interest had not been paid for years, and the farm on which he was living with Elin and his mother was about to be sold by the sheriff. Drawing 200,000 crowns from the Reykjavik Bank, Oscar started off with a solitary attendant to ride thirty miles across the moorland to anticipate the sale. A snowstorm came on, and he nearly perished in the drifts. Pushing on with desperate doggedness, he succeeded in reaching his brother's farm.

LUKE.

And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

HALL CAINE.

And Oscar said unto his daughter Elin, while as yet he was unknown unto her, "Thy father has sinned against heaven and against thy mother, and is no more worthy to be thy father, but he loves thee, and longs for thee to love him and to forgive him."

When Oscar reached the house of the elder brother he found the sheriff in possession, and the family preparing to be ejected from the homestead next day. Elin prayed earnestly that God would send someone with the 8,000 crowns overdue interest, payment of which would arrest the sale. Magnus, the elder brother, who had lost faith in the righteousness of God, was ready to commit a theft on anyone who had the money he needed to save the farm. Oscar was not recognised by any of the occupants of the house. When his daughter was laying the supper-table he talked to her about her father. It was evident the girl regarded him solely with feelings of resentment. But she was full of the praises of the great Christian-son. Oscar offered to give Magnus the money he needed to save the farm if he would but let him adopt Elin as his own child. Magnus, Elin, and the old mother all refuse. Nor did they relent when he revealed himself as the world-famous Christian Christianson. His elder brother, when asked, hypothetically, if he would accept the money from Oscar, declared that he would fling the money in his face, as there would be a curse on every coin.

But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet.

And bring hither the fattest calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry. For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.

There is no way of reconciling the two parables at this point, and all the commentator can do is to leave them side by side:—

Now his elder son was in the field: and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing.

And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant.

And the parable goes on to tell the story of the

And Magnus, the elder son, was wrath with God and blasphemed Him to his face. And he said in his anger, "Life gives the lie to the old story of a righteous God. If you are a cheat or a profligate or a prodigal you may live in luxury and travel as far as

elder son's wrath. And he answered to his father:—

"Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment: and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends. But as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fattest calf."

According to the new version of Hall Caine's, the younger brother utterly failed to secure from either brother or daughter any gleam of a hope that he would be forgiven. His elder brother was so wrath he did not dare to offer him assistance. So he gave his pocket-book, with its 200,000 crowns in notes, to his daughter. He wrote inside it a few words giving her the whole of the money, and told her not to open it till next day, when the sheriff came for the sale. Then he went to his own room, but not to sleep. He climbed out of the window, and fled away. When his brother Magnus came, intent upon killing him in his sleep, he found the stranger had departed. More visitors arrived. When the sheriff opened the pocket-book the identity of Oscar was disclosed. But Oscar was gone.

And his father said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine.

It was meet that we should make merry and be glad, for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found.

the sun, but if you are a poor devil staying at home, and working your fingers to the bone, you'll get thrown out into the road."

And the thought arose in his mind that he would rob his brother, for God had done nothing for him—God had left him in the lurch, therefore he must fight the world—and God.

But when the younger son knew that no one would forgive him or love him again, he gave to his daughter a pocket-book with 200,000 crowns, and wandered away into the snow with intent to die. And his elder brother realised at last that God did something after all in this world for His children.

But in the snow, the younger son saw that it was his duty to live, and not to die by his own hand.

And when he had made this resolve, the volcano throbbed, and an avalanche of snow buried him for ever.

But I must let Mr. Hall Caine tell the story of the end in his authorised abridgment:—

At this moment of complete submission to the Almighty Will, Oscar's work being done, the hand of God takes him. He has wandered without knowing it from the path of the pass when the volcanic fire in the womb of the mountain brings down the avalanche. He does not see or hear or feel it. He is only conscious of the physical end through what may be called the spiritual senses. A sense of heavenly music, of blinding light, of travelling at a terrific velocity into the realm of the sun, a sense as of the Day of Judgment, of the life of the world being over, of kneeling among the meanest and most ashamed, of his breath coming short and fast as he is being led forward towards an overwhelming Presence, and finally of the music dying down

and of a blessed Voice saying, "For this my son was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found."

There we have the ending of it all. The story is not without interest, despite its improbabilities. Thora may have been a heavenly idiot, but no woman born of woman would ever be quite so demented a fool as to ask for another woman to go away with her on her honeymoon. And the device by which Helga steals the new-born child from her sister is crude and improbable. It is also difficult to realise the possibility of Helga avenging so small a disappointment as not being allowed to accompany her lover to Thingvellir on the National Festival by making so brutal a declaration as that which nearly killed her sister.

On the whole, it is a greyer story than those which Mr. Hall Caine has given us of late. The Manxland Evangelist does not usually disguise himself in drab. But although it may pass as a story, it would have been better not to have called it "The Prodigal Son."

Mr. Hall Caine, to whom I communicated my intention of reviewing his book in the above form, wrote me making no protest against the Gospel according to St. Hall Caine, but expressing his fear

that I might add to it "the Apocrypha according to St. Stead." But my dear brother saint ought to know that saints don't deal in apocrypha. He then continues:—

If there is the difference you describe between the divine parable and my fallible story, are you going to leave your readers with no better inference than that I have attempted in vain to write a new version? Does the parable express your idea of natural justice as well as of heavenly forgiveness? What do you think of the position of the elder brother? Does the humble penitence of the younger one wipe out his transgressions? Or is the Pagan old poet, Omar Khayyam, right after all, that

The Moving Finger writes, and, having writ,
Moves on.

Surely these are the issues that a man of your mind will think about!

I think I cannot do better than leave my readers with the questions which the author thinks should challenge them to think about and to answer. I confess with all penitence I did not find his story quite so challenging a thing as he intended it to be. I hope I am not already getting so spoiled by the Theatre as to fail to hear challenges other than those that come across the footlights.

THE NATIVE TRIBES OF AUSTRALIA.

Among the most solid contributions to the scientific literature of the year is Mr. A. W. Howitt's erudite work on "The Native Tribes of Australia" (Macmillan. 318 pp. 21s. net).

Mr. Howitt first won fame as the discoverer of the remnant of the Burke and Wills expedition. As an explorer and ethnologist he has already taken a high place in Australian annals, and his present book is bound to add to his reputation.

This marvellous monument of patient industry is the outcome of forty years of investigation and of study. During the earlier part of this time Mr. Howitt worked with Dr. Fison. The book is a vast mine of information concerning races now fast perishing by the use of opium and other vices introduced by superior races, white and yellow. Mr. Howitt has with infinite patience collected a vast store of information concerning the customs, beliefs, government, etc., of these Australian natives, from which the ethnologist in all time to come will draw materials for his theories. The book will become a classic, and will take its place in every library, not by favour but by right.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY NEW TESTAMENT.

It is now some years since the Twentieth Century New Testament was first published in England. It is practically a translation of the New Testament into modern English, and has attracted considerable attention in all parts of the English-speaking world. In England and America over 200,000 copies of this edi-

tion were sold, although the work was published only in a tentative form. In the preface, criticism was invited, and this challenge has been widely accepted. These criticisms have been carefully considered, and the whole work has been revised. A new edition has now been published by Messrs. Horace Marshall and Son, London, at 2s. 6d. net. The reason that the book is sold at such a low price is because the committee who undertook the work of rendering into modern English, gave their services free, and only enough is charged to cover the cost of production. The new edition is printed on thin paper, neatly bound in cloth, gilt, and is a handy size. For smoothness of diction, and high quality of scholarship, it is much to be commended.

The charming New Century Library published by Nelson, has received several notable additions this month. The volumes, which are only 6½ in. x 4¼ in. in size, contain no less than an average of 700 pages. The type is large and clear. The price of each volume is 2s. net. The whole of Charlotte Brontë's "Villette" is in one volume, and another contains "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall and the Professor," by the Brontë sisters. The volume devoted to the Romantic Poems of Sir Walter Scott contains "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," "The Vision of Don Roderick," "The Bridal of Triemann," "Rokeby," and the "Lord of the Isles." An appendix with useful notes and several engravings complete the volume of 934 pp., which is sold at 2s. 6d. net. The Works of Charles Dickens, Vol. XIV., in the same series, is devoted to "Great Expectations."

THE REVIEW'S BOOK SHOP

November brought forth no great book to concentrate upon itself the whole attention of the reading public. But a dozen volumes were published that were real additions to the number of printed books, and the general reader, if he is an intelligent and thoughtful person, has no reason for grumbling. Two good books on the war, an admirable survey of modern Japan, the biography of a famous painter, the life and letters of a great preacher, an excellent book on the government of England, a notable history, a valuable series of lectures on art, the outline sketch of a municipal Utopia, a book of memorable sermons, and a new poetical drama—this is not a poor record for one month's publishing. There have been no novels of note, the reader having to content himself with the October supply, which was ample enough for two months' reading.

SIDEGLIMTS ON THE WAR.

The first of the war books has already appeared. This is rapid work indeed. Hardly has the booming of the guns at Liao-Yang ceased to reverberate in the ears of the world than we have two complete accounts of the campaign up to date, printed, illustrated, and bound in volume form. You should read both Mr. Douglas Story's "The Campaign with Kuropatkin" (Laurie. 10s. 6d. net), and Mr. F. Palmer's "With Kuroki in Manchuria" (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net); but if you can only read one volume, choose Mr. Story's narrative. Both books are well written, graphic accounts of the war as seen from the rival camps, and as both cover the same ground from different standpoints, they should be read in conjunction. They supply a connected narrative of the fortunes of the war, apart from the struggle round Port Arthur, from the outbreak of hostilities to the battle of Liao-Yang. In the light of these narratives the Japanese successes appear less remarkable, and the achievements of the Russians more considerable than has generally been recognised. It has been "the effective barbarism," to quote Mr. Story, of the Japanese soldier that has won the battles of this campaign. If you wish to obtain some faint idea of how grim and ghastly a business modern warfare really is, read both these narratives, which, while they for the most part describe battles from a distance, where they seem to differ little from a huge manoeuvre, do occasionally lift the veil and disclose the inferno that it shrouds. After reading these grim commentaries on the civilisation of both West and East, take up Mr. Henry Dyer's lucid and comprehensive study of the recent evolution of Japan, "Da Nippon, The Britain of the East" (Blackie. 12s.

THE BEST
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6d. net). It is a thorough and carefully-compiled volume, covering the whole field of a nation's life, tracing the progress made, discussing the problems involved, and explaining clearly and lucidly the Japanese standpoint interpreted by a sympathetic friend. You will find this one of the best and most useful books that has been published on Japan, and it will enable you to obtain, as it were, a panoramic view of the recent history and activities of that remarkable people.

MEMORIALS OF BURNE-JONES.

In the "Memorials of Burne-Jones" (Macmillan. 2 vols. 1181 pp. 30s. net), the wife of the great painter has given to the world a worthy memorial of her gifted husband. This is emphatically a book to read and one that will give infinite pleasure in the reading. There is not a dull page in the volumes from beginning to end. It is a delightful book, full of charm and humour, and pleasant descriptions of artistic life in the remarkable set of which Burne-Jones was one of the most brilliant members. It is no colourless biography, but one full of human interest, and we are brought into close personal touch with its subject. Letters, memories and diaries have been skillfully woven into the narrative, so that the incidents are presented with the vividness of an eye-witness. William Morris, Rossetti, Ruskin, Ford Madox Brown, and many other well-known names appear in these pages, but they are not mere names, but living characters sketched with lifelike portraiture.

"THE SIN OF DAVID."

"The Sin of David," by Mr. Stephen Phillips, is a three-act tragedy in blank verse, published by Macmillan at 4s. 6d. David is a Puritan knight in the Civil Wars, who, immediately after sentencing to death a lieutenant for outraging a maiden, falls in love with a young French beauty married to his host, a grim carle, old enough to be her father, who is stern to her and even brutal. David sends this Uriah to die leading a forlorn hope. He marries the widowed French Bathsheba, and they have a son, who dies after living four years—long enough to make him the idol of his parents. David then confesses to Bathsheba how he had sent her husband to his death from love of her. A wildly passionate scene concludes with a marriage overlasting, "whose ritual is memory and repentance." Mr. Phillips's Uriah is such a curmudgeon and a tyrant that all the sympathies of the reader are with Bathsheba. Someone had to be sent to lead the forlorn hope; Uriah was the best man for the post. He longed for nothing better, and it was far better for him to die gloriously in the hour of victory than to continue to live to bully and abuse Bathsheba. There was no treachery on the part of Mr. Phillips's David, whose conduct in sending Uriah to his death may be justified on principles both of ethics and of military duty.

DEMOCRACY AND GOVERNMENT.

At least four books were published last month that will provide the thoughtful man, who takes an intelligent interest in the affairs of the world, with much food for meditation. It is not frequently that I have the pleasure of recommending a book so excellent in its matter, and in the manner of its presentation, as Mr. Sidney Low's "The Governance of England"

(Unwin. 7s. 6d. net). It is a volume that every politician, and especially every young man with political or journalistic ambitions, should make a point of carefully studying. Mr. Low discusses with wide knowledge, keen observation, and a lucid grasp of essentials the manner in which England is actually governed to-day, and the relative importance of each of the parts of the constitution. He pays special attention to the position of the Cabinet, and the increasing importance it is assuming in the work of government. Not the least valuable portion of a book that I can heartily commend is that in which Mr. Low deals with the effect of the emancipation of the democracy on the working of the Constitution. Another book that deserves attentive reading in this connection is Mr. L. T. Hobhouse's "Democracy and Reaction" (Unwin. 5s.). It is a thoughtful study of the tendencies and needs of the times by a man whose faith in democratic rule, though not quenched, has been cooled by the long period of reaction that succeeded the last extension of the franchise. To Mr. Hobhouse Imperialism is the enemy from which a renewed faith in the old ideals of Liberalism is to rescue us. Mr. Hobhouse's heroic attempt to claim the present day Socialist as the lineal descendant of Richard Cobden is hardly convincing; but whether you agree with him or not, you should read his book. It is an excellent stimulant to thought, and another proof of the advantage of a period of adversity in compelling men to examine the foundations of their belief.

THE COMMON LOT—PAST AND PRESENT.

The third volume is a novel from across the Atlantic—Mr. Robert Herrick's "The Common Lot" (Macmillan. 6s.). It is one of the most characteristic novels that America has yet produced. It interprets the increasing tendency, expressed by none more eloquently than by Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, to accept the democratic ideal in no ungrudging spirit and rear upon the common lot of mankind the civilisation of the future. This is the spirit that breathes through Mr. Herrick's striking story of an ambitious young Chicago architect who walks to destruction along the broad road of individualism and finds salvation by merging himself in the common lot of the common people. For a grim and realistic picture of the common lot of the English labourers in the days of protection let me urge you to read "The Hungry Forties" (Unwin. 6s.). It is a record of the recollections of men and women in all parts of England who lived through those hard times. They are for the most part simple, ill-spelled narratives, but all the more impressive on that account. It is a terrible tale of misery, privation and starvation, one of the most graphic descriptions of country life in England in the forties that has been published.

A NOTABLE HISTORY.

The first volume of a new history of England that promises at once to take high rank among the histories of the country was published last month. "England Under the Stuarts" (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net) is the fifth in the series of six volumes, under the general editorship of Mr. Oman, that will, when completed cover the story of England from the earliest times. Though fifth in number, it is the first to be issued from the press. Its author is Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, the nephew of Lord Macaulay. The rare gift of writing

history in a fashion that arrests and holds the attention runs in the family, and Mr. Trevelyan has trodden successfully in the footsteps of his father and his uncle. This is history as it should be written—a brilliant narrative, retaining the attention without effort, covering every phase of national life, embodying the latest results of historic research and leaving on the mind a vivid picture of the period. If the remaining volumes, each entrusted to a different writer, come up to the high standard set by Mr. Trevelyan, we shall have a notable history indeed. After this fine sketch of the most dramatic period of English history, you may care to look at the detailed life-story of one of the principal actors. "The Adventures of King James II. of England" (Longman. 13s. 6d. net) is an attempt to rehabilitate King James, the worst of the Stuarts, in the opinion of posterity. The author, with the assistance of Abbot Gasquet, who contributes an introduction, has done his best. The King's continued immorality after his change of faith is even prayed in aid. There is much in the volume that is of interest, especially about James's earlier life, but nothing that will reverse the accepted verdict of history.

GREAT MEN OF THE PAST.

You will read with greater satisfaction Mr. Sidney Lee's "Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century" (Constable. 7s. 6d.). After an introductory chapter on the spirit of the century, there are six admirably written sketches of the great Englishmen of that golden age—More, Philip Sidney, Raleigh, Spenser, Bacon and Shakespeare. Mr. Lee has done his work so well, and has brought out the personality of each of his subjects so successfully in the space of a few pages, that I hope he will give us further volumes treating subsequent centuries in similar fashion. For a more exhaustive treatment of the complex character and adventurous career of one of Mr. Lee's six great Elizabethans—Sir Walter Raleigh—you cannot do better than read the fine monograph Sir Rennell Rodd has contributed to The English Men of Action Series (Macmillan. 2s. 6d.).

AN ARCHBISHOP'S SERMONS.

Archbishop Davidson, like Columbus, has discovered the New World, and the effect of the discovery on the Archbishop's views is clearly indicated in the volume of sermons and speeches delivered during his visit to the United States and now published under the title of "The Christian Opportunity" (Macmillan. 199 pp., 3s. 6d. net). There is a breadth of outlook, a tolerance of opinion, and a frankness about this collection of utterances that is most refreshing. One's only regret in laying down the volume is that the whole bench of bishops did not accompany their Primate on his voyage across the Atlantic. Short of that, the best thing they can do, and I hope many others also, is to carefully read this most welcome volume and endeavour to assimilate its spirit of tolerance and good feeling.

ART THROUGHOUT THE AGES.

One of the most helpful books of the month was Professor Reinach's "The Story of Art Throughout the Ages: an Illustrated Record" (Heinemann. 316 pp. 10s. net). The book is based upon the professor's lectures at the Ecole du Louvre, which attracted so

much attention at the time of their delivery. We have now the advantage of possessing them in a more permanent form, with the addition of some six hundred reproductions of characteristic pictures and examples of architecture, carefully selected to illustrate the text. Professor Reinach has handled his subject with great skill, and you will find this a most useful volume, easy to read and yet packed full of information. Its principal value, however, consists in its giving a panoramic view of the history of art from the age of stone and bronze to the nineteenth century, enabling the reader to cast his eye over the whole field and see how each particular school and epoch was related to other schools and epochs.

A MUNICIPAL UTOPIA.

A book that should be seriously studied is "City Development," by Professor Patrick Geddes. It is called "A Study of Parks, Gardens and Culture Institutions," but it is far more than that. It is a dream by a man of genius how the New Jerusalem can be built in our midst, a reasoned dream, a beatific vision, illustrated by photographs, a marvellous prophecy of days to come, which should be in the hands of every member of the London County Council, and of all other municipalities. The Dunfermline trust, charged by Mr. Carnegie with the duty of doing the best they could with the handsome sum which he gave to the city, conceived the happy idea of asking Mr. Patrick Geddes to create for them on the astral plane a new Dunfermline, by process of artistic evolution, from that which they have inherited from the past. This book is the result. It is inspiring, suggestive, prophetic of things to come. It is beautifully illustrated, and is published by Geddes and Co., Outlook Tower, Edinburgh, and 5 Old Queen-street, Westminster (231 pp. 21s.).

LORD ROSEBERY ON NAPOLEON.

Lord Rosebery has written a preface for the new edition of "The Last Phase," his study of Napoleon in St. Helena (Humphreys). In this pen picture of the little Pagan who issued from Corsica to open the world as if it were an oyster, with his sword, Lord Rosebery is at his best. In his preface he allows his fancy to play about the fascinating "Might Have Beens" of history. If Lord Rosebery had had his way, Napoleon would have been handed over to Austria, Prussia, or Russia, to be interned on the Continent. If, however, Napoleon had to be sent to St. Helena, Lord Rosebery would have treated him decently.

LITERARY GEOGRAPHY.

Those who are attracted by that fascinating subject the geography of literature were well provided for last month. Mr. William Sharp's interesting series of articles contributed to the *Pall Mall Magazine* on the localities connected with the writings of well-known authors have been republished in a handsome volume, under the title of "Literary Geography" (*Pall Mall Publications*. 248 pp. 10s. 6d. net). The form and make-up of the volume leave nothing to be desired, and the numerous illustrations add greatly to the value and attractiveness of the sketches. With the aid of this fine volume you may pleasantly become acquainted with the country of George Meredith's novels, and that of the writings of Stevenson, Dickens, Scott, George Eliot, Thackeray, the Brontës and Carlyle.

THREE BIOGRAPHIES.

Father Ignatius is so picturesque and quaint a personage that his life, now published under the title "The Monk of Llanthony" (Methuen. 607 pp. 10s. 6d. net), will command a large public. The biography is written by Baroness de Bertouch. It is full, detailed, and well indexed. It is a very interesting story that she has to tell of the eloquent and daring monk in his ghost-haunted monastery, and she tells the story well. There will never be another Father Ignatius, she declares, and she makes it her pious duty to reveal the national results of the life-long work and watchfulness of this "oceanic personality."

Neither the personality nor the political career of the Duke of Devonshire lends itself to picturesque biography, but Mr. Henry Leach has done the best with the materials at his command (Methuen. 380 pp. 12s. 6d. net). It is interesting to note the characteristic circumstance related by Mr. Leach that the Duke paused to yawn in the midst of his maiden speech in the House of Commons. I fear the reader of the "Life and Correspondence of Lord Coleridge" (Macmillan. 2 vols. 757 pp. 30s. net), will follow the example of the Duke. It is the duty of a biographer to present a finished portrait to the public, not to dump upon them a mass of half-digested material from which a portrait may laboriously be constructed. There are not a few interesting passages to be found in the correspondence of Lord Coleridge, but it is a hard task to discover them, and it is a task that only the most conscientious of readers will have the patience to undertake.

GOSSIP—PLEASANT AND MALICIOUS.

Two of last month's books illustrate by striking contrast how delightful or how malicious gossip may be. The determining factor is the personality of the gossip. "Fifty Years of Fleet Street" (Macmillan. 404 pp. 14s. net) is full of good stories, humorous anecdotes, and interesting recollections such as Sir John Robinson loved to pour forth into the ear of a sympathetic listener. It is, in short, filled with gossip of the nobler kind—that which interests and amuses without leaving any sting behind. When Sir John retired from the *Daily News* it was his intention to jot down his recollections of a long and busy life. That intention was never carried out, and it has been left to Mr. F. Moy Thomas to compile from old diaries and notes, supplemented by his own recollections, a volume of good stories, with a slight link of biographical narrative. Those who delight in Court gossip will relish "The Private Lives of William II. and His Consort" (Heinemann. 349 pp. 10s. net), compiled from the diaries of a lady-in-waiting at the Imperial Court, and edited by Mr. H. W. Fischer. There is no denying the interest of the revelations, though the author of them would no doubt be promptly clapped into prison for *lèse majesté* were she still resident in Germany, and, what is more, would richly deserve her fate.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

"Seeing ourselves as others see us" will be the chief interest of reading the impressions of "Uganda's Katikiro (Prime Minister) in England," by Ham Mukasa, his private secretary, translated by the Katikiro's official English interpreter, with a preface by Sir H. H. Johnston (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d. net. Illustrated). The impression deepens as we read the

book that the Katikiro and his secretary were in many ways great children. Nothing seemed to impress them so much as the Hippodrome and a clever conjuror—far more than St. Paul's or the Abbey. Their childish delight, however, is very delightful at times. They were constantly going to "that fine shop" (the Army and Navy Stores), which struck them far more than "the house where they talk over matters" (Parliament); or "the house of images of all kinds" (the British Museum); the organ at St. Paul's was "like the sound one hears in the sky when it is about to rain"—"My friends, that organ is a wonderful thing." It is astonishing the number of people and places they managed to see.

THE MOST POPULAR NOVELS.

Number, not quality, was the distinctive feature of the month's output of fiction. Here, however, are some half-dozen novels that are worth reading. Standing apart and above the ordinary run of novels is Jack London's "The Sea-Wolf" (Heinemann. 6s. Illustrated). It is a really fine, vigorous book, yet terrible at times in its strength, a tale of sea-life on board a sealer, under the sea-wolf himself, Captain Wolf Larsen. The whole atmosphere of the book is permeated with sea-breezes and spindrift. Mr. Jack London has chosen to tell his story in that peculiarly interesting form—the first person, peculiarly interesting, that is, in skilled hands. A contrast in every way is Frances Hodgson Burnett's short story, full of delicate feeling, "In the Closed Room" (Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d. net). The book is most artistically produced, the coloured illustrations are charming, and all this is in keeping with the spirit of the story. She tells with a fine touch how a poor child near to the other world played in the closed room with the spirit of another child who had already passed beyond the river of death.

If you wish for humour you will of course read W. W. Jacobs' "Dialstone Lane" (Newnes. 6s.), with its retired sea captain and all the other characters that Mr. Jacobs has created and made so popular with the reading public. Or you may read "Jess and Co." By J. J. B. (Hodder and Stoughton. 5s. Illustrated), which has, like "Wee Macgregor," by the same author, at least the merit of being often very amusing. Whoever likes a sly joke at the expense of England over the Border, can gratify his taste by reading "Jess and Co.," especially the parts in which "Aunt Wallace"—the old besom—appears. These four stories all find a place in the list of the most popular novels of the month.

SOME GOOD SHORT STORIES.

You will be well repaid by reading three books of short stories published during the month, two of them collections of tales from the outskirts of the Empire. "Sons o' Men," by G. B. Lancaster (Melrose. 6s.), is a volume of New Zealand stories much above the average of merit. The slightly Kiplingesque style does not interfere with the perfection of the local colour, which is the local of the local, for though true to the very life, the stories are almost exclusively confined to a handful of men facing the rigours of a Southern winter in a far South-Island province, among bleak offshoots of the Southern Alps, swept by whirling winds coming straight from the South Pole. Some few of them concern back country life in the North Island; one, "The Story of Wi," is one of the most remarkable studies of

Maori character ever penned. As stories of back country life in New Zealand they are well-nigh perfect. In "Sally: A Study, and Other Tales of the Outskirts" (Blackwood. 6s.), Mr. Hugh Clifford has written some of the most pathetic, delicately told short stories that have been seen for a long time in England. The title-story itself is a study, which perhaps only Mr. Clifford could have written, of a young Malay prince sent to England to be educated—"a gigantic mistake, the sort of mistake white men make, with the most glorious intentions, and without an atom of foresight, in the name of Progress." But most pathetic of all is the story called "Rachel," the exiled Anglo-Indian wife, weeping for her children in England, and yet, in England at last with those children, still weeping for her child, the one to her most precious, the one left on "the outskirts of empire." Another collection of short stories, but of a different stamp, is Mr. A. C. Benson's "The Isles of Sunset" (Isbister. 6s.). They are largely allegorical, but there is a charm about them that is attractive, though they will not make a strong appeal to those who look for human interest. In that these tales are deficient.

A DAINTY BOOK FROM JAPAN.

Of all the dainty books that have reached me this year, the daintiest comes from Japan. It has three covers, the second of which is fastened by ivory catches. The book is stitched with white silk and is beautifully illustrated by Japanese artists. The author is Gensai Murai, one of the most famous and voluminous of Japanese authors. He is only forty-one years of age, but he has already produced thirty-eight large works in fifty-nine massive volumes, besides editing a newspaper, with a circulation of 180,000, and managing a steam pump manufactory. This volume, the first which has been published in English, is entitled "Hana, a Daughter of Japan." It is a novel of the Russo-Japanese war, which the author thinks will last for many years. "England struggled with Napoleon for twenty-two years. She is our example." There are three coloured pictures. The frontispiece went through thirty-five processes upon thirty-five different cuts. The book is published by the Hochi Shimbun, in Tokyo, but unfortunately the price is not stated.

INSURANCE NOTES.

The Australian Mutual Provident Society, and the Equitable Life Assurance Company of the United States have entered into an agreement to refrain from the use of controversial literature concerning each other, and also to prohibit "twisting"—i.e., inducing a policy holder in either office to surrender his policy and insure with the other. No agent is to be allowed to make any statement reflecting on the integrity or stability of either office. The agreement came into force on the 31st of December.

A new departure for a fire and life insurance company is stated by the *Policy Holder* (London) to have been taken by the Royal Exchange Assurance Corporation. It notifies that the directors of the Royal Exchange have announced that they are prepared to undertake the duties of executors and trustees, in addition to their ordinary insurance business.

It is announced that the New Zealand State Fire Insurance Department commenced business on the 4th of January. The project will be watched with interest in the fire insurance world.

Photography is being increasingly used in America by insurance companies for obtaining permanent evidence of the State of insured property, both before and after a fire. The *Spectator* (New York) suggests that it might also be turned to practical use by Life Assurance Companies in having the photographs of proposers laid before the directors with the other reports as to the eligibility of the life proposed for assurance. The chance of fraud by substitution would also be lessened.

The Australian Mutual Provident Society has made a new departure which should prove attractive to officers in the public service, financial institutions, warehouses, and the like. Heretofore premiums could only be paid annually, half-yearly or quarterly, but in future monthly premiums will be accepted, payable on the first of each month. The Society recently opened its Industrial department, and is now prepared to issue policies for amounts not exceeding £50 without medical examination, premiums on which will be collected weekly by the society's agents.

The annual balance-sheet of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Co. shows that their book loss by the wreck of the R.M.S. "Australia," at Port Phillip Heads, was £56,444, that being the amount which the vessel had been written down to in their books.

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HEALTH NOTES.

(By W.S.C.)

In order that we may keep the body in the best condition to withstand the daily stress and strain of mental and physical wear and tear, it is essential for us all to understand something of the various processes of nature which ensure the maintenance of life. Most people do not realise that it is as necessary to life that the body should waste away as it is that its substance should constantly be replaced by a sufficient supply of fresh air, water and food. The wasting of the body is accomplished by the production of a certain quantity of used-up material, and this used-up or dead material must be thrown off from the body by natural means without undue delay, for if any of it is suffered to remain in the system, it becomes actively poisonous, and must cause disease or death.

Upon the skin, lungs, kidneys and liver rests the main responsibility of extracting poisonous matter from the blood and removing it from the system. The moment one of those organs, through weakness or disease, becomes incapable of performing its work efficiently, that moment we begin to suffer from some illness, and if steps are not taken to restore to health and activity the organ at fault, death from some form of blood poisoning must ensue.

The skin, as a general thing, needs but regular treatment with good soap and water, and it will do its duty perfectly and without complaint. The lungs are vigorous organs, and we are soon made aware of any interference with their action by a fit of coughing or a choking sensation. It is the importance of looking well after the health of the kidneys and liver which we especially desire to impress upon our readers. These organs are the most delicate of all those engaged in extracting and removing from the blood the waste poisons as fast as they are produced in the body. Unless the kidneys and liver are in a fit state to thoroughly perform their task, the particular poisons, which it is their duty to make and extract, will remain in the system, and as the kidneys and liver are often unable to tell us directly, by a sensation of pain, that there is anything the matter with them, we are probably unaware of their failure until we begin to suffer from Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Backache, Sciatica, Blood Disorders, Anæmia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Sick Headache, General Debility, Gravel, Stone and Bladder Troubles. All these complaints are caused by the presence in the body of urinary and biliary poisons, which, if the kidneys and liver were acting efficiently, would have been duly removed, and we should have been spared from suffering.

The kidneys of the average person filter and extract from the blood about three pints of urine every day. In this quantity of urine should be dissolved about an ounce of urea, ten to twelve grains in weight, of uric acid, and other animal and mineral matter varying from a third of an ounce to nearly an ounce. If the kidneys are working freely and healthily, all this solid matter leaves the body dissolved in the urine, but if through weakness or disease, the kidneys are unable to do their work properly, a quantity of these urinary substances remains in the blood and flows through the veins, contaminating the whole system. Then we suffer from some form of uric poisoning such as Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Backache, Sciatica, Persistent Headache, Neuralgia, Gravel, Stone and Bladder Troubles. A simple test to make as to whether the kidneys are healthy is to place some urine, passed the first thing in the morning, in a covered glass, and let it stand until next morning. If it is then cloudy, shows a sediment like brick-dust, is of an unnatural colour, or has particles floating about in it, the kidneys are weak or diseased, and steps must immediately be taken to restore their vigour, or Bright's Disease, Diabetes, or some of the many manifestations of uric poisoning will result.

The liver is an automatic chemical laboratory. In the liver various substances are actually made from the blood. Two or three pounds of bile are thus made by the liver every day. The liver takes sugar from the blood, converts it into another form, and stores it up so as to be able to again supply it to the blood, as the latter may require enrichment. The liver changes uric acid, which is insoluble, into urea, which is completely soluble, and the liver also deals with the blood corpuscles which have lived their life and are useful no longer. When the liver is inactive or diseased we suffer from some form of biliary poisoning such as Indigestion, Biliousness, Anæmia, Jaundice, Sick Headache, General Debility, and Blood Disorders.

So intimate is the relation between the work done by the kidneys and that done by the liver, that where there is any failure on the part of the kidneys, the liver becomes affected in sympathy and vice versa. It was the realisation of the importance of this close union of the labour of those vital organs which resulted in the discovery of the medicine now known throughout the world as Warner's Safe Cure. Certain medical men, knowing what a boon it would be to humanity if some medicine could be found which would act specifically on both the kidneys and liver, devoted themselves to an exhaustive search for such a medium, and their devotion was eventually rewarded by their success in compounding a medicine which possesses the required quality in the fullest degree. Warner's Safe Cure exhibits a marvellous healing action in all cases of functional or chronic disease of the kidneys and liver, and restoring them, as it is able to do, to health and activity, it, of necessity, cures all complaints due to the retention in the system of urinary and biliary poisons. A vigorous action of the kidneys and liver naturally eliminates the poisons, and troubles due to the presence of the poisons cease. Cures effected by Warner's Safe Cure are permanent simply because they are natural.



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